

Just Two Strangers In A Crowd

by Shibeme

Category: How to Train Your Dragon, Rise of the Guardians

Genre: Romance

Language: English

Characters: Hiccup, Jack Frost

Status: Completed

Published: 2013-05-11 02:38:07

Updated: 2013-09-30 00:04:54

Packaged: 2016-04-26 15:04:28

Rating: T

Chapters: 45

Words: 170,821

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Hiccup goes to a convention in a viking cosplay and he drags his friends along. There he meets Jack Overland and his crazy family. The two talk after the con and begin to come close, but problems arise. Of course they do, this is a fanfic. Rated T yo

1. Chapter 1

***claps hands* alrighty, let's get this painful frist intro over with. **

**Plot summaryish thing: Hiccup goes to DreamWorks, a convention and cosplays as a viking as well as dragging along his friends. There he meets Jack Overland and his weird-ass family. They continue speaking after the con and start becoming close, but problems arise and whatnot and so on. **

**I do _not_ own any of the characters, just the fanfic plot. **

**I made some changes to the characters to fit the story, I'm sorry if you don't like them as they are here, but it's just how I figured they would work. **

**Rating: Teen~ **

**And this is just a testing fanfic, I don't know how well it's going to turn out. **

Welp, here's hoping. Enjoy.

* * *

><p>Hiccup couldn't seem to sit still. His legs were bouncing and his fingers fiddled with the badly sewn hem of his vest. Astrid had to keep slapping his hands for him to stop, but he would keep doing it anyways. He was sitting in the back of his Fishlegs's mom's minivan

while Fishlegs himself sat shotgun. Astrid was forced to sit with the terrible Haddock boys beside her. Hiccup on her right while Toothless sat on her left, screaming random swears he had learned in dragon tongue the night before.<p>

The reason they were all piled into the car wearing quickly thrown together Viking costumes was the fact that they were going to DreamWorks, the biggest mythology/Viking get together in Berk. Hiccup had a fascination with Vikings, dragons, mythology, anything really. He'd always wanted to be strong like the pictures he had seen of his family lineage hanging by the stairwell in his house. He was actually from Viking blood and felt the need to immerse himself, and his unlucky friends, into the culture. Now he was finally going to meet other people who shared his interest.

"Are we there yet?" Toothless whined loudly. He tugged at the dragon ears he had attached to his head and pouted out the window, waiting for the convention center to show. "Hiccup, when are we going to get there?" Hiccup looked at his younger brother, well, his adopted younger brother. He obviously looked nothing like the older teen since his skin was darker and his eyes an electric green, but they were closer than anyone could ever imagine.

"We're almost there, calm down," Hiccup hushed. The twelve year old groaned and fell back into his seat, crossing his arms impatiently.

"I think you're the one who needs to calm down," Astrid pointed out his fidgeting hands. Hiccup quickly sat on his fingers, almost pressing his face to the window as Toothless had been doing. "Why are we going to this convention anyways? Me and Fishlegs don't even like dragons-"

"Actually, I find the mythology behind them very interesting and-"

"Fishlegs," Astrid sighed, "I'm trying to make a point." She looked back at Hiccup whose emerald eyes were wide with wonder as the convention center was coming into view. "We don't even like Vikings, why do you need us to come with you?"

Hiccup considered her question and shrugged. "Because I could get lost and kidnapped by a pedophile," he said simply. Fishlegs's mom let out a strangled cry at his words and nearly missed hitting another car. "I was just kidding!" Hiccup threw his hands in the air in defense. "There aren't any pedophiles there so don't worry. I just didn't want to go alone on my first time."

"Well, I believe it'll be fun and maybe we can learn something about the cultures and their beliefs." Fishlegs had a notebook in his pack, ready to take notes on whatever he saw. He was always one for taking a fun situation and turning it into a learning experience. "Maybe one of Hiccup's long lost family members will be there."

"Please, no one would recognize him. He's such a tiny little Viking they'd use him as a toothpick for lunch." Astrid laughed and even Toothless joined in, always finding it fun to mock his brother.

"Guys, I'm right here." Hiccup waved at them. "I can hear everything

you're saying." The car pulled to the curb, already filled with others dressed in costumes. Some were so breathe-taking it took a moment for Hiccup to realize he needed to get out of the car.

"That was the point," Astrid said lightly. They all got out and thanked Fishlegs's mother before she drove off. "Alright," she turned to Hiccup who was still stupefied. "Lead us oh great and powerful Viking." Toothless stopped his screaming to giggle at her comment, wiggling his fake dragon tail around.

Hiccup just looked at her with a dark stare. "I think you need to be thrown off the ship," he stated plainly.

She just laughed and batted her eyelashes at him, hooking her arm around his neck. "Just lead the way and let's get this over with."

* * *

><p>After waiting in line for what seemed like hours, the group got their passes and had finally entered the main event. Hiccup was in awe, his knees shaking as he held his phone in his grip tightly. A couple in a dragon costume walked pasted and his throat tightened. He wanted to get pictures for drawing references, but he couldn't seem to get anyone's attention.</p>

Astrid was busy keeping Toothless from running off to places unknown. He was using his fake claws on her arms but they did nothing as she continued to hold the collar of his shirt. Fishlegs was writing down notes from a booth talking about the different cultures the Con had to offer. He eagerly wrote every word down, nodding and inputting information when he had to.

"So what do we do now?" Astrid gave a sharp tug and Toothless gagged. "I've never been to one of these before." She winced as a man in a loincloth passed by. "I don't think I'll be coming back either," she added.

"I wanna go see the dragons! Come on!" Toothless finally freed himself from Astrid and went to his brother, tugging his arm incessantly. "Come on Hiccy, I wanna see the dragons!" He grinned, flashing the fake fangs Hiccup had been so kind to purchase.

Hiccup looked around wildly, brushing his brunette hair from his eyes. His freckled cheeks were flushed as he spotted multiple people dressed like Vikings as well, of course, their costumes didn't look homemade. "I-I don't know. This is all so much." He spun in a slow circle, eyeing everything he could. "I don't know where to start."

"Why don't we start at the beginning and work our way through," Fishlegs suggested, coming back from his sidelined lesson plan. "It'd be easier and we can see almost everything then."

"What about the dragons!" Toothless stomped around the teens, fuming. "I wanna see them!"

"Don't worry," Hiccup patted his head. The boy mumbled something and walked away while fixing his hair. "We can see them too." They all gathered close together and walked slowly towards the first booth. "Well, here goes nothing."

* * *

><p>They had wandered around from place to place, Hiccup finally getting the courage to ask for photos and people gladly obliged. Some even asked for their photo and the group awkwardly got together and did their best not to look like complete idiots. They had gone to the dragon area, much to Toothless's delight, and they were entering the Viking territory, Hiccup's heartbeat picking up.</p>

"Well, here we are, go nuts Viking boy," Astrid flicked her blonde hair from her shoulder, smiling as Hiccup nodded dumbly. "You can't take pictures while standing here." She shoved him off into the crowds. "Go make some weird Viking friends!"

Hiccup stumbled and looked over his shoulder, suddenly very nervous. "What about you guys-sorry," he apologized to the man who bumped into his arm. "What about you guys, where are you going to go?" He watched Toothless carefully as the boy crept behind another dragon costume, smiling deviously.

"We'll be around, and don't worry, we have our phones." Astrid pulled Fishlegs away, waving her fingers in the air. As she moved away, she managed to grab Toothless before he could pounce on his latest victim. Dragging the two boys away, she looked over her shoulder. "Have fun Hiccup, don't scare the others too much."

He gave a sarcastic laugh and mumbled to himself as he began to trudge through the throngs of con-goers. "Yes, because a ninety pound teenage boy is going to scare away these people." While he was busy eyeing a strikingly well done Viking helmet he slammed into something, or what he at least thought was a _thing_. His phone escaped his grasp and skittered across the floor. "Crap!" He shouted, drawing unwanted attention.

"Hold on," a loud voice commanded. Hiccup froze and swallowed, trying to figure out if he was about to be killed in the middle of a convention dressed as a Viking. Or maybe he was right about being kidnapped by a pedophile. Oh, how my dad would love that, he thought quickly. "Here you go," it was the voice again. He looked around and found a tall man with pale blue eyes looking down at him. In his long fingers was Hiccup's runaway cell phone, undamaged and safe. "Sorry 'bout that. I didn't see where we were walking." His voice was slightly accented and his beard moved with his words.

"Ah-no, no, it's my fault." Hiccup gladly took his phone back and stuck it in his pocket for safe keeping. "I'm sorry. Thank you for getting my phone." He scratched the back of his head, unsure what to do as the man laughed loudly.

"North, are you bothering others again?" A woman came from behind the man, grabbing his arm affectionately. She looked at Hiccup and smiled, her eyes crinkling. "I'm sorry if my husband bothered you at all." She was donned in a dress of feathers and glitter; teeth were strung on her like jewelry. Her hair was curled on top of her head, gorgeously framing her face. "Oh, you're a _Viking_, how adorable!" Hiccup flushed and nodded. "Could I get your picture?"

"Uh, y-yeah sure," he mumbled. Putting his hands on his hips he gave an awkward smile since he didn't know how else to pose. The woman

giggled and snapped a photo, looking at it and nodding. "S-So what are you guys supposed to be," he asked, trying to make those weird friends Astrid was talking about.

"Hm?" The woman flicked her hand in the air before twirling. "I am the tooth fairy," she explained, picking at one of the teeth. "And my overly happy husband is Santa Clause." The man placed a hand on his stomach and managed to shake the teen with his jolly laughter. "Our kids are around here somewhere," she muttered, biting one of her nails.

"I," a voice announced, "am Babytooth!" A girl stepped out from behind the woman, flinging her arms wildly around and feathers flew everywhere. "Helper to the tooth fairy!" She looked so concentrated on her arm movements, her tongue even stuck out slightly. Her costume was also made of feathers and teeth, her brown hair pulled up into a messy bun.

"Emma!" Santa laughed, looking down at the girl. "Finally came back eh?"

Hiccup opened his mouth and squinted his eyes not sure what to make of the family. "Are those real teeth," was all he could manage. He mentally slapped himself for being able to ruin a perfectly good conversation.

The woman continued to smile though, nodding. "I'm a dentist, I collected these teeth from all the past work I've done. You'd be surprised how beautiful teeth can be." Hiccup paled at her words. "Don't worry, this is the only time I've used them for clothes." The little girl-Emma-crossed her arms and smirked.

"Well, it's very beautiful, I like it." Hiccup meant it honestly, even if it was a little morbid to have your patients' teeth strung on your dress at a convention. She was at least being creative.

"Thank you and your costume is just so cute." She tilted her head and Hiccup looked away. So much for being the strong and tough Viking. "Well, it was nice to meet you, uh," she stopped herself.

"Hiccup, just call me Hiccup." It was his turn to return the smile.

"It was nice meeting you Hiccup. I'm Retina, but most of my friends and coworkers just call me Tooth." She winked. "I'm just really good at my job. If you ever need any dental work, come to me." She even handed him a business card.

"I am Nicholas!" The man spoke up again. Hiccup thought it was a perfect fit, especially with his costume. He was dressed head to toe in red with white trim fur. "Just call me North." He went to pat Hiccup on the back but it felt more like he was trying to dislodge the boy's head.

The girl coughed and Tooth made a flourish around her that also came with an eye roll. "And this lovely girl here is my daughter, Emma."

She curtsied. "A pleasure." Hiccup couldn't help but laugh, bowing

slightly.

"To you as well." He straightened and turned, going to leave. "Thanks guys—" He knocked into someone again, wondering how many times he would do it until they kicked him out. "I'm sorry," he mumbled. Backing away slightly he saw who he had bumped into.

He was older than Hiccup that was for sure. His face was sculpted perfectly and his eyes were a fiery sapphire that made Hiccup nervous just looking at them. On the boy's head was shockingly white hair brushing out to the left partly. He was wearing brown clothe-like clothing, holding a staff lazily in his right hand. When his lip quirked up in the corner to form a smirk, Hiccup felt a jolt. "Sorry about that," he said. Even his voice was lovely.

"Finally," Tooth sighed, going over to the taller boy. "Where have you been?" She asked, using a motherly tone.

"I was at the winter mythology booth, calm down." He rolled his shoulders in a partial shrug. "Besides, I'm back now." His eyes kept glancing back to Hiccup who hadn't moved away. "I see you made a friend though." Now the makeshift Viking flushed.

"Yes, Hiccup," North patted his shoulder again. "This is our son."

The teen stepped forward, holding out an elegantly pale hand to shake. Hiccup took it and found it cool and pleasing to slip his fingers into. When they looked each other in the eye, he was struck by that amazing smirk once more. "Hey," he said lightly, "I'm Jack."

* * *

><p>So, like I explained before this is just me testing the waters. I will continue it if I like it, which I do, and if others enjoy it. I mainly write for you guys so yeah.

**I hope you liked it and if not I'm sorry to have disappointed you.
**

Kisses and unicorns

~Shi

2. Chapter 2

Uhm... so yeah. Second chapter *hides in corner*

* * *

><p>Hiccup didn't realize he was staring until Jack coughed uncomfortably. They moved away and the smaller teen looked at his costume again, admiring the handy work. "I like your costume, who are you exactly?" He hoped Jack wouldn't make fun of him but the white haired boy just laughed and shrugged.</p>

"I'm Jack Frost," he made a flourish with his hands. "Watch out," he winked, "I might nip your nose." Hiccup flushed and cursed himself as

he just pursed his lips. Now it was Jack's turn to eye him up, taking his time as he hummed under his breath. "I see your costume is homemade," he said.

Hiccup frowned and tugged at his vest, covered with fake fur and sewn by his own hands. "Well, yeah," he mumbled. Now he was the center of attention as the family looked at him. Emma came closer and looked at his lopsided clothes. He wore an old green, long sleeved shirt under his vest and brown pants he aged to look old. To finish it off he wore boots covered with more fur, hoping they didn't look the boots all the girls in his school wore. He wished he had had time to finish a helmet or something that would have given him a better effect. But now he was stuck as is.

"I'm not trying to be mean," Jack held his hands up, "it's very good for a homemade one that's for sure. Is this your first time at Dreamworks?" He flashed a smile and Hiccup wasn't surprised to find perfect teeth.

Hiccup blinked and nodded. "Uh, yeah, what about you guys?"

Tooth pointed down the aisle to a large booth covered with glitter and ribbons. "We're here every year, giving different facts about the tooth fairy and what not." She tugged North's arm, making him bend down to listen to her. "We probably shouldn't leave the booth alone. Can you go watch it for a few minutes, I'll be there soon."

"Of course," North kissed her forehead and left.

"It's a good way for someone to promote their business," Jack snickered. Tooth shot him a look and he smirked. "What? You know it's true."

"I can always take away your weekend pass mister," she warned and Emma laughed behind her hands.

Hiccup brightened, looking at the older boy. "You have a weekend pass?" His emerald eyes lit up as Jack flashed the badge around his neck, making it seem like a first place medal. "And you get it for free?" He asked, awestruck.

"If only," Tooth sighed. "We pay for a booth and get the passes then. But, as Jack said it's a good way to promote business and what not." Jack gave an 'a-ha' while pointing an accusing finger at her and she crossed her arms. "My threat still stands," she said. He quickly quieted and Emma danced around him.

"What about you? Do you have a weekend pass?" Emma asked when she finally stood still, though her arms kept swinging around her sides. She reminded Hiccup of Toothless in many ways.

"No, me and my friends just wanted to see what it was like first. Maybe next year I'll come for the whole weekend." He gave a crooked smile and Jack returned the favor. "But for now we're just wandering for the day."

"That sounds boring," she responded plainly.

"Emma, why don't you go help your father with the booth." Tooth shooed her away and with a reluctant sigh, she slinked away, a trail

of feathers following. "Well, maybe Jack could show you to the best spots if you haven't already been to them. How about it Jack?"

"No, you don't need to~"

"Yeah, I'm up for it." Jack cut him off, sapphire eyes on his lanky frame. "I have nothing better to do right now. I can play tour guide." He paused, scratching his jaw line. "Well, if you want me to anyways."

"W-Well, I mean~" Hiccup felt something land on his back and in a flash he was on the floor, gasping for air.

Tooth covered her mouth. "Oh my," she murmured.

"Hiccy!" Toothless tugged at his brother's hair, snarling and growling as if he were a real dragon. "Let's go around some more, this Viking place is boring." He stopped to look up at Jack and Tooth who were staring intently at the siblings. "Who are these people?"

Hiccup finally managed to roll the boy off and stand, brushing his pants off. "They were talking with me until you rudely decided to drop in. Literally," he muttered. Astrid came jogging soon after, Fishlegs panting behind. "I thought you guys were taking care of this little monster?"

"Sorry, he ran off and I thought he went back to the dragons." Astrid wiped her forehead, eyes glancing at Jack before going back to Hiccup. "I see you made those weird friends like I said to."

"Ah, Jack, Tooth these are my friends, Astrid and Fishlegs," Hiccup motioned to them.

Jack nodded in acknowledgement. "You guys sure have some weird names, Hiccup? Fishlegs?" Hiccup and Fishlegs looked at each other then, not sure what he was getting at.

"They're just nicknames," Hiccup explained. Toothless moaned loudly, trying to show how truly bored he was. "And this little demon child is my brother Toothless."

"Alright, now these nicknames are getting ridiculous." Jack planted one hand on his hips and Tooth just sent him a warning look.

Hiccup looked at Toothless who bared his teeth in anger. "His real name is Furvus but he doesn't like to be called that." At his real name Toothless punched Hiccup's arm, though it did nothing to stun the teen.

"Hiccy's real name is Hamish!" The boy yelled and Astrid quickly clapped a hand over his mouth, trying to keep him from drawing even more attention to them. Jack just laughed, throwing his head back and chuckling. He seemed to be amused by the group of con-goers.

"It's not that funny," Hiccup muttered, glaring at his brother.

Jack shook his head, wiping the corner of his eye. "No, no, I think it's adorable." Astrid's eyes met Hiccup's and she pursed her lips

while he simply looked away.

"Well, Jack if you're going with them, we'll be at the booth and if not just head to the hotel room yourself." Tooth patted the boy's shoulder as she was leaving. "You have your key right?"

"Yup," Jack patted his pocket.

"Alright then," she turned to the others. "It was nice meeting you all. I hope you have fun! And remember to floss!" With a flit of her hand she was gone and it was only the teens and Toothless left. They all looked at each other blankly, not sure what to say.

Hiccup kicked at the floor and glanced around. "So, ready to lead the way oh mighty Jack Frost?" He gave a crooked grin and Jack narrowed his eyes playfully.

"Ready when you are Hiccy," he used Hiccup's nickname given to him by Toothless. Now Astrid was blatantly looking at Hiccup with her eyebrows raised. The brunette teen could only shrug and give a 'what can you do about it' look.

Jack moved through the crowd, looking over his shoulder every few minutes to make sure they were still following. Though, Toothless had a tendency to wander away, Astrid kept him on track, as well as pulling Hiccup aside before they came to their first stop. Much to her luck Fishlegs was preoccupying Jack with questions, giving her time to speak to the skinny teen. "Hey, what's going on here?" She asked.

"A tour, I think," Hiccup replied easily. Astrid smacked his arm and he winced. "What?"

"I said to make friends, not flirt," she whispered in case someone would hear them. Her clear blue eyes met Hiccup's as he shook his head wildly. "Don't deny it; I saw the way you two were talking. Hiccup, there are some weird people here and I would not advise that you hit on them."

Hiccup shifted in place, becoming uncomfortable. Almost everyone in Berk knew about his 'preferences', so to speak, but nobody really paid any mind to it. He was even sure his parents knew, though they never decided to bring it up in a conversation, thank goodness for that. Astrid and Fishlegs were the only two people he actually came out to, both accepting it as a part of the scrawny boy's personality.

"I wasn't hitting on anybody Astrid, in fact, I was trying to get away to get back to you guys." He explained, technically not lying. "Besides, you don't even know if he's gay, I mean, for all we know he could be married and have children." Okay, so he was going wildly out with these assumptions, but so was Astrid who gaped at him.

"Hiccup, from what I've learned in life and on the internet, all the good men are either gay or married, and he looks way too young to be married." She motioned to Jack slightly who was still busy with Fishlegs and even with Toothless who managed to stand still for a moment. "I saw the way you looked at him, don't you lie to me."

Hiccup bit his lip, trying to get around her questions. Okay, yes, he had been staring. Mainly for the costume, but also for Jack's amazing beauty. Not many people in Berk were good looking, so it was rare to find someone so attractive. It wasn't his fault the human mind was easily distracted by pretty, shiny things. "I like his staff," he said simply.

Astrid let out a low, sarcastic laugh. "Which one?"

Hiccup clenched his jaw, not finding her words comforting. "I'd appreciate it if you'd stop making large assumptions about my love life. It's not as exciting as you're making it seem." It was true; Hiccup had never been in a relationship, unless you counted the one where there was a rumor going around for a week that he and Astrid were dating.

Astrid had quickly put a stop to that.

"I'm just saying that you should watch out on who you try and pick up; there are some freaks out there." Astrid's tone turned soft, a rare moment when she became like a sister to the boy. "I don't want to see you get hurt," she added.

"I understand and trust me, he's not getting all this," he motioned to himself, "without buying me dinner first." Astrid laughed lightly.

"What about dinner?" Toothless ran up, hooking himself onto Hiccup's arm. "Are we going to eat Hiccy?" He smiled brightly hoping the answer would be in his favor. It was getting close to lunch time and Hiccup was feeling slightly hungry.

"I could go for some food," Fishlegs came back to the group with Jack behind him. "Jack, do you know where we can go to eat?"

Jack stopped for a moment, leaning on his staff for thought. "Let's see, well, there's the concession stand over on the other side of the convention center," he hummed for a moment, "or you could go to some of the restaurants outside."

"I don't think concession stand food is even allowed to be called food," Astrid blanched. "I vote restaurants." She was slightly worried though about the looks they would get as they traveled out in their costumes.

Fishlegs nodded, raising his hand slightly. "Restaurants"

Toothless frowned and let go of his brother, crossing his arms. "I want concession stand."

"Okay, well, that's already two to one, Hiccup?" Jack's sapphire eyes met Hiccup's emerald ones. "You can tie it or rule the winner, take your pick."

Hiccup felt like he was on fire with Jack staring at him, it didn't help that Astrid was gazing daggers at him as a blush crept up his neck. "I'm sorry Toothless, but restaurants seem like a better idea." His younger brother's frown deepened and he stomped a few feet away, moping by himself. "I'll get you whatever you want buddy, my treat!"

"Really?" Toothless glanced over his shoulder, eyes frighteningly bright. Hiccup nodded and the boy came running back, hugging him tightly. "Thanks Hiccy."

Hiccup turned to Jack. "Are you going to join us?" If Astrid had a wish right there she would have wished she could shoot laser beams at the boy with her eyes.

"If it's alright with you guys. I don't want to intrude." Jack swung his head lazily to one side, another crooked grin gracing his features. "I'd feel like I'd be imposing."

"Well yes-"

"It'd be fine, don't worry. I'd like to hear more about Jack Frost and his mythology." Fishlegs cut off Astrid's reply and she pursed her lips in anger. "You can show us which restaurant is good around here."

Astrid looked at Hiccup and then to Fishlegs, her eyes saying: 'I can't believe this'. Hiccup laughed and shrugged in response. "Alright, so let's get going." Toothless cheered as Jack began to walk, leading them to the exit.

Astrid and Hiccup lagged behind, her face showing she was anything but happy. He nudged her shoulder with his, trying to cheer her up. "Hey, it could be worse," he said.

Her frigid gaze caught his. "How so?"

His eyes happened to fall on the back of Jack's head every now and then, finding the white hair was sort of like a beacon. "He could be a pedophile and leading us to his van," he joked. Astrid smacked her hand against his chest, but he caught the hint of a smile on her lips as they continued through the con.

* * *

><p>*curls into a ball and sobs into hands* I'm sorry

Kisses and unicorns

~Shi

3. Chapter 3

Another character introduced and flirting... lots of flirting.

* * *

><p>After an awkward twenty minutes of ordering and having people stare at them, the group finally found a booth near one of the windows, looking out over the street. Toothless and Jack were side by side while the other three managed to squeeze themselves in on the opposite side. It was some nameless fast food joint Jack had pointed out and they ducked in. Astrid's face seemed to be permanently red as she tried to eat her food, everyone else in the place glancing over

at them.<p>

Toothless was busy shoving any eatable substance into his mouth, barely speaking unless you counted the gurgling noises he made as he managed to swallow more than he could chew. His black hair was pushed back so it wouldn't get into his food, though their mother was always telling him he needed a haircut. Hiccup was at least happy the boy was being quiet for once, though his manners were in need of some refining.

"So," Fishlegs said after eating a fry, "why did you choose Jack Frost as your cosplay?" Hiccup picked at his burger, not sure how to eat it since it seemed like everything was going to fall out of it. He listened for Jack's response, finding he was curious as well.

"Well, my name is Jack so we just thought it would go well with the whole theme." He shrugged, popping a fry into his mouth and chewing. "It's just something we thought we would try, though I must say I look pretty good." He smiled and Hiccup almost spit out his food that he had finally started eating. Astrid covered her face with her hand for a moment, trying to calm herself.

"Do you enjoy going to these things?" Fishlegs went on, unfazed by Jack's words. The large boy sipped on his soda, notebook away for the time being as he ate.

Jack nodded without hesitation. "It's really interesting coming here and meeting people all the time. I've met a lot of nice friends who have the same interests as me and it's just great to see everyone in one place together. Not to mention my family comes every year." He took a large bite of his burger, ketchup spilling out onto his fingers.

"So where do you go to school?" Astrid pulled her straw up and down in her cup, making everyone cringe at the sound it made.

"I go to Berkly, it's not too far so I live with my parents right now. I'm only a freshman so, you know, might as well save money." Jack licked the ketchup from his fingers, almost provocatively and Hiccup made a small noise and wiped his mouth with a napkin.

"Berkly is a college though," Astrid glanced at Hiccup. The freckled teen regained his composure and took another bite of his burger.

Jack looked at them as if they were doing something strange. "Yeah, I go to college." The three teens stared at him; only Toothless kept eating, practically burying his face in his tray.

"You go to college?" Fishlegs was breaking out into a smile, finding someone of a higher intellect. He was always searching for something to challenge his brain, and maybe a college kid could do it. "How old are you then?"

"Well, I'm eighteen, a freshman," Jack explained slowly. At the shocked look on their faces he narrowed his blue eyes. "How old are you guys?"

"We're in high school still," Hiccup said. Astrid smacked her leg

against his, warning him. He ignored her and kept talking. "I'm fifteen; I just thought you were still in high school or something." Another leg smack and he clenched his jaw.

"Nope, I'm in college, why, do I still look like a high schooler?" Jack smirked and Hiccup was dazed for a few seconds. "I mean, is it dorky for someone in college to go to a convention dressed as Jack Frost?"

Hiccup shook his head slowly. "No, not at all. I was just wondering." He bit down on a fry and kept his emerald gaze down, his cheeks feeling warm. "So how did you get your hair that color?" He blurted, wanting to change the subject before Astrid completely bruised his leg.

"Dye, though, I think I like it this color." Jack tugged on a strand of hair before checking his reflection out in the window. "Before it was brunette, what do you guys think?" His eyes flicked to Hiccup's for a moment.

I think you'd look good in anything- "I don't know, it's your hair," he mumbled around his straw. "You should be able to choose."

Toothless, taking a rare moment to look up from his food, wiped his mouth with the back of his hand as he studied Jack. "I say you should dye it black, then we can match." Jack laughed and ruffled the boy's hair. Toothless quickly flipped it from his face to go back to eating.

"I don't know, it probably won't look the same," he chuckled. They went back to their own eating for a while, silence weighing over them as they finished up. "Alright, so are you guys coming back to the con for the second part of our tour? There are some people I want you to meet." Jack gathered all their trays and piled them onto his, motioning for them to stand. He threw everything away and clapped his hands, looking at each one. "Ready?"

"You don't have to—" Hiccup began but Jack waved him off casually.

"I want to," he stated, beginning to leave. Looking over his shoulder, he looked at the boy, a small smile showing. Hiccup flushed but didn't dare look away. "After all, I am the mighty Jack Frost."

* * *

><p>They went back to the con and wandered around for a moment before Jack actually figured out where they were supposed to go. Astrid crossed her arms and looked at him with her eyebrows raised. "You almost got us lost and you're supposed to be the tour guide?" She laughed and Jack pouted. "I'd think we'd have a better chance of navigating if we put Toothless in charge."

"Hey!" Both Toothless and Jack shouted at the same time. Hiccup laughed to himself as he straggled behind, not wanting to provoke Astrid's accusing gaze again. "Ah!" Jack picked up his pace and the others followed hesitantly, not sure where he was taking them. "There they are!" He pointed to a booth down the aisle.

The booth itself was covered with ribbons galore; it was a baby pink and could have been mistaken for a five year old girl's birthday tent if it wasn't at the con. On display were delicious looking candies and cakes, all decorated to perfection, patterns and colors done with what could only be an expert hand. The group stared in awe at the food and Hiccup quickly slapped Toothless's hand away as he reached to grab a cookie.

Fishlegs's eyes were wide as he turned to Jack. "This looks amazing! Who did it?"

"He's around here somewhere." Jack leaned over the counter into the tent, looking around. "Yo, Uncle Bunnymund! Where are you? You have customers!" He sang, a wry grin masking his features. "You shouldn't leave us waiting!"

Hiccup was too busy wondering if all of Jack's family was at the con, he didn't even notice when someone stepped behind him. "Jack, get away from my booth!" A voice shouted right next to the young teen's ear. He screamed and ran, dragging Toothless with him.

"Aw, I was just kidding, calm down." Jack laughed as Hiccup hid behind him, hugging Toothless to his chest as if he was a stuffed animal. "I brought friends so you can't be mean." Hiccup peeked out behind Jack, eyeing the man suspiciously. Astrid and Fishlegs had moved away, almost hiding behind Jack as well.

He was tall, his dark gray hair shaved close to his head. His skin was darker, like Tooth's had been, though his eyes were a bright green. On his arms and collar bone were tattoos, scrawling and black. He was dressed in a gray tank and inky, tight jeans. "Jack, where's your mother?" He asked, his voice just slightly accented.

"She's at the booth, don't worry," Jack sighed. "I came to visit my favorite uncle in the world and you give me such a depressing welcome." He pretended to be saddened, pressing a hand over his heart. "You're going to turn us away?" He grabbed Toothless from Hiccup and it seemed like he was using the small boy as a shield. "Even with a cute, little child, who's hungry and deprived of delicious sweets?" Toothless was indeed cute, by any standards, he was wearing a fake tail and claws, dressed in all black from head to toe. His turtle neck was a little baggy and so were his pants, making him seem smaller than he really was. On his head was a head band with dragon ears attached, made by his mom.

The man seemed unimpressed and Jack resorted to snatching the back of Hiccup's vest, pulling him out in front with Toothless. "Come on, you can't say no to these two? Look at their innocent faces and wide, pretty green eyes." Hiccup stiffened and his cheeks were so red his freckles disappeared under the color. Jack bent down and pressed their cheeks to his, batting his eyelashes. "Please_?"

Now there was an eyebrow twitch and the man crossed his arms angrily. "Fine, just stop making a scene and calm down," he muttered. "Damned brat." He went behind the booth and reappeared on the other side of the counter, a white apron tied around his waist. "What do you want Jack?"

"I don't know, what do you have?" Jack let go of the two boys and

went up to the counter, looking over the sweets.

"Jack, what are-"

The pale teen shushed Fishlegs and gave his usual smile. "It's my treat, don't worry about it." Astrid gave a sideways glance to Hiccup who could only duck his head in a shrug. "So, just give me whatever is good, though," he gave his brightest grin, "everything you make Uncle is always good."

Bunnymund stared blankly at the teen, tapping his fingers against the counter. "You piss me off boy; my sister really should keep you on a leash." Jack's smile faltered for a moment, but the man was gathering cookies into a bag despite his words. He tied it off with a very curly, yellow ribbon. "Now leave."

"What about paying?" Jack reached for his back pocket but Bunnymund held up a hand.

"Just take them and leave," he said.

Jack wasn't listening though. The group behind him was beginning to fidget, unsure what to do. Even Toothless kept quiet in fear of Bunnymund, clutching his brother's sleeve tightly as he watched. "Where's Sandy? I haven't seen him all day."

"Sandy is back at the shop, he's making sure it's still running." Bunnymund shoved the bag into Jack's hands, most likely breaking some of the cookies inside. "Now please get away from my booth and go back to your mother." He narrowed his eyes and Hiccup was practically praying for his life.

"I was just showing these guys around, you don't have to be so vicious." Jack planted his hands on his hips. "Seriously, how is my mom related to you?"

Bunnymund scoffed, raising an eyebrow. "She yanks teeth out of people's mouths for a living. Tell me how we aren't related." He looked to the kids and they backed away, trying to blend in with the crowd. "How did you find these stragglers?"

"Hiccup ran into my arms and we just started chatting," Jack said carelessly.

Astrid turned her face slowly to Hiccup who was burning up from the blush on his cheeks. "I swear that never happened," he whispered when Jack wasn't paying attention.

Her nostrils flared slightly and he was beginning to sweat. Jack finally seemed like he was done torturing Bunnymund, going over to the group. "Well, tell Sandy I said hey and try to be a little nicer to your customers. Alright?" He waved but the favor wasn't returned. Bunnymund just stared until they disappeared into the crowd where Toothless was quick to grab at the cookies. He stuffed one into his mouth and threw his head back. "That good huh?"

"Mmf-hm." He nodded in bliss and continued to shove more into his mouth.

"For a scary guy he sure likes some pretty cute things," Astrid said

absently. She was able to snatch away a cookie before Toothless ate them all. She nibbled on it and brightened, licking her lips. "Wow, these are good."

Jack shoved his hands into his pockets, watching as everyone tried some of the food. All of them agreeing they were amazing. Hiccup scrunched his eyes in a smile as he ate; when he opened them he found Jack's eyes on him. He wondered how long he had been staring.
"Bunnymund can be a jerk, but he has a soft spot for cute things."

"Is that why you used Toothless as a shield?" Fishlegs said after swallowing, the group beginning to walk again. They all continued to eat, much to Toothless's sorrow, and looked around them at the other booths.

Jack laughed and knocked his shoulder against Hiccup's, whether by accident or on purpose, he couldn't tell. They were walking so close Hiccup was having issues breathing or even blinking properly. When Jack spoke, his heart stuttered in his chest, not sure what to make of his words. "Yeah, but it was Hiccup here who sealed the deal."

* * *

><p>And for AnimeCrazed121:

I got Tooth's name from going to Google translate, I'm not completely sure what the hell I put into it, but I translated English to Latin, cause I have, like, a fetish for Latin names. It had something to do with teeth and it was longer, but I shortened it to Retina because it seemed prettier. Does that make sense?

And as for Toothless, I hope I described him more. Or, at least enough for you to get what he looks like... I'm glad you like him though!

So I hoped that helped... any other questions I'll be happy to answer.

Kisses and unicorns

~Shi

4. Chapter 4

Okay, sorry for the age mix ups... here's how it is:

Hiccup-15

Astrid-15

Fishlegs-15

Toothless-12

Emma-12

Jack-18

Everyone else I have yet to actually decide... But Hiccup and his friends are various ages of fifteen. Sorry if anyone got confused.

But another character is introduced~

* * *

><p>Jack had showed them around some more, showing them to booths and even amazing photo shoots that were going on around the con. When it was getting close to five, Toothless seemed ready to fall asleep right there on the floor, leaning against Hiccup to stay up. Even Astrid and Fishlegs seemed to lag behind the older teen. He noticed their sluggishness and stopped near an empty wall, leaning against it casually. "You guys seem really tired, how long are you planning on staying?" He asked as they all collapsed to sit on the floor.</p>

"Well, me and Toothless are probably going to head home soon, I have school work to do and he has to finish a science project." Hiccup was looking at the floor when he spoke, afraid to catch Jack's gaze again.

Astrid nodded and leaned back. "Yeah, I have an essay due on Monday that I haven't even started." She sighed, hanging her head. "So much for relaxing."

"I've already finished all my homework," Fishlegs shrugged. The other three glared at him and he shrank back, twiddling his fingers nervously. "It's not my fault you guys don't do your homework Friday night like me. It's easier and leaves the weekend open."

Jack grinned and crossed his arms. "So that means you guys aren't going to make it to the rave tonight? It's awesome." The group at his feet blinked, not responding right away. "It's a giant dance with a bunch of sweaty people in costumes throwing glow sticks around. You really should come."

Hiccup made a face. "As tantalizing as that sounds, I'm going to have to pass." There was a round of agreement and strangled moan from Toothless who was barely awake anymore. "I'm not one for sweaty dancing and getting smacked with glow sticks."

Jack gave a small pout when Hiccup looked up momentarily. "I wanted to dance with you though." The young teen blushed furiously, biting his lip as he looked away again. He had been trying to avoid staying close to Jack through the rest of the tour, finding it was getting harder to have conversations when the college boy always found a way to flirt.

"Sorry, but Hiccup's got two left feet. You wouldn't have been able to dance with him anyways." Astrid nudged her elbow in the small teen's side and he yelped, moving away. "We should get going." she stood slowly, "thanks for the tour Jack. It was great meeting you." She held out a hand but he just shook his head, opening his arms for a hug. With an eye roll she accepted the gesture.

Fishlegs was next, then a half awake Toothless who practically fell into Jack's arms. They all laughed as the boy just rubbed his eyes

wearily and trudged away. Hiccup stood back, running his hands over his arms as he pretended to be interested in a booth. Jack gave a wry grin and approached with his arms spread wide; causing the boy to hunch his shoulders and blush. "Come on Hiccy, everyone else got one. I can't leave you out too."

"Did I mention I'm not one for hugs either?" Hiccup laughed and rubbed the back his head. Jack didn't listen and grabbed the boy by his waist, lifting him up to spin him around. Hiccup ducked his head into Jack's shoulder, screeching to be put down. "I'm serious Jack!" With his legs flailing, Jack finally set him back down, ruffling his hair.

Jack chuckled, his hand lingering on Hiccup's head. "Sorry, I just had to. Alright then. If you guys are going, I was happy to be of service to you." He gave bow and pretended to take off a hat, sapphire eyes sparkling. "May you grace us with your presence next year."

All the goodbyes were said and Fishlegs hauled Toothless onto his back, carrying him out to the parking garage where he called his mom to pick them up. Astrid looked like she was thinking something over when Hiccup nudged her arm with his. "Hey, what's the matter?"

She blinked and turned her eyes to him. "Hm? Nothing, just thinking about how Jack was clearly trying to get your ass in bed." She shrugged and Hiccup frowned. "Kidding. I don't know, I guess I just had a lot more fun than I thought I would." Now he smiled and she stuck her tongue out. "Doesn't mean I'll come back next year. You can handle Mr. Sex Machine on your own."

Hiccup rolled his eyes. "Who said I would come back for him?"

"You did," she stated, "when you clearly flirted with him." Hiccup was about to protest, but Fishlegs came over, Toothless asleep on his back.

"She's right you know," he said. Hiccup was glad his brother was sleeping, who knows what he would say later about the conversation. "You guys were pretty close even though you just met."

Hiccup threw his hands in the air out of frustration. "You guys are blowing this way out of proportion; I mean seriously, he's just some guy who happened to show us around. He'll probably forget about us within the next hour or so." He turned his nose in the air and looked across the parking lot. "Besides, he would never be attracted to me."

Astrid caught his neck in her arm, putting him into a head lock. "Aw, Hiccup, don't be so self conscious. I'm sure there's someone out there who would love a skinny, freckled boy like you any day." She rubbed her knuckles across his head. "Or maybe even someone in this convention center."

"Don't," he warned.

"Or maybe even someone dressed up like Jack Frost," Fishlegs added.

"Guys," Hiccup raised his voice, cheeks warm.

Astrid let him go. "Or maybe even someone who was flirting with you all day and hugged you like his life depended on it."

"Stop it!" Hiccup stomped away, seeing Fishleg's mom coming into the parking lot. He got into the car and buckled himself in quickly, glowering as everyone else got in. Fishlegs had to plop Toothless into the back seat where he used Astrid's lap as a pillow immediately.

"So, how was it?" Fishleg's mom drove out onto the street, looking at Toothless through the rear view mirror. "I see he's all tuckered out. Must have been exciting."

"You don't know the half of it," Astrid murmured. Hiccup looked out the window, not wanting to speak in case he would be made fun of again. Fishlegs began to talk about the different cultures and myths, his mother nodding along. Eventually they came to their first stop, Hiccup and Toothless's place. While pulling into the drive way, Astrid shook Toothless awake, his green eyes dull and still filled with sleep.

"Where are we?" He asked, blinking out the window.

Hiccup opened his door and put one foot out, waving to everyone. "Thanks for the ride Ma'am, and thanks for coming guys." They said goodbye and he slipped out, going to the other side to grab Toothless and help him stand.

Astrid leaned out the door before he close it and her blue eyes looked at his seriously. "Text me later, okay?" He nodded and dragged Toothless up the path to the front door, finding it open, he walked in.

Their house was a regular two story home with pretty much anything a family would need. His bedroom was upstairs and Toothless's down the hall, though at this point he would have slept anywhere. The tired boy wandered around aimlessly, taking off pieces of his costume as he went. By the time he was down to boxers his Mom came in from her work room, smiling when she saw her sons.

Val was a slightly larger woman, but she pulled it off well, using her curves to her advantage. Her wild red hair was pulled back into a bun, her light green eyes always bright and full of ideas. She was a jewelry maker and they had a work room for her in the house where she created designs and made them herself. Hiccup had obviously inherited his freckles from her; both of them were covered head to toe in them.

"So, how was it?" She asked, untying the apron around her waist. She set it on a chair, picking up the left over pieces of Toothless's costume. Val supported Hiccup's crazy inventions and ideas, finding it best to let him grow up doing what he loved.

Toothless threw himself onto the couch in the living room. Hiccup stood in the hallway between the living room and kitchen, where his mother stood, putting the costume onto the table. "It was very interesting. A lot of people were there and the booths were awesome too." He didn't want to mention Jack in fear of his parents raising the dreaded question he hoped to avoid until he moved out. "I'd go

again next year."

Val smiled and walked over to him, hugging him with one arm. "That's great sweetie, I'm glad you had fun." She looked over at Toothless with an amused smile as he snored. "I'm glad he had fun too, at least it'll be quiet in the house tonight."

"So where's Dad?" Hiccup went into the kitchen, grabbing a water out of the fridge. His father was always busy with work; he worked with demolition and building things. It was always a busy job for Stoick who seemed to have his phone glued to his ear whenever he was home.

"In another meeting tonight, so we'll just order pizza or something. Tomorrow he should be home though, considering its Sunday you would think I wouldn't have to question whether my husband will be home for dinner or not." Val placed her hands on her hips, watching as Hiccup nearly drank half the bottle of water in one gulp. "You seem exhausted, why don't you go shower and relax?"

"What?" Hiccup put his water down and pretended to sniff his shirt. "Do I really smell that bad?" Val laughed and went over to him, pushing him gently to the hallway. "Alright, I get it, I stink. I'll go wash up." He laughed too, swatting her hands away jokingly.

He climbed his way up the stairs and went to his room, grabbing a shirt and pajama pants to change into. The bathroom was right across from him, giving him first dibs in the morning before school, which usually ticked off Toothless. Going across the hall, he started the warm water and began to strip, remembering he had his phone in his pocket. As he reached to get it, some else met his touch and he frowned, sure of himself that he didn't put anything else in there.

It was the receipt from the restaurant they ate at, but he could have sworn Jack had thrown it away with all their garbage. He unfolded it and found, in bright red marker across its surface, writing.

Hey, you guys seem really awesome. I'd love to talk more about this stuff with you. Here's my number, don't be afraid to text. I don't bite ;)

And as promised, underneath was a phone number and the infamous XOXO. Hiccup flipped it over as if it would make a difference, just finding the marker bleeding through the thin paper. "When did heâ€œ?" The hug. He must have shoved it in Hiccup's pocket when he was lifting him up and swinging him around.

For some reason Hiccup's stomach did an odd flip as he reread the note, his cheeks heating. He folded the paper neatly and put it with his phone, biting his lip as he stepped into the shower, trying to let the warmth take over his mind before he would do something stupid.

* * *

><p>It was ten at night and Hiccup was staring at his phone, he cursed himself for being so weak. He had already put in Jack's number but he didn't dare text him, did he? Would he seem too desperate if he texted right away? Was this all just a joke? How could someone as

beautiful as Jack be even the slightest bit attracted to Hiccup? Wellâ€¦ just because he gave him his number doesn't mean he's attracted. Guys become friends all the time.<p>

And only that.

"I mean, he's probably just being friendly. There's no harm in it, right?" Hiccup picked up his phone scrolling through the contacts. He found Jack's name and his heart stuttered. He typed slowly, as if each letter had to be perfect for he would send it.

After a good five minutes of typing and deleting, he finally settled on something simple.

Hey, it's Hiccup. You gave me your number.

Before he could delete it again, he sent it, along with the slightest hope. He had to remind himself that he was probably always going to be 'just a friend' to a lot of people. It didn't bother him since the people in Berk weren't people he wanted to date. Jack was cute, sure, but Hiccup didn't really know anything about him. "Well, that's why you text people," he reminded himself quietly.

His phone vibrated and he froze, wondering if it was Astrid. He hadn't texted her since he was so preoccupied with Jack. He unlocked it and he sucked in a breath. No, it was Jack. He opened the message and his fingers trembled slightly, not sure what Jack was playing at.

Hiccy! I've been waiting for you to text me all night!

* * *

><p>So yeah... I went to Acen, an anime convention and I flipped shit cause there was a whole bunch of Jack Frost cosplays, I also saw about two Hiccups. Needless to say I was drooling. I like to say I went for inspiration for my fanfic but that would be a semi-lie. So many of my people. So many.

If of any of you guys went to Anime Central I'd love to hear how your visit went. Who knows, maybe we saw each other and never knew :o

Kisses and unicorns

~Shi

5. Chapter 5

This chapter is short and kind of boring... sorry, trying to move the plot along *shoves plot*

* * *

><p>Hiccup rubbed his eyes and rolled over, something knocking into his head as he did. He moaned, grabbing for the object, finding it was his phone he had left on his pillow before he fell asleep. The sudden shock of what he had done went through him and he was wide awake. He had texted Jack, though the conversation didn't last long

at all for Hiccup was too shy and Jack had a rave to get to. They managed to say hi and that was about as far as the two could get.<p>

Checking the time he slipped out of bed and tossed his phone on his dresser, pulling on his pants he had stripped off. Scratching his stomach, he wandered down stairs and into the kitchen, squinting at the sunlight coming through the windows.

Toothless was still out on the couch, not moving an inch from where he decided to perch for the night. His cheek was mashed into the couch cushion, adding to the lake he had managed to drool and his hair was thrown all over the place. The boy had also slept in just his boxers, having them ride up slightly as he tossed and turned all night.

There was a noise of clattering metal and Val emerged behind Hiccup, hair up and apron on, meaning she had been working on her latest project. She smiled when she saw Hiccup opening the fridge and searching for anything to eat for breakfast. "Did you sleep well?" She asked, sitting down at the small island.

"Better than I thought I would," he said with a yawn. A blush crept up his neck knowing he had been texting Jack right before he slept. "Is Dad still sleeping?" He grabbed the milk and a box of cereal, not caring what kind it was.

Val's smile softened a little. "Yes, he finally got in late last night. I'm sure he'll be on his phone before he even says good morning to any of us, but at least he's home." She watched as he built his breakfast, sticking a spoon in the mountain of cereal he poured. "I could make you something sweet, I've got time on my hands."

"No, I don't want to bother you." Hiccup sat across from her, shoveling food into his mouth. "Besides, I'm sure Toothless is going to want to eat a horse and its friends when he wakes up. You know how he is." They both laughed as the boy on the couch stirred, blinking wearily as he sat up slowly. He wiped the drool from his cheek and managed to stumble into the kitchen with little damage done. "Hey Toothless, you finally awake?"

"Huh?" The boy swayed and clambered onto the stool next to Hiccup.

"Well, close enough anyways," he laughed between bites. Toothless stared at Hiccup's bowl, as if watching it would make it run to his presence so he could eat it. "Get your own food bro, this is mine."

Val stood and went to the stove, looking through the overhead cabinets. "Toothless, do you want pancakes; I bought some extra mix so we'll have enough." She looked over her shoulder to see the boy give a silent nod and continue to stare at the cereal.

Hiccup shielded his breakfast with one arm, glaring at Toothless. "I don't think he understands English until he fully wakes up," he announced.

"Hiccup," Val warned half-heartedly. She went to work on the

pancakes, easily making ten within a few minutes. She set them down, drowning in syrup, in front of Toothless who didn't even seem to breathe as he began to eat methodically. "I'm glad he doesn't have my genes," she whispered.

Hiccup raised his shoulders and eyed the counter. He knew his mother was self conscious about her weight; she was always worrying for Hiccup to one day become like her or even his father. She said it was a miracle he was born with the metabolism he had and Toothless was adopted. Usually she acted proud and confident, but sometimes, when she thought no one could see or hear her, she would let her guard down. Hiccup hated seeing her like that, knowing he couldn't help her feel better.

Val suddenly brightened as if her previously said comment had never happened. "Well, just call me if you need more." She was about to leave but Toothless caught her arm, holding out the already empty plate. She sighed and took it, shaking her head slightly as she went back to the stove. "I just don't know where you put it child," she muttered.

Hiccup finished off what was left of his soggy cereal and put his bowl in the sink, scratching the back of his head. He supposed he should take another shower before he went anywhere, well, if he decided to go anywhere that was. Usually Sundays he would relax and draw, or maybe create up a different invention. "I'm going to take a shower," he said and padded out. Toothless made a grunting noise in response, his head on the counter.

* * *

><p>Hiccup had a towel over his head as he entered his room, his phone on the floor, vibrating violently. It must have fallen off the dresser when he was in the shower. "Shit," he muttered. He grabbed it and answered, having to pull it away for a second because Astrid was screaming. "Astrid, I can't hear you if I'm deaf, please calm down," he said.

There was a growl and loud huff. "Do you mind telling me why you didn't text me last night when we clearly agreed you would?" She asked. "Were you on a date with Jack or should I assume you were sleeping?"

"I was sleeping Astrid, seriously, I'm not a player." Hiccup threw the towel into his hamper, flopping down on his bed. "What was so important anyways that you needed to talk about it right away?" He chose to leave Jack out of the conversation for safety reasons.

"Hiccup, I wanted to actually talk to you about your obvious flirting with Jack without having others listening in. But you didn't seem to want to text me." Astrid said angrily, her voice low. "What, you went to bed so early that you forgot to text me?"

Hiccup sighed and threw his arm over his eyes. There was a muffled sound on the other end as he just breathed for a moment. "I know that sigh," Astrid muttered, "what are you keeping from me?"

"You're going to hurt or kill me. Possibly both." Hiccup rolled onto his side and curled up, cradling the phone to his ear. "You have to

promise you won't though." His heart was practically pounding. He had wanted to tell Astrid everything, she was his best friend of course, but her obvious dislike of Jack had kept him from doing so.

"I begrudgingly accept your terms," she stated. There was a long pause. "So? What is it? Wait, let me guess, you're pregnant with Jack's babies, I knew it." She gave an over dramatic cry and cleared her throat as Hiccup laughed.

He finally stopped and gathered his voice. "No, no, nothing like that, but—"

"The always dreaded 'but', " she cut in.

"But," Hiccup continued, "I did sort of text him last night."

"No shit?"

"Astrid, it wasn't anything bad, I swear." He mumbled innocently, biting the corner of his mouth. "He gave me his number and we talked for about ten minutes before he had to go to the rave."

"When did he give you his number? He was with us the whole time." Astrid didn't seem as angry as he thought she would be, but then again, her anger was more of a physical manifestation when it was really bad. Hiccup had bruises to prove it.

He flushed when he spoke. "When he hugged me."

"Hiccup," Astrid groaned, "just because someone gives you their number doesn't mean you text them."

"I was just saying thank you for showing us around, there's nothing wrong with being polite. Besides, why do you hate this guy so much? I mean, there's really no evil presence around him as far as I could tell." Hiccup pouted, picking at his comforter.

"He's in college Hiccup. College. Not to mention the three years age difference. Do you know how creepy that is?"

"Just because he's in college that doesn't automatically make him an asshole. We're just being friendly with each other, there's no romantic feeling at all. Trust me. I'm pretty sure I've been friendzoned."

"I don't know, he was pretty touchy feely," she said cautiously.

"Astrid," Hiccup lowered his voice, "no guy would ever like me. I mean, really come on now."

She sighed and her tone became softer. "Hiccup, I told you before, you just need to find the right guy. So maybe this one isn't the love of your life. They'll be others. You're a wonderful boy and someone out there will love you like no one else." She paused. "Well, besides me."

Hiccup gave a small laugh. "Now who's being touchy feely?"

"Hur hur hur," she mocked, "feeling better now Mister Pity

Party?"

"Much. Now, I'm going to go work on a painting that needs to be finished. Is there anything else I need to be warned about?" He propped his head on his hand, waiting.

"Yes, if that asshole touches you, I'll personally make sure he never comes near you again. And if you do decide to like this guy, I don't know _why_ though, and he breaks your fragile, little heart, he will be found dead in a lake," She announced with hesitation.

"Understood?"

Hiccup laughed, glad to have Astrid as a friend, and nodded.
"Understood."

* * *

><p>So... nothing happened... I'm sorry. There will be more Jack later. I promise.

Kisses and unicorns

~Shi

6. Chapter 6

Finally turned in my Astronomy paper :/ no words man. no words. Anyways, back to the hijack~

* * *

><p>Hiccup dragged himself out of bed and out the door, still half awake as he wandered down the sidewalk. Toothless usually got dropped off by Val in the mornings so Hiccup hoofed it alone until Astrid decided to join him. He kicked at the ground, a pebble scuttled along and he sighed. The sun seemed too bright for the early morning, he squinted his green eyes as he looked up.<p>

There was a tap on his shoulder and he turned slightly. "Hm?" Astrid smiled and seemed wide awake. "Oh, hey."

"Good morning to you too," she nudged his shoulder, walking next to him. "So how was your Sunday?" She tugged at the straps of her backpack, flicking her blonde hair from her shoulder.

Hiccup shrugged, shoving his hands into his sweater pocket. "Dad spent most of it on his phone and Mom was busy with jewelry. Toothless was barely conscious for most of the day, so you know, the usual." He gave a crooked smile and Astrid raised an eyebrow.

"So no texting your boyfriend?" She asked lightly.

"Ha ha, you aren't as funny as you think you are," he said, turning his face away.

She snorted. "People seem to think I'm _hilarious_." They were nearing the school and they slowed their pace, not wanting to get there quite so early. Hiccup cracked a smile and she hung her head on his shoulder. "I wouldn't let him take you from me anyways," she

announced.

"Ah yes, because you are attracted to," he made a muscle with his arm, "all this." Astrid laughed and bent over, clutching her stomach. "Okay, I'm not that weak." She wiped her eyes with the back of her hand, still trying to suppress her giggles. "I get it, there's no way we can be together."

"Hiccup, I don't think your muscles are the only thing that would keep us from being together." She crossed her arms and he rolled his eyes. "I mean after all, I can't get in the way of Jack." Hiccup went to punch her arm but she ducked away, running across to the street to the school gates. "Come on strong guy, you can do better than that," she called.

"I just don't want to hurt you. I don't even know my own strength," he replied, still walking at a leisurely pace. "I could hug you and snap you in half."

Someone pushed past him almost causing him to trip. "I don't know which one is funnier to think about, Hiccup being strong or hugging an actual girl." Snoutlout gave a teeth baring smile over his shoulder to his cousin who frowned. "What? Did I touch a nerve? Or would you like that kind of thing."

Astrid ran up, glaring at Snoutlout. "Back off dude, he didn't do anything to you." She glanced at Hiccup was staring blankly at the older boy. He found in times like this, being unresponsive was the best way to get through it. The last resort was fighting back, which he didn't do often.

"I was just walking and he bumped into me, I'm politely telling him that he needs to get out of the way and just stay in the dark hole he came out from." Snoutlout said, swiping his hand under his nose, probably feeling the barely there mustache he was trying to grow. "So why don't you do us all a favor and get lost Hiccup?"

"We're family Snoutlout; if I was born in dark hole then you must have been born in a black abysmal canyon." So much for staying unresponsive. The older boy flared with anger, pushing his dark hair from his face as it flushed red. Astrid smirked and stepped between them as Snoutlout moved closer.

"Move," he ordered.

Astrid stared defiantly. "Try me."

Hiccup was about to speak up but Snoutlout just gave a disgusted snarl and moved away. "I don't get why you're friends with someone like him," he muttered, crossing the street. He kept giving dirty looks until he was officially out of sight.

Astrid spun around to face Hiccup giving him a slightly concerned gaze. "You okay?"

"I don't need you to come rescue me every time Astrid," he reminded her. They made their way to the school gates. "I can handle myself thank you very much."

"Yeah, and if I hadn't came in, he would have smashed your freckled

face into the ground and beat your skinny ass up. I'm pretty sure I had the right to rescue you." She said without even looking at him. Her eyes were set ahead, her mouth in a stubborn line. "Just say thanks and we can get on with our lives."

"The thing is," Hiccup stopped walking, "I'm not very thankful." Astrid placed her hands on her hips, cocking her head to one side as she stared at him. He could feel her anger rising and he shrank back, giving a surrendering sigh. "Alright, maybe I needed a little bit of help. But I'm not a child who needs to be babysat by his best friend."

Astrid began to walk again, Hiccup following. "So I'm still your best friend?" She asked innocently.

Hiccup laughed, nodding. "Of course stupid," he scoffed. She punched his chest and ran off for class as the first warning bell rang. He dashed off after, rubbing the spot where her fist landed, hoping he wouldn't see Snoutlout for the rest of the day.

* * *

><p>Hiccup sat in the back of his English class, doodling on the margins of his notebook. The teacher was up front, running a hand over his seemingly unclean, gray mustache. Nobody knew his real name, or if they did, they didn't care to call him by it. He was known as Mildew through the school, seeing as he always seemed to smell like the substance, it was only right to name him. Hiccup never liked the guy and the feeling seemed to be mutual.</p>

"Now, did anyone read Catcher in The Rye over the weekend like I had assigned or were we all too busy partying?" He tapped his dirty finger nails against his desk, staring down everyone in the classroom. Hiccup was in honors English two, but Astrid wasn't with him, her class was in the afternoon with a much nicer teacher. They had almost every other period together, all for English and gym.

Mildew frowned, slouching back in his chair, eyes seeming to gaze the longest on Hiccup. The boy shrank down in his seat, scratching at his notebook in hopes he wouldn't be called on. He had read, in fact he had already finished the book, but he didn't like to be called on. It only drew unwanted attention from those around him.

"Hiccup, I'm sure you read," he called. Hiccup's head ducked and he sat up, cheeks becoming pink as he nodded. "Then why don't you tell us what happened in the chapters we were supposed to read?" Mildew was becoming amused as some students sent the small teen a dark look. They thought he was showing off when he wanted quite the opposite, his fingers running through his hair nervously.

The boy glanced up quickly and then back to his paper, a dragon curling between red and blue lines. "I don't remember much," he mumbled. Someone scoffed and made a comment to a friend who agreed, but Hiccup was too distracted to hear what it was. "H-He was walking through town. That's all I remember," he lied. He knew the book backwards and forwards, though he didn't care for it so much.

"Really?" Mildew propped his elbows up on the desk. "Really? That's

all you remember?" He waved a hand in the air, giving a suspicious gaze. "Nothing more?" Hiccup shook his head slowly. "Anything?" Another shake. "I'm disappointed in you Hiccup. I thought you were better than that."

Hiccup bit his lip and knew Mildew was trying to get under his nerves. He always did that, made Hiccup seem like the golden child of the class only to bring him down with a rude comment. It was always in front of the class too, never in private where the teen could just muddle in his own self-hatred. No, it had to involve everyone watching him cautiously, like a specimen. "Sorry Sir," he whispered.

"Alright, since even Hiccup didn't seem to read, everyone must write a two page response to the next three chapters you're going to read for tomorrow, along with the other chapters you haven't seem to have read yet." Mildew gave a smile as the class groaned and turned to Hiccup, all eyes on him now. "And don't forget to study for the test this Wednesday. We wouldn't you failing that as well."

"Nice one," someone muttered, most likely directing it at Hiccup. The boy just continued to keep his eyes on his notebook, drawing a bigger dragon eating a smaller one, hoping to calm himself down by doing so. Whenever he drew, it took away from the anxiety of life, but it didn't seem to be working now.

Mildew slapped a hand on the desk, catching everyone's attention again. "All of you calm down. For the rest of the period get to work on reading those chapters and if I see anyone messing around I suppose I'll just have to assign the whole book." The class got to work and Hiccup shoved his face into his own copy, rereading the book. The class was silently and Mildew went to grading a different class's essays.

Hiccup's phone vibrated and he hoped no one heard it. Struggling to get the device out of his pocket, he held his breath, waiting for Mildew to call him out on it. When the phone was safely behind his book, he unlocked it and checked his messages, assuming it was from Astrid.

Hey Hiccy, how's your morning going? It was Jack. Hiccup's throat tightened and he looked up at Mildew quickly before typing back furiously fast.

I'm in English right now. I'm supposed to be reading. He turned the vibrations down so his phone would only light up when he got a message. It was safer, especially with the silence surrounding him.

_Oh, right, I forgot how high school works lol. Shame on you Hiccy, texting during class. _

Hiccup smirked slightly. _So your classes haven't started yet or are you being a bad student as well? And for your information, I'm already done with the book. :p_

_Well aren't we fancy? And no my first class doesn't start for another fifteen minutes; I'm just waiting for my friend to show up.

-

The boy's mouth flattened for a moment and he typed slowly, making sure Mildew wasn't watching him. _So you actually do have friends. I thought you were just some weirdo who attended conventions alone to pick up other weirdoes. Like a mating ritual._ He hoped he didn't sound desperate or alone himself.

_Wow, harsh. No I actually have friends and you went to the same convention as me. I'm not the only weirdo here. Weirdo. _

Hiccup suppressed a giggle. _Weirdo? Really? Couldn't think of anything original for a comeback? That's just sad._ He noticed movement up front and quickly hid his phone between his legs, cheeks heating as Mildew walked up and down the aisles, making sure everyone was actually reading. When he finally made his way back to his desk, Hiccup looked at his phone, two messages.

_We can't all be as sassy as you sir. _

Friends here. Text you later Hiccy. Don't miss me too much.

Hiccup hid his face behind his book momentarily, his cheeks feeling like they were on fire. He bit his lips and decided whether he should respond or not. After a good two minutes of staring blankly at his phone, he finally texted back, a small smile growing on his lips.

You'll come back. They always do.

* * *

><p>Hiccup, your flirt is showing.

**And just to make sure everyone knows, Snoutlout is only one year older than Hiccup in this. So he's sixteen and a bully. **

**I feel bad for picking on Hiccup... I never like writing bullying scenes in my stories... I get uncomfortable like I'm actually bullying someone. bleh so yeah not much happened in this chap. Sorry.
**

Kisses and unicorns

~Shi

7. Chapter 7

So nothing really happens... but another character is introduced and fliriting. Stil flirting.

* * *

><p>Hiccup went through his day in a dull haze, not getting another text from Jack. His hand kept brushing against his pocket, feeling the bulge of his phone. He managed to make it through math and study hall without dying so he presumed it was a good day. Although he had Astrid in those classes to guide him through, now they stood together in the lunch line.<p>

"Man, I have test in chemistry today and I didn't study," Hiccup

mumbled. He was trying to get the crinkled dollars from his pocket as they moved up in line. Astrid gave a smug smile, money already in hand since she was next. "And I'm assuming you're going to pass without even having to try," he said.

She handed the lunch lady her money and moved out of line, waiting for Hiccup. "Well maybe if you stopped messing with your inventions and picked up a chemistry book you would be able to pass a test too." He shot her a dark look and moved out of line, grabbing some napkins before they made their way to their table. "I can quiz you before the class okay? That should at least get your brain functioning for the test."

"Anything that can give me even the slightest hope of passing will be appreciated." He dropped his tray next to Fishlegs who was already half way through his homemade lunch. He took another bite of his sandwich as he focused on a book, barely noticing the two. "Hey Fishlegs, what are you reading now?"

"Hm?" The boy swallowed and barely glanced up. "Ah, it's an adventurous journey novel that I picked up at the library." He was about to go into detail about it but Astrid stopped him by putting her hand up.

"Wait, I thought you were reading that story about the cursed girl?" She picked at her salad with a fork, finally taking a small bite. She tried to eat healthy, but with the school menu as it was, it was hard to even survive.

Fishlegs laughed and shook his head. "No, I finished that yesterday."

"But you had just gotten it yesterday," Hiccup pointed out. He had gotten some sort of pasta, or what seemed like pasta anyways. Fishlegs shrugged and went back to his book without another word. "Man, I wish I had time to read like you," Hiccup muttered around his fork.

Astrid leaned her cheek on her hand. "You barely have time to study as is because you can't control your dork factor." She took another bite of her salad as Hiccup frowned and looked away, proving she was right. "What were you even working on this time?"

He perked up instantly, like Fishlegs when explaining a fact. "I was finishing up this painting I was doing for Toothless's room. It's really amazing, well," his hands fluttered with excitement, "from what I think of it anyways." As he talked he moved around, his lips quirking in the corners. "I mean, I tried a new way of painting so I was unsure at first, but now," he sighed, "I think it's good."

"Well," Astrid laughed, "tell us how you really feel about it." Hiccup flushed and poked at his food once more. "So what's this picture even of?" They all looked at each other, even Fishlegs caught their eyes. In unison they all laughed and spoke: "Dragons."

"I think it's nice your brother is into something different than the usual pop culture teens are into these days," Fishlegs pointed out.

"He's twelve, there's really nothing else he's interested in. Though I'm afraid to see what he'll be like when girls are introduced to his mind." Hiccup shivered for a moment and dropped his fork, pushing his tray away.

"You better hope he doesn't ask for any portraits during _that_ phase," Astrid murmured and Hiccup gaped at her. "What?! You brought it up in the first place!" Her cheeks turned pink slightly at being heard.

"As much as I love discussing my little brother doingâ€¢ _vulgar_ things, I would enjoy a change of conversation right now." Now Hiccup really wasn't hungry. There were a few things teenage boys didn't discuss and one of them was sibling 'private time'. "Why don't we talk about the weather? It's nice weather." He motioned to the ceiling, shrugging. "I like nice weather."

Astrid laughed through her nose, pushing her tray away as well. Hiccup felt his pocket vibrate and he was at immediate attention. While she went to talk to Fishlegs he slipped out his phone and gave a smirk when he saw who it was.

Idk man, you seem like the loner type.

He typed back, phone hidden under the table as if he was in class and hiding it from the teacher.

Did you not see my friends? I believe you're the loner here Jack 'ol boy. Sorry to break it to you.

Astrid looked at Hiccup till he caught her gaze, smile faltering on his lips. She raised an eyebrow and motioned to the table. "Are we interrupting something?" She asked and Hiccup turned red, shoving his phone between his legs as it vibrated. "What? Aren't you going to tell your best friend who your texting?" Hiccup was pretty sure she already had an idea of who he was texting.

"It's no one," he said. The phone vibrated again, making him jump slightly. "You wouldn't be interested in talking to them."

"Jack?"

"Well-"

"It's Jack."

"You know, I could be my secret lover from Guatemala," Hiccup muttered.

Astrid crossed her arms. "Yeah. It's Jack." Hiccup fidgeted and Fishlegs moved a few inches away, fearing to get in the cross fire. "It's cool. I won't yell at you anymore. I already promised I would keep my hands to myself." And as if to make her point she raised them in defeat. "I'm totally allowing you full control of your own love life."

He shrank back and sighed. "It's not like that." She nodded but the look she was giving showed she thought otherwise. While she continued to go on about how she was accepting, he checked his messages before

he would forget.

_You're not breaking anything but my heart Hiccy. _

_ So how's school? Is it still as lame as I remember?_

Fishlegs peered over his shoulder and read the texts at inhuman speed. "Ah, so you're a heart breaker Hiccup? I never saw you as one of those guys," he said out loud. Astrid propped her chin up on the back of her hand, eyes burning into Hiccup's forehead.

"Do elaborate Hiccup?" She sang. Hiccup knew she was trying to control herself, though she wasn't doing a very good job of it. Astrid was one to show her emotions easily, but the only real emotion besides her usual mood she showed was anger.

"He just texted me this morning and we started talking. It was just some light chatting. Nothing serious." He looked at the messages again and typed really fast before Fishlegs could get a look at what he had sent. "We're just being friendly."

Pretty much. Lunch with friends, though they seem to like picking on me.

"You know, you do have friends right here." Astrid motioned to the practically empty table. It was only the three of them that sat there and no one else seemed to want to join them. "What? We're not good enough to hold a conversation with?"

Hiccup pouted slightly. "You said to make friends and I did. Why are you such a contradiction?"

Astrid pouted as well. "I'll be a contradiction when I want to be a contradiction!" She slammed a hand against the table but couldn't help to crack a smile. Hiccup followed suit and even a stunned Fishlegs seem to join in. "I'm sorry Hic, it's just I'm scared this guy isn't who we think he is," she said after a while.

"He's not that bad," he mumbled. His phone vibrated and he looked at it quickly, feeling both of his friends watching him carefully.

"Guys, could you stare at some other kid, it's really creepy." They both glanced around the lunch room, trying not to show they were still looking at him out of the corner of their eyes.

I'll come and save you Hiccy, just let me get on my white horse and ride your way!

Hiccup snorted and put his head down on the table, hiding his phone from Fishlegs as he replied.

_Oh how valiant. Please save me Jack, you're all I have.
*swoons*_

"So, what are you guys talking about then if you're just chatting?" Astrid waited till he lifted his head. She gave a cocky eyebrow raise at his face heating up. "So, just chatting huh?" He fumbled for words as he picked at the side of his phone, not reacting fast enough as she leaned across the table and snatched it from his hands. She quickly read the last message Jack had sent and was in a fit of laughter. "Hiccup, you two are practically going to get married

tonight."

"We're just talking!" Hiccup shouted a little too loud, drawing attention from others around them. He grabbed his phone back just as it vibrated and huffed as he read the message.

_ *catches you* don't worry my darling Hiccy, your prince is here to save you._

He forced himself to keep a straight face. _Oh my hero~_

"Seriously, you know how to flirt Hiccup," Astrid broke his thoughts. "You may seem like a stick in the mud loner, but it's obvious you can flirt like no other." She waved her hand absently as he opened his mouth to respond. "Hiccy. He calls you Hiccy. Only Toothless does that and it's more of pet name than anything."

"So? It's just what he heard me get called. He probably thinks it's my real name." Hiccup kept his eyes down, knowing he was losing the battle.

"I called your name plenty of times when we were all together, I'm pretty sure he knows your real name and just wants to use the cute one instead." Fishlegs was back to reading his book but nodded along with Astrid's argument. "Face it Hiccup, you two are practically making out through texts."

The bell rang and Hiccup stood, grabbing his tray from the table. "Hardy har but I'm not one for kissing on the first conversation thank you very much." He turned his nose up in the air and threw his uneaten food out, slinging his bag over his shoulder. "Now can we get to class before we end up being late?" He held out his arm and Astrid locked hers with his, nodding. Fishlegs waved and went his own way, having a different class then them. "You guys are so protective," he sighed as they left.

"All to keep you safe," Astrid said, "Hiccy."

* * *

><p>Jack was leaning on a bench, his hands stuffed in his blue hoodie pocket. It was chilly outside and his breath clouded slightly whenever he exhaled. He felt his phone vibrate and shimmied it out of the pocket, giving a crooked smile as he read it.</p>

Oh my hero~

He laughed out loud and quickly stopped; knowing others passing by would look at him weirdly. He was having fun though, more fun than he had in a while. Hiccup was new to him and it was amusing to banter with the kid, finding his comebacks hilarious. His parents seemed to like the boy as well, though they had only met at the con, even Emma asked if Hiccup and the gang were going to meet them again.

Jack's friend approached him, having gone to the vending machines to grab a soda before their next class. "Hey, you still texting that kid?" He asked, motioning to the phone. Jack nodded, looking up at the other male, squinting his sapphire eyes at the sun.

Jamie was skinny and covered with freckles, though not to the

extremes like Hiccup. His brown eyes weren't as sharp and bright as those emerald ones had been. But Jamie was a great friend to Jack and they were practically inseparable during school. He opened the soda and took a drink before speaking again. "Dude, isn't he still in high school or something?"

"Don't worry about it," Jack gave a reassuring smile. "He's pretty cool."

Jamie rolled his eyes and turned to the building they were near. "Yeah okay lover boy, now let's get to class before the professor starts the lecture. Unlike some people I would like to actually learn a few things from college." Jack smiled and shrugged innocently, standing and following. While Jamie was ahead of him he replied to Hiccup, shoving his phone in his pocket once he was done.

_ Does this mean I get a kiss for saving you?_

* * *

><p>So yeah, Jamie is 18 and in college cause Jack needed a bro to talk about stuff with. Sorry bout that, but it just worked better like this. He'll be in with Jack a lot more and everyone else as well.

Kisses and unicorns

~Shi

8. Chapter 8

ugh this week is going to kill me... I have finals, then Prom and then grad Monday... I don't wanna do anything. *cries into hands while crawling into corner* Just leave me here to die.

* * *

><p>Astrid was over for her weekly dinner with the Haddock's, she usually stayed late one night and ate with whoever managed to show up to eat. She sat between Toothless and Hiccup as usual, with Stoick, taking a rare moment to get away from work, and Val sitting across from the three of them.<p>

The dinner consisted of rosemary chicken, potatoes and whatever vegetables Val felt like cooking that night. Hiccup ate his food without worry, leaving his phone upstairs in fear it would ring during dinner and he would be questioned on who it was. He had been talking to Jack through texts for a good two days and Astrid finally quieted down on the whole 'you two will get married and have wonderful little man babies' taunting.

But that didn't mean he told his parents about him. Or was planning to any time soon.

"So Astrid, how's school going for you?" Val wiped the corner of her mouth with a napkin. She found the girl to be close, almost like a third child in the family.

Astrid shrugged and finished swallowing a mouthful of chicken. "I got an A on my chem test," she said happily. Hiccup shrank in his chair and averted his gaze, only managing to get a C on the same exact test. "I'm also going to start training for softball and soccer," she added.

"Oh, isn't it a little earlier to start practicing? It's getting close to winter." Val looked at Stoick, hoping he would join in on the conversation but he seemed too interested in his food. Toothless glanced at his parents and seemed to hesitate as he ate.

"I just thought I might as well start now so my body will be used to it in the spring time." Astrid went into details about her work out plan and Val nodded accordingly. Hiccup focused in and out of the conversation, his mind wandering to his phone all the way upstairs.

Val turned to Stoick, touching his arm gently. "Isn't that great Stoick?" She smiled when he looked up. Stoick was a large man, red hair seeming to grow everywhere on him. He had a full beard and clear eyes that would make any grown man cower in fear if he got angry.

"Yes, that's wonderful dear," he stood, taking his empty plate, "I need to go work on some last minute things alright? I'll be in my office if you need me." He kissed her head and her smile faltered. "And Hiccup?"

The boy perked up. "Yeah?"

"Make sure to go to sleep earlier. I see the light on in your room at night and you really should be sleeping." He said as he was already through the door way. He tried to whisper the next part but it seemed to echo. "It's no wonder you're still so small." It wasn't meant to be angry, but it was really the only way Stoick seemed to communicate.

Now Hiccup slumped in his chair and Astrid jabbed at her chicken a little too violently. Val shook it off and stood, clapping her hands together. "Alright then, that means there's more ice cream for you guys. How about it?" Toothless seemed to brighten at the mention of ice cream and nodded. "Well help me clear the table Toothless and let the teens go about their business."

Astrid and Hiccup made their way upstairs to his room where he immediately grabbed his phone and flopped onto his bed. Astrid settled next to him, resting her head on his shoulder as he looked through his most recent messages.

I have to go eat but I'll be back Hiccy, just you wait. ;)

She laughed and Hiccup typed back, self conscious of what he was writing. _Oh, the excitement is nearly ripping me to pieces Jack. (Sarcasm intended)_ He shifted uncomfortably, her head lolling gently at the motion. "I'm sorry, am I disturbing your rest?"

"Not at all," Astrid smiled. She sat up and went over to his dresser, finding papers strewn all over it. She picked some up and riffled through them, finding they were drawings of some of the people they had seen at the con. Hiccup hurried to grab them from her but he was

too late and she found the page he was dreading. "Wow," she whistled, "it's almost like a stalker movie."

Hiccup had been drawing people from the photo references he had taken at the con. There was one page where he had dedicated it entirely to Jack. He hadn't gotten a photo of the college boy, but his memory was enough to fill an entire page of snow white hair and blazing azure eyes. He spent hours scribbling and erasing, inking and painting. Watercolors seemed best in order to get that perfect look he was going for.

"I was just working on my technique, I haven't drawn from memory for a while," he mumbled. Astrid looked over the page, nodding her head slowly. "What are you thinking?"

"I'm thinking you have a crush," she said matter-of-factly. "Don't people with crushes write their names together over and over again? I guess for an artist though they just draw the person they like over and over again." She shrugged, placing them back where she found them. "I'm surprised you didn't draw yourself in there with him."

Hiccup flushed and crossed his arms. "That's just weird and I don't like drawing myself." It was true. He felt like if he drew himself, he would see all his imperfections, and he already had his father for that. He chose to draw other people and leave himself out of the picture. It was just easier that way. "I just really like his bone structure. Not to mention his insane coloring."

Astrid sat back down on the bed. "Sounds like you're talking about a cartoon character." His phone vibrated on the sheets and she looked at it, Hiccup's lips flattening. "He says he loves you forever and wants your children," she announced, holding out the device.

He snatched it away and read the message. _Your sarcasm hurts my fragile ego Hiccy. You should apologize and give me a gift._ Turning his back, he replied.

And what gift would you possibly want from me?

The door burst open and Toothless sauntered in, two bowls of ice cream occupying his hands. He grinned and gave one to Astrid and then his brother. "Mom said to bring these to you guys." His eyes strayed longingly on Hiccup's bowl, wiping the corner of his mouth. "If you want them."

The freckled teen rolled his eyes and pushed the bowl back into Toothless's hands. "Take it and be gone child," he ordered. The boy gladly took the dessert and ran from the room, snickering under his breath. "Sometimes I wonder how he never gets full."

Astrid shook her head and ate a spoonful of the cold treat. "Want to split? I need to watch what I eat now anyways." She patted the seat next to her and Hiccup took it, opening his mouth to be fed. Astrid scoffed and placed the bowl in his lap. "I'm not feeding you. You have Jack for that."

* * *

><p>Jack shouted as he threw down his controller. He had lost again

to Jamie who seemed to be the reigning champ at video games. They both took a break from the game and managed to wedge themselves out of the bean bags they had been occupying.<p>

The basement was Jack's domain, aside from the washer and drier shoved into the corner. He had everything he needed down there, a mini fridge, bedroom and own personal bathroom. Of course that meant he was in charge of cleaning it and keeping his own food stocked, but he also ate dinner with his family every night. Jamie was a frequent visitor to the college boy sanctuary, always bringing games and snacks over for compensation.

Jack's phone vibrated on the floor where he had left it. He read through the message, going over to his mini fridge to grab a soda.
And what gift would you possibly want from me?

Jamie watched him as he wandered around, typing and sipping from his drink. "Is it your sexting buddy?" He asked playfully and only got a short glare in response.

How about a kiss? I believe that would work.

"I really think you shouldn't string this kid along dude, I mean, he's only fifteen." Jamie went to go lay down on the sofa, his one arm hanging off dramatically. "And what if he becomes way too attached and starts following you around saying he's going to bear your children?"

Jack tossed his phone on the beanie bag and sat on top of Jamie calmly. "He's a male Jamie; I don't think you should be in college if this is what you're learning."

Jamie didn't try and push him off. "Please, what have you learned? Where the nearest keg party is?" He rolled his light brown eyes and Jack shifted.

"I've learned plenty. Besides, this is just someone to chat with and he had a pretty cute friend when I met him." He nudged his elbow into the trapped boy's rib cage. "I bet I could hook you up," he sang deviously.

"I'm not into underage boys Jack, that's your fetish." Jamie was beginning to have a hard time breathing, his stomach being compressed by Jack's ass.

Jack smirked and hopped off, going over to his phone that had lit up.
"_She_ is pretty good looking," he teased. Jamie sat up, intrigued.
"But, you're not into underage-

"Jack, hush your face, I'm not a perv." Though the flush on his cheeks seemed to prove his words otherwise. The other teen gave a haughty laugh and read what Hiccup had sent him.

_You'd have to come and get it if you want a kiss that bad. _

He bit his lip and raised an eyebrow. Jamie seemed curious and crept over to read the text quickly. "Yeah, taking this a little too far Jack. Dangerous territory." He gripped his friend's shoulder tightly. "Either tell him the boundaries or make out with the boy already."

"Well, we are having a huge dinner this Saturday; I bet Emma would love to see him again." Jack smiled and nodded his head, typing back.

_Hey, how would you like to come to dinner this Saturday and meet my family formally. I promise it won't be completely weird and my mom won't have teeth on. _

_ So what do you say?_

Jamie groaned, wiping a hand down his freckled face. "I never said to invite him to dinner!"

"Invite who to dinner?" Emma came down the stairs, a usual intruder on Jack's territory. Her hair was down and she kept pushing it out of her face, looking at the two boys. "Is it Jack's new girlfriend?"

"Something like that," Jamie muttered. He got a quick jab to the ribs from Jack and shuffled off to the couch again.

"Naw, I was just seeing if Hiccup, the kid from the con, wanted to come and eat with us this weekend. He seemed cool and Mom and Dad liked him." He explained as Emma plopped down on one of the beanie bags. "Would that be alright with you?"

She leaned her head back to look at him. "You mean the skinny kid with all the freckles?" He nodded and she smiled. "Awesome, he was kind of cute too," she mumbled to herself and Jack stared. "What?!" She screeched, flushing. Jamie burst out laughing, rolling off the couch and onto the floor.

The siblings looked to him and he had to cover his face as he wheezed. "The two Overland kids fighting for one person," he tried to speak with his best dramatic tone, "who will win? Tune in this Saturday to see which sibling prevails in winning the heart of a young teenage boy."

Emma glanced at Jack. "_You_ like Hiccup?"

Jack immediately raised his hands in defense; high cheek bones a light pink. "What? No way. It's not like that," he explained, "he's just a friend, not even that."

She stood, tossing her hair over her shoulder. "Good," she stated, marching up the stairs, "less competition for me."

* * *

><p>Hiccup had said goodbye to Astrid and was lazing on the couch with Toothless, watching whatever show the kid deemed amusing enough to keep on longer than ten minutes. He hadn't looked at his phone since Astrid had left and he was getting tired of watching cartoons. Jack had texted him and he smiled to himself.</p>

_Hey, how would you like to come to dinner this Saturday and meet my family formally. I promise it won't be completely weird and my mom won't have teeth on. _

_ So what do you say?_

He stopped and panicked. Was it a date? No, no, you don't bring your family on a date. His thoughts were rambling. So, would it be a date anyways? I mean, he is inviting me for dinner. No, stop, Jack is just being friendly. He's probably waiting for me to decline so he can move on with his life.

"Hey," Toothless nudged him with his foot. "What's got you so freaked Hiccy?"

Hiccup blinked, not aware he had been staring at the wall as if it would tell him what he needed to know. "N-Nothing, I was just thinking," he muttered. He looked at his younger brother, only wearing a t-shirt and boxers, hair in his face. "Seriously, just go back to your show."

Toothless narrowed his eyes for a moment before screaming at the top of his lungs. "Mom! Hiccup is acting weirder than usual and he won't tell why!" He also added emphasis by pounding his fists against the couch cushions. Val came running into the room her face contorted in concern.

"Hiccup what's wrong?" She asked, grabbing his face and inspecting it.

"Mom, I'm fine, Toothless is just over reacting to nothing." Hiccup moved away and held his phone to his chest, knowing he would at least have to try. "Uhm, but hey, I was actually talking with a friend I met at the convention and they were wondering if I could make it for dinner Saturday." Val's face softened then hardened once more.

"Hiccup, I don't want you going over to some stranger's house," she warned. "How do you know this boy?"

"I just told you I met him at the convention and even his family was there. He gave us a tour and was really nice." Hiccup felt his cheeks heating up.

Toothless sat up, eyes wide. "You mean Jack? You get to go eat at Jack's house?! Lucky! I wanna come!"

Hiccup glared and then turned to his mother. "I'm sure you can even meet them before hand, is that okay?" He gave pleading eyes and she sighed, nodding. "Thanks Mom."

"I will meet his parents before, understood?" She pointed a finger at him. "Hamish Haddock you better promise."

"I promise, I promise," he smiled sweetly. She gave a huff and went back to where she had ran from, muttering under her breath. Hiccup was practically buzzing as he fell back onto the couch, typing back lightening fast as Toothless whined.

_It sounds fun, but my mom really thinks you're going to kidnap me so is it all right that she meets your parents before? I'm sorry about this. _

"How come you get to go, I met Jack too. He probably liked me better

than you but he just feels sorry." The young boy mumbled, crossing his arms and slouching into the couch. "It's not fair."

"Sorry bro, maybe next time." Hiccup practically jumped for joy when he received a message. His body was on fire and he completely forgot about Toothless moping next to him as he read.

Yeah, it's alright. My mom is going to be so excited about this. And your mom should be worried, I might just kidnap you for myself, I mean, after all you did promise me a kiss.

* * *

><p>So yeah nothing is really happenin... sorry.

**I might not be able to update as much next week considering how busy I'll be, so both my stories might not get updated for a while. I'm sorry, it's just the end of the school year and everything is so stressful, but I promise I will try and work on my fics as much as can. **

Go read some better written fanfictions to pass the time.

Kisses and unicorns

~Shi

9. Chapter 9

So prom sucked... but here~ cause I have no life.

* * *

><p>Hiccup was bouncing no matter what class he went to or where he was, he was nervous. Excited maybe, no, no, it was definitely nervousness. He was now at his locker, mentally counting down the days he had till dinner with Jack, er, Jack's family that is. It was Wednesday and that meant he had Thursday and Friday to panic even more. As he rammed his books into the already cramped locker space, only to have them fall out at his feet, Astrid came up. She had already gotten her stuff and was ready to head home; she just needed Hiccup to finish his fumbling before they could leave. "Hey, you okay?" She asked.<p>

"What?" Hiccup dropped another book and went to pick it up. "Oh, yeah, yeah I'm fine," he said absently.

Astrid watched him, his movements more jittery than usual. "Uh huh?" She noticed something had been up with him for a few days; his eyes always seem to look around the room instead of her face when they spoke. He was hiding something, she just didn't know what. "Well are you ready to leave yet or would you like to drop your books a few more times?"

Usually Hiccup would respond with a snarky comment and the rolls of the eyes, instead he finished shoving his books into his locker and slammed it closed silently. He nodded and they made their way down

the hallway, an unusual quiet falling between them. Hiccup seemed to be oddly interested in his backpack straps, thrumming his fingers against them.

After getting outside and traveling for a few more agonizing minutes, Astrid had had enough of the silent treatment. "Seriously Hic, are you okay? You seem really spacey," she pointed out.

"I am not spacey—" If the world was working against him, he wouldn't have been surprised. His shoe got caught on an uneven piece of sidewalk and he came tumbling down, landing on his knees and hands. He shook out his palms and inspected the damage, only slightly raw and burning much to his delight. "Ugh, great," he muttered.

"See what I mean?" Astrid grunted as she helped the boy get to his feet. "You've been out of it this whole day and you haven't said anything. What's going on for real?" She set her mouth in a straight line and glared, showing she wasn't going to play nice anymore. "Tell me Hiccup or I'll have to use physical force."

Hiccup looked at the ground, wiping his hands on his sweater, though highly unsanitary. "I didn't want to tell you 'cause I knew you'd get angry," he explained. She sighed and knocked into his shoulder in a friendly gesture, a sign for him to keep going. "I was texting Jack—"

"When aren't you texting him?" This earned a glare and she shrugged.

"I was texting Jack," he repeated, "and, well he invited me over for dinner." Astrid stopped completely and tugged on his arm so he would face her. Her face was completely blank but Hiccup could tell something was brewing underneath the surface and it wasn't going to be good. "See, this is why I didn't want to tell you."

Much to his surprise she let out a long sigh and clapped him on the shoulder. "No, no," she said, controlled, "youâ€| you do what you want." Her right eye twitched slightly. "I-I can't stop youâ€| you fromâ€|" Now her lip. Her nails were beginning to dig into his shirt and the skin underneath.

"Astrid?" He was being to become concerned, wondering if she was having a seizure. "Do you need immediate medical attention?" She shook her head in a jerky motion, blonde hair whipping back and forth. "I can call an ambulance right now," he warned. Pulling out his phone he glanced at her, seeing that she was beginning to calm down. "You done now?"

She sucked in a breath. "Yes, I think I'm good right now." They continued walking and she hauled back and punched his arm with almost full force. Hiccup went flying a few inches before finally getting his footing back. He didn't want to land on the floor twice in one day.

"What was that for?!" He screamed. A jogger on the other side of the road looked at them for a moment before continuing on his way. "That hurt!" He rubbed the spot where she had punched him, throbbing under his touch. "Geez Astrid, calm down."

"Well maybe if my best friend wouldn't keep important things like

this from me, I wouldn't have to be so violent!" She argued. Her cheeks were flushed red with anger as she stomped forward, continuing their way home.

"You don't need to be violent in the first place!" Hiccup followed after, hunched over defensively. "I didn't want to tell you because I knew you would react this way! Look," he caught up to her, "I understand it's stupid and rash, but I'm just doing this as a friend. Okay? A friend..." When she looked at him from the corner of her eye he gave his best innocent smile and she groaned.

"Hiccup, you better not fall head over heels for this boy," she warned. "I don't want to get that call at one thirty in the morning and have to sneak you into my room to watch Disney movies and eat a tub of ice cream again." He flushed and remembered exactly what she was talking about.

It was the first time he realized why he wasn't like everyone else in Berk. He was stuck at home with his family, watching a movie. His dad and mom were sitting together while him and Toothless fought over the recliner. He had lost and was forced onto the floor, sitting uncomfortably throughout most of the movie. He had forgotten what movie it was but there was a scene, his parents didn't seem to think they were too young (Hiccup 12 and Toothless 9), where the male lead was stripped down, back to the camera.

He was beautiful, the curve of his back and the arch of his neck. Hiccup just assumed since he was a self proclaimed (not so proclaimed really) artist that it was just his artistic brain taking in the lighting and posing. But then later that night as he lay in bed, the image of the actor kept coming before his closed eyes and he was shocked to find that, well, a twelve year old would be so aroused. Passing it off as a mistake he ignored it.

During the week though, he began to notice the other boys in his grade, the way they moved and the lean muscle they were beginning to build, bulging under their t-shirts. He didn't think it was perverted at the time, but after a while, he couldn't stop staring. His eyes naturally went to them, studying their tall and strong figures. While others snickered and giggled about playboy he was much more interested in the actors on TV, eyes glued to their perfectly sculpted jaws and features.

After a few months of him denying, one night he just couldn't seem to sleep. So he did what any twelve year old boy would do and walked all the way over to his best friend's house in the middle of the night wearing nothing but a t-shirt and boxers. He had thrown pebbles at her window until she woke up, angry and groggy, but allowed him entrance anyways. Right as he climbed through her window, he collapsed into her arms and sobbed.

Astrid didn't know what to do so she let him cry until he explained himself, and when he did, she ran down stairs and grabbed a tub of Moose Tracks ice cream and a Disney movie. The Little Mermaid. They sat there watching that movie in her room while spooning the creamy night time snack into each other's mouths until morning.

At that point Hiccup had dragged himself back home, crawling into bed and claiming he was sick when his mom came up to wake him. It was a difficult time after that night for him to focus, but Astrid was

right beside him, completely devoted and he loved her for that.

"You won't be getting any calls," he finally said, snapping out of his memories. "It's just dinner and his family is there so nothing can be done." They finally came to his house, though Astrid lived a few houses back, she tended to follow Hiccup home before turning around. "I need to get this English homework done and then I'll text you alright?"

Astrid gave a small smile and nodded, pulling the boy into a head lock. "You better promise me you'll give me all the details when you get back, got it?" She rubbed his head with her knuckles and he shouted mercy before she let go. "Good, I'll talk to you later Hic." Hurrying down the sidewalk, she waved over her shoulder and Hiccup just patted down his hair, giving a smirk before going into his house.

* * *

><p>Jack had finished most of his work for school and traveled upstairs, scratching the back of his head. His roots were starting to come in and he supposed he was going to have to re-dye his hair at some point in the near future. Emma was at the large dinner table, working on what seemed to be History. She looked up at Jack and smiled, finding a good excuse to get out of her homework for a moment. "Hey," she said.</p>

"Hey squirt," he nodded. Tooth was in the kitchen, cutting up vegetables for dinner that night. He grabbed a water from the fridge and leaned against the counter, taking a sip. "Need help?"

"No, I think I got it," Tooth waved him off and finished cutting up a pepper. "Is there something you need?" She looked at him, her eyes almost a violet color in certain lights. "You usually only ask for help if you want something in return." Jack let out a nervous laugh, knowing he was caught. "So what is it?"

He pushed off the counter, wandering around the spacious kitchen. "I invited a friend over for dinner Saturday, I was supposed to tell you a while back but I guess it just slipped my mind." He shrugged, taking another gulp of his water. "I hope you don't mind."

Tooth shrugged, brushing her brunette hair from her face. "Jamie is always here on Saturday anyways, I don't see why you even need to tell me this," she laughed, "he's practically family as is."

Jack shook his head. "No it's not Jamie, remember at the convention when we met Hiccup, the little skinny kid?" His mother brightened and nodded. "Yeah, him. I asked him."

"Oh, you've been talking with him? That's great; he was a really sweet kid. His teeth are a little crooked but that can be fixed." She washed off the vegetables she cut, drying them out on a paper towel. "Are his friends coming along?"

"I don't think so, just him. But his mom just wants to talk to you before dinner, just to make sure we aren't as crazy as we seem." Jack turned as Emma came into the kitchen, going to their mom and grabbing a slice of pepper.

She popped it in her mouth and looked around. "Are we talking about Hiccup?" She asked. It was a big topic for her since Hiccup was now the target of her twelve year old crush. "So he is coming Saturday for sure?" Her brown eyes brightened as she glanced at Jack who smiled.

"I believe so. Unless something happens to him before then." He looked back at Tooth and raised his eyebrows. "So can you talk to his mom and make sure you explain we aren't a crazy family?" There was a loud boom of the front door closing and North's large shoes slapping against the floor.

Emma ran out of the kitchen, throwing her arms in the air. "Dad!" There was an echoing laugh and a few seconds later North came into the kitchen with Emma upon his shoulders, her arms wrapped around his head for safety. At the convention it was easy to assume that he was a look-a-like of Santa Clause, but that was just the costume. When you wiped away the makeup and took away the fat pads, he was North once more.

He was tall, not just average tall, but tall. His dark brown hair was usually unruly and his beard neatly trimmed. Pale blue eyes stood out against his rosy cheeks and pale skin. He was lean and covered with muscle from his weekly workouts, only adding to his stature. "And how is my family this fine evening?" He chuckled, leaning down to peck Tooth on the lips.

"Discussing dinner for Saturday," she giggled as he pulled away. "Jack is bringing Hiccup here to eat with us." She sent a sly smile to her son and North turned to him.

"Ah, making friends I see? What about Jamie? Is he gracing us with his presence as usual?" He put Emma down and placed his hands on his hips.

"Yeah, is everyone else showing up too?" Jack crossed his arms, tilting his head.

Tooth nodded, counting off her fingers. "Bunnymund and Sandy are coming, so yes, everyone is going to be there." She paused for a moment, looking at Jack nervously. "You don't think we're going to scare Hiccup with all of us?" She knew her brother could be a littleâ€| menacing if you didn't understand his humor.

"I already introduced them and Uncle Bunnymund seemed to like Hiccup just fine." Jack remembered back to how he used Hiccup as a bartering tactic to get food. "I'm sure it'll be perfect, of course with your cooking, everything can be perfect." He batted his eyelashes and Tooth scoff, smacking his shoulder playfully.

"Well, then all it seems I need to do is talk to his mother and everything will be set." Tooth clapped her hands and looked to North. "Maybe we can talk him into coming to another convention with us? It would be fun to have more of us to spread the-"

"Advertisement?" Jack cut in.

She frowned. "I was going to say cheer, but thank you Jack." He laughed and began to wander away, wondering if he should text Hiccup about his family but Emma quickly caught his attention as she ran and

hung on his arm.

"Yes?" He looked down at her, raising an eyebrow.

"During dinner can I sit next to Hiccup?" She asked her brown eyes large and innocent. "You can sit next to Jamie like always," she added.

"He's my guest, I should sit by him," he reminded. Emma began to pout and he sighed. "Alright, we can both sit by him. How about that?" She smiled and nodded, going back to her homework. He laughed to himself going on his way, checking his phone to see if he got a text from Hiccup.

* * *

><p>Now all that's left is graduation... and then college over night thingy... *cries*

Kisses and unicorns

~Shi

10. Chapter 10

**So... yeah another chapter... Dinner with Jack's family. **

* * *

><p>Hiccup was about to vomit. His stomach wasn't just upset, no, it was about to jump out his throat and empty itself on his mother's dashboard. While his mom rambled on about the dangers of meeting up with strangers he texted Astrid quickly, knowing she would give him some words of encouragement.</p>

It was finally Saturday, and after days of panicking and hyperventilating, he was about to go to Jack's house and have dinner, if his stomach would be so gracious. By Friday he was ready to call and cancel but Astrid coaxed him into staying, which was a big step for her since she seemed to dislike Jack with a burning passion.

Hey, he texted quickly, _tell me it's going to be okay_. Jack had given them directions and it seemed he didn't live as far as Hiccup had thought. The ride was only ten minutes, much to his delight.

"And remember Hiccup, if they offer anything that seems weird, please do not take it," his mom reminded. She had gone on lecturing while he slid further down his seat, getting a response from Astrid. _Okay, it'll go fine and nine months from now you're beautiful daughter will be born and you will name her after her favorite Aunt Astrid. Does that work?_ He sighed and texted back, hoping his mom wouldn't notice he wasn't focusing on her in depth teachings.

You're not being very helpful right now! What if I vomit on the table or something stupid?!

Val snapped her fingers at a red light, getting her son's attention.

"Hiccup, are you even listening to what I'm saying?" She asked tightly, worry creasing her mouth. He nodded slowly and she tapped her finger nails on the steering wheel. "Then repeat what I just said."

"What I just said," he replied without hesitation. Val looked at him without amusement and turned back to the road when the light turned green. "Mom, I understand your concern, but I've met his mom and dad before, they're nice people." Maybe he was trying to convince himself not to be so nervous. Another text from Astrid and he quieted down. _Look, I'm sure it'll go great and you'll become great friends. I mean, you guys are practically dating as is._

His green eyes glanced out the window, finding they had turned down a side street. Jack's side street. _Yeah well we've entered the war zone; please keep your phone close in case I need a quick distraction?_ Right as he sent it, another answer came. _Of course. Good luck_. He shoved his phone into his pocket and quickly wondered if he had dressed appropriately.

Since he had never been a da-dinner, he didn't know what to wear. So he pulled on a pair of loose jeans and a clean dark green sweater over a plain brown t-shirt. He even took the time to comb out his hair that had managed to defy him for most of the morning. Toothless noticed and made a snide comment about a date and Hiccup quickly quieted him with a chocolate offering. It was his first time to Jack's house; he might as well dress up cleanly. Right?

Stoick didn't even notice, nor did he ask where he was going for the night. Val tried to explain it to her husband but once again, he had to work. Hiccup took the chance and hoped his dad wouldn't ask any further questions as was, after all, there were things he still hadn't told his parents. And he wanted it to remain that way for a while.

After wandering around the block for what seemed like the millionth time, Val finally pulled into a driveway already over flowing with cars. "Looks like this is the place," she muttered, rereading the directions Hiccup had written. "Well, let's go meet these people." She got out of the car first and Hiccup seemed to be paralyzed, his heart beating like crazy. He slipped out and closed the door, his hand shaking as it left the door handle, his escape now out of reach.

"What a lovely house," Val said absently. It was a large, beautiful house a light brown trim with a white base. Bushes and what used to be flowers in the warmer seasons were planted under the large bay window where lush, white curtains hung. "I wonder if they did this all by themselves." As an artist, Val took the time to appreciate others' works, even if it was something like house dÃ©cor.

Snapping out of her thoughts she marched up the stairs to the front door, also carved into wondrous patterns. As she rang the door bell, Hiccup trailed up the steps behind her, trying to hide like he did when he was little. "Mom, please go easy on them," he whispered, though she didn't hear him.

The door opened and it was Emma who answered, her mouth agape as she took in Val and then Hiccup cowering behind. "Mom!" She screamed and even Val stepped back, her hand flying to her chest. "Hiccup and his

mom are here to talk you!" Her voice echoed through the house and right after came the sounds of running feet. She smiled and lowered her voice. "Just a minute please."

Hiccup couldn't tell if he was just paranoid or if his hair was starting to muss up again, but he could have sworn that Emma was staring at him. Her brown eyes traveled from his shoes to his hair, then back down to his face where she looked away when she knew she was caught. Finally Tooth came from behind, out of breath and panting. "I am so sorry, I was trying to get the food in the oven and Jack left some papers around and—" She just shook her head, sighing.

"It's alright," Val said. Tooth smiled and patted down her hair which she had tied back in a messy pony tail, some flour-like substance on her left cheek. "Did we come at a bad time?" She asked, noticing the apron she had on was covered with food and what looked like paint.

"No! No, not at all. It's my fault truthfully," Tooth laughed. "I thought I would have enough time to work on a painting and make dinner, guess I bite off more than I could chew today." She patted her apron and a cloud of dust came off. "I'm Retina, but you can just call me Tooth if you want." Holding out her hand, she smiled brightly.

Val took her hand immediately, pumping it harder than she needed to. "You paint?" She asked without even acknowledging her name. A smile was breaking out over both their faces while their children stood on the porch, both staring at each other.

"Yes, well, I paint costumes and sometimes actual paintings." Tooth explained how she was working on another cosplay for Emma for an upcoming con they were going to. Val was suddenly pulled into the conversation and her tough motherly exterior melted away as they began to compare styles and working habits. Hiccup rocked back and forth on the porch, not sure what to do. "Oh, Hiccup, go right on in and make yourself at home," Tooth said. She turned back to Val. "Why don't come in and we can talk more."

"I wouldn't want to intrude," Val sighed.

Tooth shook her head and grabbed her arm, leading her into the house. "Not at all, it's always nice to have someone to talk to. No one else besides my brother paints in this family and it's refreshing to have a woman in the house." Emma gave a resounding cough and Tooth winked at her. "Alright, it's refreshing to have another woman in the house _besides_ my lovely daughter Emma."

Val bent down to her eye level and nodded. "And what a fine young woman she is." Emma flushed and glanced at Hiccup, almost as if she was hoping he heard his mom's comment.

"Now Emma why don't you go bring Hiccup to Jack and Jamie, I'm sure they would love to meet their guest." Hiccup bit his lip at the unfamiliar name and followed Emma as she moved past the two women who instantly started chatting again.

"So this is our house," Emma pointed out. She spun in a circle, the white sundress she wore billowed and her brown hair swayed. "Jack

lives in the basement," she added. Hiccup nodded, not opening his mouth once in fear of saying something stupid. Emma pursed her lips at his silence and moved closer, peeking up at his face. "You're pretty quiet aren't you?"

He glanced around and back down at her face. She had three birthmarks under her right eye and now that she was closer, they seemed more pronounced. "Well, hopefully you'll talk during dinner; it's always loud when we eat together." She smiled and pulled on his sleeve to lead him down a slim hallway that led to a door. On it was a crooked sign with childish hand writing. 'Beware of Jack' was scribbled with marker and a shaky drawing of Jack with sharp teeth was drawn in the corner. "I did that when I was little and he kept it," she explained.

Hiccup nodded, finding it cute that Jack would save something as trivial as a drawing just for his sister. He didn't mean cute as in-no, no, of course not. Now he shook his head, trying to clear his mind as Emma opened the door, marching down stairs, when she noticed Hiccup wasn't following she motioned. "Come on, it's not as dirty as you'd think it'd be." He crept down the steps silently, hiding his hands in his sweater sleeves in a nervous act.

Jack sat with another boy in beanie bag chairs, both yelling at the television screen as they mashed buttons. Hiccup instantly began to sweat, he had never liked video games, and sure he appreciated the dedication it took to make some of the details in the art work, but the whole pressing buttons and sitting all day made him wary. When he was younger and had to go visit Snoutlout's house for family dinners, the older boy would try and get Hiccup to play video games but he always ended up hiding away and reading.

Emma cleared her throat, catching the other boy's attention and then he nudged Jack. "He's here," he whispered. The way he said 'He' made Hiccup nervous, it was almost like he already hated the younger boy. Jack glanced over and paused the game, a smile breaking over his features.

Hiccup was taken aback, the way the smile quickly spread to his sapphire eyes and his cheeks warmed. He desperately wanted to draw him in that moment, the way he just instantly lit up with a tilt of the lips, it was amazing. Jack seemed to hesitate and Hiccup realized he was staring, eyes quickly falling to the floor. "Hey, welcome to my humble abode," Jack laughed through the tension.

"It's pretty nice down here, dark and creepy, just the way hermits like it right?" Hiccup said before he realized what he was doing. Clamping his mouth shut he flushed and ran a hand through his hair, aware that he wasn't flirting with Jack through text anymore, this was face to face. With an audience. "Sorry," he mumbled.

The other boy who had been watching silently finally unfolded himself from his beanbag and approached Hiccup slowly. "I like this kid already," he laughed. Hiccup looked up and finally saw the guy straight on. He was taller than Jack and was lankier too, his large brown eyes ringed by dark eye lashes. His hair was a light, honey brown and he too was covered with freckles. "The name is Jamie, Jack's partner in crime," he held a hand out.

Hiccup took it and wondered if Jamie could feel him shaking. "I-It's

nice to meet you," he managed to say.

Jamie smirked and backed away, shoving his hands into his jean pockets. "So this is the infamous Hiccup that Jack had been texting forever." His eyes took in the smaller teen and he nodded. "Not what I expected from all those messages." Hiccup's face was instantly in flames, knowing he had been caught. He thought the only people reading their conversations were himself and Jack (as well as Astrid occasionally). "Ah, don't worry, what Jack texts is always a secret with me," he laughed, clapping Hiccup on the back.

"That's because you feel the need to read everything on my phone like an overbearing girlfriend," Jack reminded playfully and Hiccup looked away. Jamie and Jack continued to pick on each other while the younger teen thought his shoes looked dirty.

Emma tapped his arm and he looked at her slowly, aware that he was a stranger between the three of them. "Sorry about this, Jack and Jamie always play around. I can give you a tour if you want?" She smiled sweetly and Hiccup even smiled back, thankful for the outreach.

"Wait a minute," Jack said as he pushed Jamie away. "He's my guest, I get to play tour guide once more." He ran a hand through his newly dyed white hair and smirked at Hiccup. "Of course, this one will be a," he winked, "private tour." Hiccup flushed immediately and Jamie narrowed his eyes. "Come on!" Jack grabbed his hand and dragged him up the stairs, not caring to slow down even as Hiccup stumbled.

When they were gone Emma pouted and folded her arms angrily. Jamie just put an arm around her shoulder and sighed. "I wonder how long it'll take before they start making out," he said. Emma turned and looked up at him in horror. "What? Like you haven't been thinking that either?"

She quickly looked away. "Yeah, but Hiccup isn't supposed to kiss Jack," she mumbled. When Jamie wandered back to the video games, talking about something else, she breathed through her nose. "I wanted him to kiss me."

* * *

><p>"And this," Jack stopped at yet another door, "is Emma's room. I think we covered everything in the house." He looked around as if another door would appear for him to talk about. He had dragged Hiccup throughout the entire structure, explaining what was where and how things worked. Hiccup just followed silently, not wanting to ruin Jack's enthusiasm (or the fact they were completely alone).</p>

"You're house is really nice," Hiccup said quietly. He wanted to mentally slap himself, of course it was a nice house, most houses are nice. Jack just smiled and took the compliment in stride, going to the stairs they had just come up from.

"I think your mom is still here, you can still catch her if you want to run," he called over his shoulder. Hiccup flushed, wondering if he seemed as uncomfortable as he felt. "But then again, I did say I would kidnap you and get that kiss," he smiled, "which I still haven't got."

"Ah, well, I mean, you wouldn't want one from me." Hiccup sputtered and almost fell down the stairs completely, holding onto the railing with all his strength to keep from toppling Jack. "I-I'm so inexperienced it wouldn't be good." Now he was bright red, realizing he was digging himself into a grave if he continued. "N-Not that I haven't been kissed," he went on, "I have, you know." Now he was burying himself in that grave. "It wasn't that much of a big deal, kissingâ€¢" And now he was putting a large boulder where he was lying under ground. "Uhmâ€¢ You can stop me at any time."

Jack just smiled warmly, tilting his head. "No, no, I like to hear you ramble. I don't think I've seen you this nervous, even at the con you didn't stutter this much." He had caught Hiccup's bluff easily and the younger boy just averted his gaze. "And over text it's like you're a completely different person."

"That's because it's not face to face talking and at the con I had my friends with me, not to mention I wasn't in your home." Hiccup ran his fingers over the banister, feeling the worn out wood under his fingertips. How many times had Jack run up and down these stairs to his sister or parents? How many times have his hands ran along the banister? "I guess I'm just nervous about being here." Why was he even thinking about those sorts of things?

"Don't be," Jack shrugged casually. "You're always welcome here." Another dazzling smile and Hiccup's knees knocked together, barely able to keep himself up. "Now let's go see your mom before she leaves, she'll probably want to make sure I won't kill you after all." They went into the kitchen where Tooth and Val were giggling with each other, leaning against the counter as if they had been lifelong friends. "Are you beautiful ladies having a good time?" Jack asked.

Tooth waved a hand in Jack's direction. "Val, this is my son Jack and Jack this is Hiccup's mother." Both exchanged a handshake and Val smiled.

Jack scratched his chin and narrowed his eyes between Val and Hiccup. "Now I see where Hiccup gets his good looks."

Val flushed and tugged her shirt down, pale green eyes looking away. "Oh, stop," she murmured. It wasn't often Val got compliments and when they happened, she usually became flustered. Hiccup couldn't help but give a small smile at his mom, and something warm began to grow in stomach. He just assumed it was his nerves once more. "Well, I should be heading back and be making dinner for Toothless before he decides to eat the house." Everyone laughed and Val patted Hiccup's head. "Just call me if you need anything, alright?"

"Mom," Hiccup whispered, "I'm not a little kid anymore." Jack snickered and he flushed. Val just smiled and had Tooth show her the way out.

When Tooth came back she clapped her hands together and beamed at the two boys. "Where's Jamie and Emma?" She asked and Jack pointed to the basement. "Ah, well, you should—" There was a beep of a car horn and she ran back to the front of the house, peeking out the window. "Jack! Get Emma and Jamie. Bunnymund's here with Sandy!"

Hiccup froze, remembering the scary looking man from the con. He didn't know he was going to come to the dinner as well. Maybe he shouldn't have come after all? Jack nudged him gently, whispering in his ear. "Now this is where the real fun begins."

* * *

><p>Emma, Hiccup is too old for you sweetie (what am I saying, Jack is the same age gap) but yeah, Bunnymund and Sandy joining the family for dinner.

Kisses and unicorns

~Shi

11. Chapter 11

So this is a short chapter because I had originally intended this to be the whole night... and well... that was taking forever so I broke it up. The next chapter will have more but I know it's going slowly... I'm sorry

* * *

><p>As Emma and Jamie wandered into the kitchen to join the rest of them, Tooth went to the door, muttering under her breath. Hiccup was panicking, what would he say? Or even do if the large man tried to start a conversation with him? At the con Jack had used him as a trade off for food, would the man think he was a prostitute? Hiccup shook his head, knowing full well no one would think that.

Jack nudged him gently in the side. "Hey," he whispered, "don't worry so much about Bunnymund, I told you he has a soft spot for cute things." Hiccup bit his lip and his mind went on over drive. Was Jack saying he was cute? Or was he saying he was only cute to Bunnymund (creepy as that was)? Could Jack be trying to tell him something? "Are you sure you're okay?" Jack's voice snapped him out of his thoughts.

"Yeah, yeah, totally fine. Just," he quickly made up an excuse, "excited." Not the excuse he was looking for but Jack nodded and went to talk to Jamie. He let out a sigh and sank against the counter, suddenly exhausted and the night wasn't even close to being over.

Emma approached slowly and tucked some brown hair behind her ear as she leaned next to him. "It's alright to be nervous, I understand our family is a littleâ€¦ you know, weird." She smiled and Hiccup felt like she was the only one who could sense how scared he was. "I'm sure once you get to know us you'll be coming over all the time," she said. "Then we can hang out more."

Hiccup's eyes raised and found the back of Jack's head, watching his shoulders move as he spoke to Jamie. The other college boy looked past Jack and caught Hiccup's gaze, raising an eyebrow slightly. When Jack asked him what was up he just shook his head and laughed, "nothing." Hiccup flushed and dug his back deeper into the counter, crossing his arms over his torso.

The door slammed shut and voices were muffled together, becoming louder as they neared the kitchen. Hiccup stiffened and kept his eyes on the floor. "Bunnymund, we have a guest tonight so please behave," Tooth warned quietly as they came into the kitchen. It was becoming to get claustrophobic for Hiccup as he moved behind everyone as they greeted each other.

"Please, you know I would never embarrass you Sis." His voice was loud and Emma squealed, running to launch herself in his arms. Bunnymund gladly lifted her off the floor and spun her around, mussing up her hair. "And how's my little Babytooth?" He asked between her shrieks of joy. "You been bugging Jack like I told you too?"

As her legs kicked out in the air, hitting dangerously close to Jack's face, she nodded. "Just for you Bunnymund!" Jack scowled at this and whispered something to Jamie who laughed back. They both nudged each other and Hiccup stood alone, a cold feeling settling over his stomach as he hugged his arms tighter around himself.
"Where's Sandy?"

"Getting dessert from the car, don't worry, I made the cookies you like." When Bunnymund finally put Emma down he faced Jamie and gave a nod, as well as a (what seemed like a very painful) slap on the back.
"How've you been Jamie?"

"Good Sir," Jamie said back. It was a familiar sort of greeting and Hiccup pushed himself further into the corner of the room. He was drifting farther and farther away it seemed as they all laughed and talked.

Jack approached Bunnymund, flinging his arms around the tall man's neck, grinning. "Ah, Bunnymund, did you miss me?" Bunnymund peeled the boy off as if he was a piece of dirty laundry.

"Jack, do you ever stop?" He asked with a sigh. He didn't seem angry like he did at the con, but there was also a sense that it was just mild family related annoyance that everyone got with their family members now and then. "So where is this guest I have to behave for?" He looked around and Hiccup shrank his head down, biting hard on his lip.

Jack grinned and grabbed Hiccup's arm, pulling him into the center of attention. "You remember Hiccup from the con right? You gave us free food because he was so adorable." He even pinched Hiccup's cheek, leaving his face even more heated than before.

Bunnymund's spring green eyes wandered over Hiccup's small frame, trying to recognize him out of his costume. He had chosen to dress nicer since Tooth had begged for him to behave. He was wearing a black tank that matched his rippling tattoos, and a dark pair of jeans that hugged his sculpted legs. "Yeah, the skinny kid with the younger brother, right?" He finally spoke and Hiccup flinched. "Relax kid; I'm not going to hurt you." Bunnymund's face softened and he held out a hand.

Hiccup took it reluctantly and found the man's hand was warm and comforting. "M-My name is Hiccup," he said softly.

"It's nice to meet you Hiccup, just call me Bunnymund alright?" Even his voice was soft and Hiccup visibly relaxed, smiling a little. "I know you probably think I'm some angry guy since at the con I was little stressed and tired, but don't worry, I'm not always like that." He explained.

Jack frowned. "You're always like that with me," he muttered under his breath and Bunnymund raised an eyebrow.

Bunnymund's face was back to a scowl as he looked to Jack. "Maybe if you didn't play pranks all the time I would enjoy your company more often," he said flatly. The front door slammed open and shut and he turned. "In the kitchen Sandy!"

A small man, even smaller than Hiccup, entered the kitchen holding a large white box. Bunnymund took the box from him and set it on the table, going to stand next to him. "Sandy just got throat surgery and can't talk so he's going to have to have me as an interpreter for his nonsense hand movements." Sandy glared and gave the middle finger to which Tooth quickly slapped away.

"Let's not," she sighed. Sandy may have looked cute, but he seemed feisty to Hiccup. His blonde hair was sticking up all over and his clothes consisted of a yellow track suit he seemed to pull off pretty well. His face was wide, but it was filled with a little mischievous grin that was directed at nothing it seemed. "Remember, we have a guest Sandy." Tooth looked to Hiccup who stepped back for a moment. "Sandy is my brother's coworker at the bakery."

Sandy stepped up and held a hand out to Hiccup, waiting for the young boy to take it. When he did, his grip was strong and he gave a grin. "It's nice to meet you," Hiccup mumbled.

Everyone else said their hellos and Bunnymund went over to Tooth, peering over her shoulder in a brotherly fashion. "You better have made something good for dinner; I had to close the shop up early for this." Tooth swatted him away playfully and stuck her tongue out. Hiccup could clearly see how they were siblings, the same dark skin and lean bodies. "And what about your crazy husband, is he joining us?"

"North is coming soon, he had to work today," Tooth said. She checked something in the oven and looked at the time. "By the time he gets here we should be ready to eat."

As everyone was chatting Bunnymund lowered his voice and whispered in her ear. "Hiccup seems like a good kid; might I ask how he got involved with Jack?" He had remembered seeing glimpses of the kid at the con, but Jack never really explained how they met or why. Tooth shrugged, giving the 'it's a long story' look. "Ah, well, hopefully he'll warm up to us."

"Jack is right, you are a softy." Tooth laughed, nudging her brother in the ribs. When he began to protest she raised an eyebrow and he looked away, knowing he did indeed have a soft spot. "Remember when we were little and you used to beat up anyone that made me cry?" Bunnymund groaned, hating it when she brought up the past. "You protected me because I was smaller than you," she lowered her voice, "I think that's what Jack is doing."

"Protecting Hiccup?" Bunnymund scoffed, looking over to the group. Hiccup was once again backed into a corner by his own doing, his hands fiddling nervously in front of him. Jack came up and said something quietly, grabbing his hands and pulling him out of the corner. When Jack turned away to talk to Jamie, Hiccup gave a small smile, eyes down casted to the floor. "Maybe you are right."

"See, Jack isn't such a bad kid," Tooth laughed. "You're such a stick in the mud, Ester." Bunnymund narrowed his eyes at his real name, but gave way to a small smile. The front door rattled and Tooth stood up straighter. "Ah, there's North," she called. Emma ran screaming from the room, going to meet him at the door.

"I don't know why you married him," Bunnymund sighed, but it was a content sigh.

"You didn't like anyone I dated. Please, the only reason you leave North alone is because he beat you in a fight while all my other boyfriends couldn't." Tooth patted his cheek and laughed, remembering to when they were younger. It was Bunnymund's ritual to fight every one of Tooth's boyfriends and if they couldn't win, he deemed them unworthy, and of course they had all lost. Until North showed up. He beat Bunnymund without breaking a sweat and the rest was history.

"I'm telling you he cheated," Bunnymund muttered.

"I never cheat Bunnymund, you're just bitter," North said as he came into the room. Emma was on his shoulder, giggling as Bunnymund flushed. "Now, where is Hiccup?" He shouted and Hiccup instantly was behind Jack, cowering. "Don't hide boy!" He put Emma down. "I'm not going to hurt you."

Hiccup was just shocked to see the man out of costume. He had thought he was fat and jolly, not ripped and built like freaking big foot. He was practically towering over the young boy as Jack moved out of the way, leaving Hiccup nowhere to hide anymore. "H-Hi Sir," he gasped.

North scooped him up into a tight hug, and Hiccup thought he heard at least three ribs break and his spine fracture. "Ah! It's good to see you again! How have you been? You seem smaller? Did you shrink?" He was shooting off questions as Hiccup was too flustered to answer any of them. "How have you been getting along with everyone?"

"F-Fine," Hiccup sputtered. North put him back down and Jack clapped a hand on his shoulder, giving a reassuring smile. Hiccup's heart stuttered in his chest, clenching his hands to hide the shaking of his fingers at the touch.

"Well now that everyone is here, why don't we get the table set and everyone seated?" Tooth ticked her chin to Emma who nodded and went to get the plates. "Jack, help her please," she added. Jack groaned and trailed after his sister. The adults started chatting, leaving Jamie and Hiccup to their own discussions.

If Hiccup could properly form a sentence that is.

* * *

><p>So yeah. Bunnymund is a giant cuddly older brother and Sandy needed an excuse not to talk, so I came up with the most generic issue.

Kisses and unicorns

~Shi

12. Chapter 12

This chapter turned out way longer than I expected (well long in my own sense) and yeah. I'm sorry the plot is slow, I just don't want it to be like those bad romance novels where they immediately assume they love each other and just sex it up. Naw, I want it to be like an actually plot romance... if it's turning out that way. (no, no it's not)

* * *

><p>Jamie looked at Hiccup out of the corner of his eye, shoving his hands into his pocket. As everyone else moved around to get things settled, the two stood off to the side, both waiting for a moment for conversation. Jamie took a swing at it, shrugging his shoulders. "So, I heard you two met at a convention?" Hiccup nodded but didn't say anything. "Ah, I've been to one or two of them because Jack dragged me there. Must say, it's not really my thing." Another silent nod and he sighed. "Not much of a conversationalist are you?"</p>

Hiccup mentally slapped himself. "Sorry," he said. When he glanced at Jamie he could finally see him more than he could in the dark basement. He was wearing a black t-shirt and blue plaid over it with the sleeves rolled up. He seemed so relaxed and calm; he must have been to the family dinners more than once. "S-So do you come here often?" Again he hated himself, it sounded like he was trying to hit on himâ€| badly.

Jamie didn't seem to notice, or if he did, he was giving Hiccup a chance to redeem himself. "Yeah, about every day, usually just play video games or study with Jack. Though with him, there isn't much studying getting done if you know what I mean." He grinned and Hiccup just stared.

No he didn't know what he meant! Did he mean, like, sexual things or was it just a general term he was going for? Now Hiccup was panicking internally, trying to find signs of Jack and Jamie being together. Waitâ€| Was he actually becoming jealous of the two? No. No. _No_. Jack was a friend, not even that. There was _no_ way he could be jealous. After a few seconds he noticed he was alone, looking around to find Jamie leaning over with Jack, whispering about something.

There was a stirring in his stomach and he quickly shifted his eyes to the floor, wondering if he could actually be jealous. Emma grabbed his hand and he blinked, not sure what he should do, but she smiled anyways. "Here, come sit down next to me." He followed, not arguing at all as she pointed to the chair next to hers.

Hiccup sat down and his hands kept moving his lap, fingers folding then unfolding. Jack sat next to him, flinging his arm on the back of

his chair as he leaned forward, his scent hitting Hiccup as they were so close. "My mom's cooking is the best; I hope you're ready to have your mind blown." He grinned.

For a moment it was just like their conversations over the phone, only now he could see the laughter in Jack's eyes and the smile he gave. "Really? And my mind hasn't been blown yet?" Hiccup asked, smiling a little. He settled into his chair and leaned closer to Jack as well, their voices low.

Jack's smile widened at seeing Hiccup open up more. "Well, maybe later I can," now he lowered his voice to a very soft whisper, "show you something that will really blow your mind." There was a wink and Hiccup pretended to play innocent, laughing slightly.

"Oh, what could it possibly be?" He brushed his hair from eyes to get a better look at Jack. "I mean, you've already given me a tour, what else could you have to show me?" Emma pouted, wanting to hear what they were whispering about but in order for her to do that; she would had to have leaned over Hiccup, which meant personal space went out the window.

Jack's arm seemed almost curl around Hiccup's shoulders. "It involves you and me," he said seductively, "in my room where we will have—"

"Not at the dinner table please," Jamie muttered. He dropped into the chair on Jack's other side, looking at him with a dry expression. Hiccup was glad for the distraction, if he wasn't out of that conversation, dinner would have been a very (he hated to think this) hard time to get through. "I'd like to keep my food in my stomach thank you very much." Emma sighed and sat back in her chair, crossing her arms as she glared at her plate.

Everyone was filling in the rest of the empty seats, North sitting next to Jamie while Tooth was on his other side, followed by Bunnymund and Sandy who was making gestures with his hands. Bunnymund just shook his head, mumbling something back and they both shrugged. Hiccup was completely trapped as he sat there, sandwiched between the two siblings, his heart pounding.

Tooth got up to grab the food, North going in to help her. They came back with bowls over flowing with rice and stuffing, not to mention the biscuits that Bunnymund instantly took and bit into. He made a face and looked at his sister. "I told you I could have baked some and brought them here, they would have been way better than these store bought ones."

Tooth finally put down the ham in the center of the table, putting her hands on her hips for a moment. "You already brought dessert, I didn't want to bother you with the biscuits, besides, they aren't that bad." He gave her a look and she rolled her eyes. "You can't judge everyone else's baking to yours, that isn't fair."

Sandy shrugged and Bunnymund nodded. "It's not our fault our baking skills are so amazing." There was laughter and Hiccup pinched his lips shut tightly, not wanting to intrude on the family joke. He was an outsider, he wasn't supposed to laugh with them or eat with them. They could joke and speak freely while his voice got caught in his throat out of fear.

Soon the food was being passed around and there was the mutterings of please and thank you. Hiccup barely spooned any food on his plate and he stared helplessly at his fork, his stomach twisting into a tight knot (well, that's what it felt like at least). Emma was happily enjoying her meal, along with the rest of the group, all of them shoveling some of food into their mouths, the room becoming silent.

Hiccup picked up his fork, fingers sweaty and slick as he stabbed a piece of meat. Jack's leg shift and his knee knocked into the younger boy's sending his heart rate over the edge. He waited for Jack to remove his leg and when he didn't, he nearly choked as he tried to eat. He shifted his own leg to see if Jack would notice, but he didn't. Hiccup actually felt calm with Jack's warmth against his knee, a way of knowing he wasn't completely alone.

* * *

><p>Eating became easier and soon he was done, setting his utensils down. Jack's knee stayed where it was, every so often shifting, but never moving. When everyone finished North clapped his hands, kissing Tooth. "Thank you for the lovely meal dear." Bunnymund made a face and Sandy poked him in the side, laughing silently. "Now, why don't we clear this table off and clean dishes before we eat dessert." Emma hopped up and began to take plates away, she reached for Hiccup's but Jack already had it in hand, leaning against the brunette's arm to get to it.</p>

"I got it squirt," he said. She puffed out her cheeks a little and moved around the table, pouting. Jack laughed and touched Hiccup's shoulder lightly, as if he was afraid he would scare him off. "Sorry about the knee touching, with this many people there isn't a lot of leg room for me." He smiled and disappeared into the kitchen, leaving Hiccup alone to his own, racing thoughts.

North coughed and saved Hiccup from an argument with himself. "So Hiccup, where do you go to school?" Everyone at the table looked to Hiccup who could feel a blush creeping up his neck.

"Well, I go to, uhm," he fought for the name of his own school, "I go to Anguis High School." He raised his fist slightly in the air, showing what little school spirit he had. "Home of the dragons, yayâ€|" North laughed loudly while everyone else just blinked at him, causing his blush to move faster, his ears on fire.

Jamie propped his chin on the back of his hand as he smiled. "My sister goes there, do you know her?" He asked, head tilting. Hiccup shrugged, glancing at the college boy. "Her name is Sophie, she's a freshman. I know she's pretty quiet and to herself but I thought you might know her."

"I've heard of her," he explained. Sure, he had heard of Sophie who sat in the library for most of the free periods to read fairy tales and books to her heart's content. He had also heard people making fun of her for it, truthfully, Hiccup thought it was nice to find someone so deep into fairytale. It was different than the other girls in his school who squealed about the latest romance novel. "Maybe I'll see her around," he added thoughtfully.

"Cool," was all Jamie responded.

Now it was Tooth's turn to try and start a discussion. "So Hiccup, I heard from your mother that you like to paint, what do you paint then?" She folded her hands on the table as Emma came back in to take the leftover food away, her brown eyes going to Hiccup's face before leaving the room once more.

Hiccup scratched the back of his head. "Ah, well, I mainly just paint for fun." He shrugged, rolling his shoulders. "I paint a lot of dragons for my brother and sometimes I paint for myself, but it's nothing special. I also do some sketches when I can." He felt his tongue stop slipping over words and his body slump with relaxation. When talking about art, he always found himself in a state of bliss.

"So what do you sketch?" Bunnymund asked, taking a sip of his water. The rings on his long fingers sparkled under the lights of the fan above them. "Like people, animals, cars?" Sandy nodded, trying to sit higher so he could actually see the teen in question.

Hiccup smiled and actually had the courage to look them in the eye. "I like sketching people outside when they don't know it." He winced and hoped he didn't sound like a creep. "I-I mean, studying their movements when it's natural, not all stiff and posed. I like studying real life because just like sketching, people make mistakes, but that just makes it more natural and beautiful." He didn't realize he was rambling on and even Jack stopped in the doorway, watching him with a small smile. "B-But I like drawing animals too," he whispered hoarsely.

Jack picked up the last bowl of food, smirking widely now. "So Hiccup," he got the boy's attention, "does that mean you can draw me like one of your French girls?" There was a collective groan and a 'Dude, really?' from Jamie as Jack left the room laughing so hard he had to bend over. If Hiccup didn't know better, he would have the thought the world was caving in on him as he sat there, face burning like a forest fire.

Tooth pinched the bridge of her nose, trying to remain calm. "I am sorry about my son Hiccup, sometimes heâ€¢ he forgets himself." Little did she know that Hiccup was having just as perverted conversations with him over texts, but he chose to keep it that way. "So anyways, now that the table is cleared, why don't we bring in the cookies?" She stood and went into the kitchen, returning with the white box and her children in tow.

Jack slipped back into his seat, knee finding Hiccup's again. Emma sat down as well, her head held high as she looked at Hiccup out of the corner of her eye. Tooth opened the box and smiled at Bunnymund. "Thanks for all this, but isn't there a little much?" She put it down and soon everyone had a cookie in hand, happily eating away.

"Well when you told me you were having a guest, I thought Hiccup would probably want to take some home," Bunnymund shrugged. Sandy nodded, not touching the cookies. The two of them just sat watching everyone eat, both sipping their drinks. They didn't eat their own handy work a lot; they felt that just letting others enjoy it was enough for them. Though Bunnymund sometimes caught Sandy sneaking a few cookies for himself when he thought no one was looking.

Hiccup was grateful as he bit into a cookie shaped like a flower; it was as delicious as it looked. Once more, the room was filled with the sounds of chewing as everyone savored Bunnymund and Sandy's amazing baking skills. Hiccup ate two or three more, wiping his mouth to make sure there were no crumbs left. Bunnymund closed the box and nodded to Hiccup. "You keep the rest; I can always bring more for these guys. You could also come by sometimes to the bakery, we aren't too far. It's called The Warren Island." Sandy smiled and gave a thumbs up to Hiccup who smiled shyly at the kind gesture.

"Thanks," Hiccup said.

Jack stood, stretching his arms over his head. "Well, Hiccy, do you want to hang out some more or run? Truthfully I'm surprised you lasted this long." He gave a crooked grin and Hiccup looked up at him, cheeks pink. "We can go to my hermit shack and hang out there if you'd like." His voice softened slightly, or at least Hiccup thought it did.

Jamie stood as well, but he gave a wave. "Thanks for the dinner Mrs. Overland, but I think I'm going to head out. I have a paper due on Tuesday and it really needs to be worked on." Tooth smiled and hugged him, kissing his cheek in a motherly fashion.

"Tell your mother her recipe for the ham was great, alright?" She said and ruffled his hair, to which he just patted down. "Oh, and tell Sophie she should come over more. I haven't seen her in a while."

He nodded and turned to Jack, punching his arm lightly. "See you later dude." Jack punched him back, slightly harder and nodded. "Bye everyone!" Jamie waved as he left and everyone but Hiccup waved back.

Jack turned back to Hiccup, there was a slight narrowing of his eyes as his mouth tilted up. "So what will it be?"

Hiccup opened his mouth slowly, not truly thinking straight until he heard himself answer. "I'll hang for a little bit." Jack grinned and tore him away from the table, both going to downstairs without another word to the adults who all just laughed. Emma stood and went to follow them, at Jack's door she knocked and Jack came running up, tilting his head. "What is it squirt?"

"I-I just wanted to see if I could come and hang too," she whispered, flushing. Jack smirked and nodded, allowing her entrance. She found Hiccup sitting stiffly on the couch, his back straight and his hands folded in his lap. He had been staring at the carpet until Jack stepped in front of him, hands on his hips.

"You can't just sit there, come on." He grabbed Hiccup's hand without hesitation, pulling him over to the beanie bags. "I can teach you to play this game me and Jamie we're playing earlier." Emma already settled herself in one of the beanie bags, her hair flowing back. "Aw, crap," Jack muttered. "I only have two of these and it's too far from the couch for any of us."

"I-It's alright, I-I can just sit on the floor," Hiccup laughed. He went to sit down but Jack yanked him up, both collapsing onto the

empty beanie bag. "Jack, I'm really fine with the floor!" He stuttered, aware that they were too close for comfort.

"Nonsense," Jack brushed off his concern. He readjusted himself so Hiccup was on his lap, their legs stretched out in front of them. "You're my guest, we must all be comfortable." Emma seemed to push herself deeper in her own beanie bag, mouth in a frown as she looked at the television. "What's a matter squirt? Did you want to have Hiccup in your lap?"

Emma looked at him as if he said something completely inappropriate, and to a twelve year old, he did. Her face was red and her hair fell into her eyes so she wouldn't have to see Hiccup head on. "J-Jack just turn the game on!" She muttered, crossing her arms defensively.

Jack laughed and did what she said. Hiccup kept his hands in his lap, his eyes staring at his nails. He didn't want to move, hell, he didn't want to breathe he was so close to Jack. Every time the college boy talked or leaned forward, he would stiffen and try not to shake. Jack took out two controls for whatever game system he had, Hiccup couldn't even tell you the name of it, and handed one to Emma who snatched it away. He wrapped his arms around Hiccup and held the control in front of them. "Okay, so here, hold it," he instructed.

"I-I don't play these kinds of things~"

Jack laughed lightly, grabbing Hiccup's hands to put the controller in. "I figured, now just follow what I tell you." Hiccup almost dropped the controller as he nodded, Jack's fingers curling around his, thumbs running over the curves of his hand. "Alright, now, just press start and go." Hiccup didn't know what the start button even looked like and he panicked, opening and closing his mouth.

"Jack, I think you broke him," Emma mumbled. She was waiting for the game to start, her position relaxed, the controller in her hand seemed like it belonged there.

"It's right here." Jack pressed it for him and soon the room filled with the sounds of shooting and screams. Hiccup gasped and froze, not sure what to do as another player (he was assuming it was Emma by the way she was bashing the buttons) started to shoot at them. "Press the buttons Hiccy, you can't just stand there," Jack snickered.

"I-I don't~ How~" Hiccup was lost with the sounds of the game and Jack pressing into him to reach the controller. Jack's fingers moved over Hiccup's, pressing the buttons down for him. He could feel the soft skin of his hands, compared to his which were rough and scarred from working on his inventions. "J-Jack!" He screamed as the screen filled with red. Jack's laughter in his ear made his stomach flutter.

"Don't worry, we just lost." He looked to Emma who continued to glare at the screen. "Good job squirt, you got us." Hiccup let out a sigh and Jack's fingers seemed to twitch over his. "Another round?" he asked casually. Hiccup nodded, wanting to at least have fun.

They played for a good hour or so, Hiccup finally relaxing so he was leaning back into Jack, his tongue slipping out of his mouth as he

concentrated. Eventually Jack just let him hold the remote on his own, almost beating Emma once. At one point Hiccup was so into the game he jerked his arm back, ramming it into Jack's stomach. The white haired boy gagged and moaned, causing Hiccup to abandon the game. "J-Jack I'm sorry, I didn't mean to," he said quickly.

"No, no," Jack wheezed, "it's quite alright." He sucked in a large breath and grinned at Hiccup. Emma watched with mild amusement at her brother being hurt. "I see you're feeling better now." Hiccup flushed and looked away. He wasn't aware Jack had been watching him the whole night. Jack checked his phone. "It's getting pretty late, would you like me to drive you home?"

"You don't have to; I can call my mom and have her-"

"Nope." Jack took the controller from Hiccup's hand and grabbed him, standing. Hiccup flailed, trying to get back to the ground. "I'm driving you. No arguments." Emma stood, not sure what to say as Jack swung Hiccup over his shoulder easily, going up the stairs as if he was merely carrying a backpack. "I wouldn't want to bother your mother so I shall be driving you."

Upstairs, Jack put Hiccup down and watched as the boy struggled to pull his clothes back to where they belonged. He chuckled and led him into the kitchen where everyone was sitting and talking, a few beer bottles on the table. "I'm taking Hiccup home," he announced.

Soon Hiccup was surrounded, getting pats and hugs for goodbyes. He didn't know what to say so he just nodded and smiled shyly. Tooth grabbed him into a tight hug and patted his cheek. "You better come over more often; it was nice having you over. Who knows, maybe we can do a family get together." Hiccup's smile faltered but he shrugged anyways. "It was good seeing you Hiccup; Jack will get you home safely." Bunnymund shoved the leftover cookies into his arms with a grin.

Jack threw an arm around the smaller boy's neck, leading him to the front door. Everyone gave one last shout goodbye and Hiccup waved over his shoulder with his free hand. The college boy slid on his shoes and grabbed his keys, heading out the door. "Come on," he urged. Hiccup followed, looking at the darkened sky. He was having so much fun he didn't realize how late it had really gotten. He watched Jack go to a sleek, dark blue car that was parked in front of the house. "This is my baby," he explained, getting in.

Hiccup ducked into the passenger seat, buckling himself in tightly. The cookies sat in his lap and Jack pulled away from the curb. The freckled boy gave his address and Jack smiled, nodding. "That's not too far, maybe we should hang one day, just you and me."

Hiccup flushed; looking out the window at the houses they passed by. "Maybe," he mumbled.

After a minute or so of silence Jack nudged him gently. "Hey, I really hope you had fun. I know we're not the most normal family, but," he shrugged, not finishing the sentence. His sapphire eyes were alight with the street lights they passed, making them seem iridescent.

Hiccup smiled, his green eyes cast down shyly as he gave a soft

laugh. "No, I had a lot of fun. Thank you for inviting me." He tilted his head and Jack gave a quick smirk.

The rest of the ride was filled with silence, only the soft sounds of the radio filling the car. Hiccup continued to look out the window, his eyes wandering the sky until they stopped at his house. The porch light was on and he flushed, knowing his mom was probably waiting. He grabbed the door handle and looked to Jack. "Thanks for the ride."

As he went to leave Jack's hand snaked around his arm, pulling him back in the car. "Wait, Hiccy, I never got that kiss you promised me." At his words Hiccup's lips pinched together, his eyes widening. "You said you'd give me one didn't you," he grinned playfully.

"I-" He bit his lip and tried to control the pounding of his heart. "But you-" Their faces were incredibly close, he could even feel Jack's breath hit his cheek, warm and soft.

If he leaned any further, they would be kissing, all he had to do was lean forward. When he went to move closer, lips almost touching, Jack pulled away, ruffling his hair gently. "I was just kidding Hiccy, no need to get so worried." He laughed and Hiccup tried to smile, though it fell flat.

"R-Right, sorry." He got out of the car, waving as Jack pulled away. He tried to walk up the steps to the door but his legs gave out and he crashed to the ground. The box of cookies tumbled but, luckily, they didn't fall out. He didn't even try to get up; he only covered his burning face with his shaking hands. "Crap," he murmured.

Hiccup wasn't bothered by the fact Jack was just joking about the kiss. Or the fact that he had been totally friendzoned for the moment and would be horrifyingly embarrassed later.

No, Hiccup was worried because he had actually really wanted that kiss from Jack.

* * *

><p>Jack~ why you no kiss~ I'm sorry Hiccup *holds baby*

Kisses and unicorns

~Shi

13. Chapter 13

hehehe... I really must get out more. I should probably also update my other stories as well... urgh life.

* * *

><p>On Monday when Hiccup was leaving for school he wondered if Astrid would be worried about him since he only texted her once on Sunday to tell her he couldn't talk (mainly because of he couldn't handle saying anything without completely freaking out). Much to his surprise when he opened the door to leave, she was standing there,

arms crossed and eyes focused. "Why were you so busy on Sunday and please give me all the details of Saturday." <p>

Hiccup closed the door and they bounded down the steps, walking to school. "Well, they're kind of a package deal." Astrid raised an eyebrow and he sighed. "I guess I should explain Saturday first." He told her everything that had happened without even having to stop. She nodded and gave a few looks every now and then, but other than that she didn't interrupt. When he came to the car ride, he lowered his voice. When he finished she gaped at him, her sky blue eyes wide. "Soâ€| yeah."

"Did you tell anyone else about this?" Astrid asked. She wrapped her arms around her stomach against the cold breeze blowing in. It was really starting to get cold, but the two teens protested against mother nature and just wore sweaters as they walked, regretting it every time the wind picked up.

"No, my mom was too busy talking to Jack's mom Sunday and you know how my dad is. Toothless just wanted to eat the left over cookies and never asked anything else." He shrugged and kicked at the sidewalk. "Astrid, there's something wrong though," he mumbled.

She frowned. "What? Did he hurt you at all?" Her eyes searched his body for any sort of injury, but found none.

He shoved his cold hands into jean pockets, shaking his head slightly. "No, but when I thought he was going to kiss me," he paused, "I actually wanted him to." Astrid pursed her lips and he gave her a sad look. "I know you said not to get too involved and whatever, but, I actually had a lot of fun with him and sometimes he'd give me this look and I'd just—" He stopped, realizing he was probably making her uncomfortable. "I just got really caught up in the moment."

"So what you're saying is," she pointed at him, "that you actually have a crush on him?" Hiccup flushed and shook his head. "Then what are you trying to say?" Her hair was down today and she kept brushing it from her face as the wind moved it.

"I-I don't know! That I want to live alone for the rest of my life because nobody would find this toothpick of a body attractive!" He screamed louder than he intended to. "I just know that I almost kissed the guy but he played it off as a joke, which I'm assuming means he's completely straight and was just doing it for laughs." He was speaking without even taking a breath, his cheeks cold and pink.

"Or it could mean he was trying to flirt with you but saw how nervous you were and stopped." Astrid blew into her hands, rubbing them together. "You never know unless you ask." They both looked at each other for a moment, wondering when they had switched personalities as they approached the school. "Wow, I'm giving you advice for a guy I told you not to date," she muttered, laughing.

Hiccup cracked a smile. "That could only mean the world is ending." They got inside and went to Hiccup's locker first. "I justâ€| I really don't want to say I have a crush on him since I've barely been talking to him for a month. Who knows the emotional trauma I could ensue if I do." He pretended to swoon and Astrid rolled her

eyes.

"Well listen mister melodramatic, why don't we make it through the school day before we assume anything big here. I wouldn't want you choking on lunch suddenly at the realization that you love Jack." She leaned against the neighboring locker, a smile gracing her face.

"I never said I loved him," Hiccup mumbled. There was a loud yell and laughter from down the hall, both teens giving a quick glare to Snoutlout and Tuffnut who were shoving each other around playfully. "Great, those two," he said dryly. As if he was heard, Snoutlout spotted Hiccup and glared, stalking down the other end of the hallway, Tuffnut following close behind. "Hey look Astrid, life hates me, I have boy repellent now." Astrid nudged him and he laughed. "Hey, speaking of choking on lunch can we visit the library during our period? There's someone I want to see."

"Hm?" She stood up straight as he closed his locker. "Yeah, sure." She gave a questioning gaze and he just shrugged as the bell rang. "Ah, well see you second period." She waved and descended down the hall. "Don't die without me alright?"

"I won't make any such promises!" He called after, hurrying to class.

* * *

><p>After three long periods of nothing, not even a text from Jack which Hiccup didn't take as a good sign, it was finally lunch. Astrid grabbed Fishlegs before the period and they wandered over to the school library.</p>

It was a nice place and everyone loved the librarians. Mrs. Cowell and Mr. Joyce were some of the most beloved employees in Anguis, and they certainly knew Fishlegs all too well. As they entered the library they were both sitting at their desk, waving excitedly to Fishlegs who wandered their way. Astrid and Hiccup both smirked at each other.

"So where's this person you wanted to talk to?" Astrid looked around, not spotting many people that they would even associate with.

Some of the shelves in the library were tall and there were a few desks hidden behind them where you could actually study in peace if you chose to study. Hiccup went over and caught a glimpse of bright blonde hair. "I think that's her," he whispered.

Astrid looked as well. "Isn't that the one girl everyone says just reads all day? What was her name," she thought quickly, "Sophie wasn't it?" Hiccup nodded and moved closer to her, clearing his throat to grab her attention.

Sophie looked up from her book, large green eyes darting around before they landed on Hiccup. After seeing he wasn't a threat her shoulders relaxed and she almost went back to her book. "Uhm, you're Sophie right?" She pushed back her messy tangle of hair from her face to blink at him.

"Yeah," she said quietly. "Who are you?" Astrid watched from a distance, not sure what business Hiccup had with the girl.

"I'm Hiccup, I, um, met your brother, Jamie Saturday and he said you come here during lunch." He was sweating, hoping he didn't sound like a stalker. Sophie glanced at her book and then to him, her lips pursing. "I-I'm not trying to be weird or anything! I just was wondering if you wanted to come eat with us or whatever you wantâ€|" He trailed off, looking to Astrid for help but she raised her hands and backed even further away. "You don't have toâ€| I know this is creepyâ€| I'll justâ€| you know, go now."

Just as he was about to leave Fishlegs came up, new book in hand. Sophie looked at it and narrowed her eyes for a moment. "How did you get that?" She asked, sitting up straighter. "Didn't that just come out and the waiting list for it is huge?"

Fishlegs looked at the book as if it was nothing special. "Well, Mrs. Cowell and Mr. Joyce put me at the top of the waiting list for any book they think I'll like. They also let me have the first copies of anything since I come here so often." He shrugged and she stared at him in awe. "I can lend it to you when I'm done, I'll probably finish it in a few days."

"Try in a few hours," Astrid muttered under her breath.

Fishlegs gave her an un-amused glance and turned back to Sophie. "I see you also like reading," he pointed out and she flushed, moving her arms away from the book. "What book is that?" He sat down across from her, looking intrigued as she lifted the cover for him to see. "Ah, *Rise of The Guardians*, I've read that before." He smiled and Hiccup could have sworn Sophie actually blushed.

"I know it's a kids' book, but I just really love it." She ducked her head, hair falling into her face. "A lot of people think it's silly to read children's books in high school."

"Well that's just stupid," Fishlegs said without warning. Sophie glanced at him and shifted in her seat. "I know for a fact that Hiccup still reads *How To Train Your Dragon* because that's his favorite book." Hiccup frowned at his friend and crossed his arms, trying to hide the fact that, yes, he still read it, and yes, he wasn't about to stop.

Sophie smiled, showing her braces that glinted in the light. They were rainbow color, a different color for every tooth. Fishlegs smiled back and soon they were both discussing their favorite books and whatever they had read last. Hiccup backed away slowly, as if he was afraid to ruin the moment. When he got to Astrid they glanced over at the two and laughed amongst themselves. "So you came to talk to her to set Fishlegs up?" Astrid asked with a small smile.

"Nope," Hiccup smirked, "looks like fate had other ideas."

"Who knows," Astrid rubbed his head, "maybe you'll get good love karma and Jack will start to like you back." Hiccup swatted her hand away and ignored her comment, but his heart stuttered in his chest as they exited the library. Leaving the two bookworms alone.

* * *

><p>It was finally getting close the end of the day (and

still no text from Jack, not that Hiccup cared) and seventh period was just ending, which meant Hiccup was changing out of his gym uniform. He had a locker all the way in the back where nobody bothered him unless it was absolutely necessary, and that meant no one approached him. Ever.

He knew it was because of the rumors (well, they weren't so much rumors really) and no guy wanted to go near him while they were half naked and alone. It could have been worse really, they could have bullied him or made fun of him; instead they left him alone and went along with their days.

Except for one person who had gym eighth and chose to spend the beginning of the period torturing Hiccup.

Just as Hiccup finally stripped off his shirt, the bell rang, he cursed, trying to change faster so he wouldn't be late. His gym teacher thought that by giving them less time to change, they would participate more in basketball, too bad no kid ever thought that way as well.

Right as Hiccup pulled his shirt from his locker, there was a loud banging noise and he jumped. Peeking over his shoulder he felt his stomach drop as Snoutlout smirked back. "What you staring at freak? Waiting for me to get naked for you?" He taunted and Tuffnut snickered slightly.

"I'm just trying to change and get to class; can you just leave me alone for once?" Hiccup pulled his shirt on with a tug as Snoutlout shoved him slightly enough so he fell into the lockers. The locker room was practically empty and Snoutlout was taking advantage of that. "Why do you have to do this? We're family, I thought family stuck together?"

"Listen, I don't want anything like you being related to me," Snoutlout sneered. He shoved Hiccup again, harder this time. "I heard you in the hallway this morning, talking about some guy you're trying to get with." He made a face, distorting his already ugly features. "You make me sick, flaunting around your-your gayness everywhere."

Hiccup rolled his eyes, trying to close his locker. "Look, I don't know why that bothers you so much, but can I just get to class?" He was about to shut his lock when Snoutlout kicked the back of his knees, sending him to the floor. "Seriously Snoutlout, just back off for a day!" He hoped another student would hear the scuffle and come stop them.

"Can't even fight," Snoutlout laughed. He nudged Tuffnut who nodded along, though he didn't say anything. Hiccup pressed himself against the lower lockers as his cousin cornered him. "You know why your dad doesn't love you? 'Cause you're a fag," he murmured venomously. "You really think anyone can love something like you?"

Hiccup was breathing heavily, his eyes locked with Snoutlout's, fear leaving him. "You're just saying that because you're jealous." He watched the boy's eye twitch, he was hitting a nerve. It was a dangerous territory, but he didn't really care anymore, he was tired of his cousin's constant threats and gay jokes. "You can't have the family and friends I have so you make fun of me for it," he pushed

forward. "You want to be like _me_."

"Shut up faggot!" Snoutlout didn't even think twice as his fist connected with Hiccup's left eye.

Tuffnut pulled him away, throwing him to the floor to calm him down. "Dude, stop before you get in trouble!" He screamed as Snoutlout stood, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand. He took one look at Hiccup and ran off, shaking his head.

The blonde teen looked down at Hiccup and swore, helping him stand. "He didn't hit you hard enough to leave a big bruise, but put some ice on it anyways." Hiccup was disoriented from the impact and by Tuffnut; he never knew the older teen could be so caring. "Look, he's just blowing off some steam since he got dumped today, don't take what he says personally—" Tuffnut stopped himself and frowned, shaking his head. "Don't tell anyone about this got it?" He ran off without another word, going to find his friend.

Hiccup touched his eye and hissed, feeling the pain spread through his head. The bell rang and soon there was chattering of boys. Someone came in back to get to their locker and spotted Hiccup, immediately going over. "Hey, are you alright? Did something happen?" He went to touch Hiccup but he stepped way, nodding.

"Y-Yeah, I just had an accident in gym." He grabbed his bag and ran out, going to the nearest bathroom. He looked in the mirror and sighed, Tuffnut was right; it wasn't as bad as he thought it was, but it was still noticeable. Snoutlout's aim was horrible and his knuckles only managed to graze the very corner of the boy's eye. Where he hit was now swelling and turning dark, there was no way he could hide it from his family or Astrid without makeup of some sort, though he didn't know which one he was more worried about.

He rinsed his face with water and slung his bag over his shoulder, trudging to Spanish. He really had the urge to call Jack but knew it would probably make things even more complicated if he did. When he entered the class, the teacher was already up at the board, explaining the proper pronouns. She took one look at Hiccup and gasped, as did the rest of the class. Astrid was the only one to stand up and shout, in the loudest voice she could muster: "What the hell happened to your face and who do I have to kill to make up for it?!"

"Astrid!" The teacher quickly scolded before going to Hiccup. "What happened? Was there a fight?" She asked quietly, bringing him out into the hall. There was a zero tolerance policy against bullying and seeing as everyone knew about Hiccup's situation the teachers always seemed to keep a close eye on him. "We can bring them in and make sure this stops."

"No, no," he laughed. "I just got hit with a basketball during gym, obviously my team has some issues with passing, but we plan on making it to the NBA some time soon." He hoped his quirky sense of humor would get him out of her spotlight.

"Are you sure it wasn't a fight or anything like that? Hiccup," she put a hand on his shoulder, much to his discomfort, "you know this doesn't have to keep going. We can help keep you safe so you can get an education without fear."

He raised an eyebrow. Since when was he scared to come to school? Sure, Snoutlout was an obvious threat, but it's not like he ever physically hurt him until now. He could handle his idiotic cousin, but he couldn't handle his teacher overly worrying about him. "Thanks for the advice, but seriously, I just got hit with a basketball. Unless you can give a ball detention, I don't think there's anything you can do about it." He shrugged off her hand and they went back into the classroom, whispering dying out quickly.

"Alright, let's get back to focusing here people; you have a test in two days!" The teacher clapped her hands and the class groaned. She gave one last look to Hiccup before continuing the lesson.

Hiccup took his seat next to Astrid and she glared at him, her hands clenched on her desk. "You will tell me everything later," she warned in a whisper. Hiccup sighed and nodded, putting his head down (careful of his eye) on his desk. He really wanted to text Jack now, his fingers reaching into his pocket without even realizing it.

Hey? He bit his lip and pressed send before he could stop himself.

A quick reply. _I've been waiting for you to text me all day Hiccy! What's up?_

Hiccup smiled, his heart hammering loudly in his ears. _Nothing. Just wanted to know if you were there._

He wasn't even focusing on class anymore, the pounding in his head and the fact that Jack was waiting for him was too distracting, even more so when he finally replied.

I'm always here Hiccy. You should know that.

* * *

><p>"I'm going to kill him, no wait; first, I'll cut off all his limbs and then kill him!" Astrid shouted as she marched down the sidewalk, her cheeks red with anger. "I can't believe he did that to you Hiccup, seriously, he's your cousin and he acts like an asshole towards you for no reason!" Hiccup trailed behind her, eye covered thanks to Astrid's emergency touch up makeup she kept just in case. "Seriously he should be dead in a ditch right now!"</p>

"Astrid," Hiccup sighed, "Tuffnut said he had just been dumped and was getting his anger out. Not to mention I said some pretty nasty stuff back at him." He really didn't want to create more of a conflict than there already was. He could barely keep Astrid restrained after school, she nearly ran down a freshman trying to get to Snoutlout. Hiccup had to calm her down before she almost smacked another kid in the face.

"That doesn't matter!" She shrieked. "He tried to punch you in the eye Hiccup! If it wasn't for his terrible aim and weak arm you could have seriously gotten hurt you idiot!" She spun around on her heels and grabbed him by the shoulders shaking him. "I need to be by you for the whole school day."

"I don't think that would work in the boy's locker room, seriously Astrid, calm down." Hiccup's head snapped back as she continued to shake him. "I'm sure he'll stay away in fear that he'll get in trouble. It's no big deal."

Astrid frowned and glared at him. "You know, I'm sure if Jack heard about this he'd be reacting just like me, maybe even worse," she said tightly as they continued walking.

"Yeah, well he doesn't know and he isn't going to." Hiccup checked his phone, wondering when Jack would reply. "It's just a small bruise okay? I'm not dying; I'm not emotionally scarred for life." He ran a hand through his hair, tired and ready to go to sleep. "I'm perfectly fine."

Astrid looked at him closely. "And you're sure you don't want me to beat him up?"

He smirked. "Yes, I'd rather not have to attend my own cousin's funeral."

"Really? I'd have a ball," she laughed. They made it to Hiccup's place and he hugged her. "Seriously, if he ever tries to touch you again, he's dead." Hiccup sighed and shook his head, going inside after they said their goodbyes.

He headed straight upstairs, shutting himself in his room and going to lie on his bed. There was a few unfinished sketches on top and he moved them, glancing at them. They were of Jack again, when he was laughing and smirking. Hiccup had drawn them from memory of course, the way his sapphire eyes caught his and made his breathing hitch. His phone vibrated, breaking him out of his trance.

So you miss me already? Sorry I didn't text you Sunday; I was busy with some project for my class.

Hiccup buried his face in the bed and quickly regretted it, his eye pulsing with pain. Oh, yes, I'm practically dying from not being next to you. *falls on bed dramatically* He laughed as he hit send, stretching and sitting up. He was able to push past the awkward barrier he had built up for himself on Saturday night and talk to Jack just like they normally had. It felt good to have a (somewhat) normal conversation again.

Don't worry; I'll be there Saturday to fulfill your desires. ;)
Hiccup reread the text, his head tilting slightly in confusion.

What do you mean you'll be here Saturday? He typed, swinging his legs over the side of his bed.

Didn't your mom tell you? She invited me over for dinner since I invited you over. Isn't that awesome, I get to see Hiccy in his natural habitat.

Hiccup ran out of his room and down the stairs, almost falling about five times before he made it to Val's work room. He pushed open the door without knocking, glaring at her as she was trying to set a gem in a ring. She became startled and nearly dropped everything, her eyes wide as she lifted her glasses. "Hiccup? What's wrong?" She

asked as he stalked over.

"You invited Jack over for dinner Saturday?" He pulled at his hair, trying to make sense of his mother's thoughts.

Val smiled, not sure why he was so paranoid. "Yes, I thought it was only fair since they invited you." After a second she noticed Hiccup's eye and grabbed his face, turning it this way and that. "What happened to you? Did you get into a fight?" Her voice hitched.

"No, I got hit with a basketball in gym;" he lied easily, pulling out of her grip. Lying about the bruise was easy; he had gotten many small injuries from Snoutlout when they were little. It was nothing to him. "So Jack is seriously coming here Saturday?" Val watched him closely, her eyes straying on his bruise as she nodded. He let out a shaky breath and went to leave. "Right, of course," he muttered.

"What's wrong? Did something happen with Jack?" She called before he was completely out the door.

Hiccup looked at her with a small smile, his heart practically pounding out of his chest. "No, I just need to clean my room then." He hurried away, not wanting to be questioned any longer. He pulled out his phone and swallowed the nerves rising in his throat. Wow, I guess you are coming.

Toothless walked past with an apple in his mouth and he stopped, looking at Hiccup. "What's wrong with you?" He asked between bites. "You look like you're going to puke?" He didn't seem to notice the bruise and Hiccup was fine with that.

"Nothing. Hey, did you know Jack is coming over Saturday?" Toothless brightened his green eyes large. "I'm guessing you didn't then." He said as the younger boy clung to his arm, asking all sorts of questions about the college boy. Hiccup stuttered out a few answers and glanced at his phone when it vibrated, his heart already weak and he wasn't sure if he could take much more excitement for one day.

Prepare yourself Hiccy; I'll make sure you have fun. ;)

* * *

><p>So yeah, I'm sure ya'll can guess where I got the librarians' names from. Not being creative at all with that... But on a lighter note I started my Hiccup cosplay *cries* I've got the vest all cut out and ready to sew *sobs* the boots I've got, now just... everything else *drowns in tears* Thank god for summer and wasting time.

Kisses and unicorns

~Shi~

14. Chapter 14

**So everyone keeps asking how I update so fast and well, I don't

really know how to explain. I mean, everyone writes at their own pace and my writing is more spontaneous. I'll get an idea and write it down and when I really feel like writing it, I will. Sometimes I just get really into a fanfic and work on it whenever I can. Not to mention the time I spend just sitting at my computer, since it's summer I have nothing else to do, so why not? **

**So in shortened terms, the reason I update so fast: I have no life.
**

* * *

><p>It was Wednesday, only three more days till Jack was coming over and Hiccup was having a meltdown. Not only was the news of his bruise spreading around, but his stomach was churning and twisting, not letting him enjoy anything. He put his head down on the lunch table and pushed his food tray away, wrapping his arms around his stomach.</p>

"Hey, you sure you're okay?" Astrid asked as she picked at her salad. Sophie sat next to her, a new member of the table now that she and Fishlegs found something in common. "You've been getting worse every day," she pointed out.

"Thank you Astrid," he said dryly. Lifting his head, he noticed a few people turn their eyes away, not wanting to get caught staring. "I'm a mess and a total freak show, why not?" He ran a hand through his hair.

"Don't worry," Sophie said quietly. "When Jack comes over to our house he's usually behaved," she paused, taking a small bite of her sandwich, "for the most part." Hiccup groaned and she gave an apologetic look. "I can talk to my brother and see if he can talk Jack out of going if you'd like." She tucked a strand of hair behind her ear, but it only fell back into her face right afterwards.

Hiccup shook his head and closed his eyes. "My mom is super excited I actually have friends besides these two." He motioned to Fishlegs and Astrid who both nodded. "If I bail out on her for this she'll be crushed. Not to mention Tooth and her hit it off pretty well."

Sophie shrugged and went back to her sandwich. Fishlegs watched her before turning to his friend. "Well, why don't you invite Astrid over, I mean, she can at least protect you," he suggested.

"Yeah, I can sit between you guys and make sure he doesn't try and pull anything." She nudged his foot with hers but he didn't even crack a smile. "Come on Hiccup, it won't be that bad, just call me and I'll be there, no questions asked."

He sighed. "I know, butâ€|" He looked away, biting the corner of his mouth.

Astrid laughed lightly. "You kind of want him to try something don't you?" Sophie glanced at Hiccup and back at Astrid, mouth full of sandwich. "Oh, right, you're new to our group." Astrid scratched her cheek, giving Hiccup a 'sorry for letting that slip' look.

Hiccup sat up a little more. "I hope that doesn't bother you," he said, "you know, me beingâ€| _that_."

Sophie shook her head slowly. "No, it's fine, it's just, I never really knew you were like _that_." She didn't scream any questions out about which boy Hiccup thought was cute. There was no rant about gay rights; she simply began to eat again, her green eyes straying to the book she had set aside. Hiccup let out a sigh of relief, slumping where he sat.

"Wait!" Astrid slapped her hands on the table making everyone jump. "Sophie!" The younger girl leaned back, slightly afraid. "Jack comes over to your house to visit your brother right?" When she nodded Astrid grinned wildly. "Then maybe you can answer this for us."

"Uh, sure, what is it?" Sophie looked to Fishlegs for help but he just shrugged, watching them with amusement.

"Do you know if Jack is gay or what?" Astrid asked without missing a beat.

Hiccup slapped his hand against forehead. "Astrid! You don't ask those kinds of questions!" He mumbled as Sophie opened and closed her mouth. "I'm so sorry, you don't have to answer that, she's just being weird." He ignored the glared Astrid gave him.

"Look, if we're not going to ask Jack, might as well ask someone else who knows him! I mean, when are we going to get another chance like this?!" She waved to Sophie. "It's better if we find out now then have you guessing all through dinner about whether you should take him _upstairs_." He narrowed his eyes at her and she blinked, playing innocent. He didn't want Sophie to think he was a pervert.

"Uh, actually-

"Astrid, look, maybe I don't want to know so that way when Jack moves on to new friends I don't have to worry about it! I mean, even if he is completely straight, then who says I won't still crush on him?" Hiccup's hands were moving as he talked with a nervous air.

"Y-You guys?"

Astrid scoffed. "So now you're finally admitting to having a crush on him?" She leaned forward, raised her eyebrows. "What brought this on?"

"Uhmâ€| "

"I never said I was crushing on him _now_," Hiccup stated. "I'm just saying in the future if we hung out more, there would still be a _chance_ I could crush on him whether he's straight or not."

Fishlegs threw his hands up in the air. "Would you guys just listen to Sophie already?!" He shouted and a few people passing by gave them strange looks. Astrid and Hiccup looked to Sophie who had a finger in the air, her eyes wide at Fishlegs raising his voice. Well, truthfully they were all shocked, Fishlegs rarely raised his voice unless it was absolutely necessary. He coughed and picked up his book (completely new), reading like his life depended on it, his cheeks

bright red.

"Okayâ€|" Astrid turned to Sophie. "What was it you had to say?"

Sophie shifted in her seat, head ducking whenever she got nervous. "Well, I don't truthfully know. As far as I've seen, Jack has never brought anyone to our house or talked about anyone he's liked. Then again, I never really am around Jamie and Jack when they hang out." She looked at Hiccup. "Sorry, that's all I got."

Hiccup smiled gently. "No, thanks for the information anyways. I guess it's still up in the air." She smiled back, braces flashing before; she too, grabbed her book and began to read. He propped his chin up on his hand, tilting his head. "For all we know he could be asexual," he joked.

"Yeah, and on weekends your name is Sugar Milk and you work at the nearest strip club." Astrid laughed as the bell rang.

Hiccup simply turned his face away. "You don't know what I do on the weekends."

They all stood and gathered their things. "Come on, we have a chem lab to take care of Sugar Milk." She nudged Hiccup's shoulder and he nudged her back, watching as Fishlegs and Sophie wandered off together.

* * *

><p>Hiccup stared into his locker, not wanting to go home because his family, all except his dad, was buzzing about Jack coming over. He wondered if he could just live in his locker, he was sure could probably fit into it. As he reached for a text book someone came up and slammed their shoulder into the locker next to his. He jumped, text book falling to the floor with a loud thump.

"Hey," it was Tuffnut.

After a second of realization, Hiccup's shoulders raised he stepped away for a moment. "Uh, listen, I didn't tell anyone about the whole eye thing, alright? So can you just tell Snoutlout to back off?" He glanced around, not finding the other teen anywhere. Now he was really nervous, Tuffnut would never approach him alone, especially in public.

"Look, I'm trying to apologize for the asshole, just calm down," the older teen grumbled. He was taller than Hiccup and like Snoutlout, was one year older. His long blonde hair was a gimmick he had for his garage band that Hiccup couldn't even remember the name to. His eyes were a darker blue than his twin sisters, which made them seem twice as scary.

"Ok, so uhm, apology accepted." Hiccup waited for him to leave, but when he continued standing there with his usual caveman stance, Hiccup bent down to pick up his text book. Tuffnut reached down as well, grabbing it before he could. He handed it over roughly, his lips pinching. "Thanks," Hiccup said.

Tuffnut shoved his hands into his jean pockets, looking like he was

ready to kill the younger boy. "He's just really angry right now 'cause of the whole girlfriend thing." He shrugged his shoulders, seeming uncomfortable.

"Yeah," Hiccup nodded, "you already explained that." He hoped Astrid would show up and scare him away, but it seemed like she was taking her sweet time.

"Ah, your eye," Tuffnut motioned with the jerk of his chin.

Hiccup unconsciously blinked. "What about it?"

Tuffnut looked at his eye and just as quickly looked away. "I just wanted to know if it's alright," he muttered.

"Yeah, it's all good. Just a bruise, nothing life threatening."

"Cool."

"Uh huh."

"I'm going to go now, just watch out," Tuffnut warned angrily as he turned away. Hunching his shoulders, he stomped off to meet Ruffnut at the other end of the hall. She nudged his side and he pushed her away, walking off by himself as she glanced at Hiccup and followed behind.

"So what was that?" Another voice asked and Hiccup dropped his book again. He groaned as Astrid chuckled. "I don't think I've seen Tuffnut so passive, even more so to you."

"He was just making sure his best friend wasn't charged with murder." Hiccup rolled his eyes, picking up his book for what he hoped was the last time. "They don't want to get in trouble so he's just making sure I stay quiet, like in all those over dramatic soap operas you watching."

Astrid dug her elbow into his side. "Leave my shows alone."

"Speaking of alone," he said, "were you watching us the whole time?" He closed his locker and they traveled down the hall side by side.

"Well, I was going to come over, but he didn't seem to be threatening so I thought I'd wait it out." She shrugged, smirking. "Seeing if my little Hiccup can handle himself in an adult situation." She ruffled his hair and he gave her a look. "Ah, don't worry, if anything bad would have started you know I would have spread his blood among the walls in a wonderful show of my emotions."

Hiccup blanched. "So glad to see you getting into art."

Astrid wrapped her arm around his. "I heard it's therapeutic."

They both laughed, and Hiccup was able to relax slightly, though it wasn't long before Saturday would come. He would need to be ready for anything.

He needed to be ready for Jack.

* * *

><p>So will Hiccup be ready for Jack? Hmmmm?
lol

**No. **

on a completely different note *cries* the sewing god knew of my sacrifice and my sewing machine finally worked (for the most part) and I finished my vest! I also bought the shirt and pants, I just need to add the details and what not. Then of course there's the wig and the contacts I'll most likely buy later in the year. So excited~

Kisses and unicorns

~Shi

15. Chapter 15

**Argh this chapter took me freakin' forever~ Not to mention it's way longer than I had totally intended it to be... But since it's HiJack week from what I hear, might as well. So dinner with the Haddocks... Jack is gonna have a fun time. **

* * *

><p>Hiccup hadn't slept for close to twenty four hours when he finally managed to fall asleep Friday night at three in the morning. He was so panicked about Jack coming over he could barely focus on the most minimal tasks. Really, the only thing he could seem to do correctly was sketch, but even then it was shaky and raw. Even just walking seemed like a chore as he trudged around school, trying to avoid the stares his bruise got.</p>

Stoick finally noticed it and questioned him on a rare night when he showed himself to his family. He gave the excuse he gave everyone. Basketball. Needless to say Stoick gave a disappointed gaze, most likely at the fact his son couldn't catch a ball correctly, and just went back to his work. No questions. No issues.

It was finally Saturday morning and Hiccup groaned, rolling over to check the time. He wanted to get up early and make sure everything was in order before Jack came. As he read the time, his heart leapt into his throat and he practically fell out of bed. How did he sleep through his alarm?! It was already close to ten and he still needed to shower and everything else he had planned to do. Oh and there was so much to do.

Jumping out of bed, he hurried into the shower. He scrubbed every inch of his body and even made sure to give his hair extra care, hoping it would obey him. He stepped out and swore loudly as he realized he forgot his clothes. "This can't be happening," he muttered. Stepping out cautiously into the hall, he made sure no one was there before he ran to his room.

The night before Hiccup had set out his clothes, picked just right to

make it look like he tried, but he didn't try too hard. Though he tried harder than he had ever before. But now as he looked around his room, they were gone. "No, no, no," he said under his breath. When he noticed his dirty laundry was gone, he frowned. "Mom." With his towel wrapped tightly around his thin hips he took a deep breath and went out into the hall.

Going down stairs he heard the sounds of talking in the kitchen, glasses clinking against the counter. Toothless was probably still eating knowing him and his mom just chatting him up. Hiccup ran into the kitchen, but of course, fate was a cruel mistress. With his skin still moist from the shower and the tile floors of the kitchen working against him, there was only one place he was going.

And that was down.

He crashed into the floor, luckily the towel staying in place, and moaned. He heard the unmistakable sound of Toothless laughing and Val's motherly gasp. Looks like more bruises to add to the collection, he thought bitterly. Shifting each limb to test if he was alright, he finally began to move. As he sat up he rubbed the back of his head, he was trying to focus on the people in front of him.

"Oh Hiccup, are you alright?" Val helped him stand, checking his thin frame for any damage.

Hiccup waved her off, wanting to change as quickly as possible. "Where are my clothes? I set them out on the floor last night." He rubbed his eyes, trying to get rid of the stars he was seeing.

Val backed away after seeing he was fine. "I thought they were dirty so I put them with the rest of your clothes to wash." She leaned against the counter, giving Toothless a stern look to stop laughing. "Don't you have other clothes to wear?"

"Yes, but," he sighed, "I picked those out for today."

"Oh," an all too familiar voice cut in. Hiccup was ready to vomit and he hadn't eaten anything at all. His body was shaking, hands clenched around his towel to make sure nothing else would happen. And to confirm his worst nightmare, when he raised his eyes, bright blue ones met them. "I didn't know I was that special."

Jack Overland had arrived early.

* * *

><p>Hiccup sat in his room mortified, head in hands curled at the edge of his bed. After a great moment of realizing he was practically naked in front of Jack as he sat there drinking coffee with his mother, he ran upstairs, not even giving an excuse. Dressing quickly, he tried to calm down, his face burning so much it was actually painful.</p>

"Oh crap," he murmured. He fell over on his bed, wanting to disappear until the night was over. "I couldn't have made a worse entrance than that." Another cry escaped his lips as he relived the moment in his head, chest tightening. "He wasn't even supposed to be here this early!"

"Well he said he was too excited," Toothless said. Hiccup sat up quickly, hair all over the place and cheeks bright pink. He could have sworn he locked his door, but then again, in his panic to be clothed he might have forgotten. "Mom said to come get you and bring you downstairsâ€œ with clothes on." Hiccup glared and the younger boy grinned. "You should have seen your face," he giggled.

"Toothless," Hiccup growled. The raven haired boy tried to hold back his laughter and tears formed in the corner of his eyes. "I'm warning you!" Now he was leaning against the door frame, arms around his stomach as he turned red. "It's not that funny!" Toothless collapsed to the floor in a fit of laughter, burying his face in the carpet to muffle his voice.

There was a knock on the door and Jack peeked his head in. "Hey, your mom thought Toothless got lost or something." He caught Hiccup's flustered gaze and smiled easily. "I see you found clothes." Hiccup looked away, not happy with his morning. He managed to pull on an overly large sweater and baggy pants. Not the look he was going for truthfully. "Sorry for showing up early, my mom was doing some heavy duty cleaning and I wanted to get out of her way before she ran me over with a vacuum."

Toothless got up and stared at Jack as if he were an idol. "So do you wanna see my room now? This is Hiccy's." He motioned around and Hiccup was suddenly self conscious about his surroundings. Not many people really came into his room; his most frequent visitors were actually Astrid and Toothless. "It's boring 'cause he never puts up any of his artwork."

"That's right," Jack smiled. "You're an artist aren't you?" Hiccup looked around nervously and nodded. "Well, then show me some art work!" His smile grew and Toothless pouted, knowing he wasn't going to grab Jack's attention anymore.

"Uh, I," Hiccup laughed, trying to get off the subject. "Don't we need to get down stairs? I mean, my mom is probably wondering if we got lost in Narnia or something." He waved the two out of his room and shut the door behind him, breathing a small sigh of relief. The look of sadness on Jack's face made his heart drop and he cursed himself. "I'll give you a tour later and I'll show you some of my artwork, how about that?" Jack brightened and nodded.

Toothless tugged on Jack's sleeve. Hiccup had to say, he certainly dressed for dinner. He was wearing a pair of dark, skinny jeans and a tight navy blue V-neck that showed off his collar bone nicely. Hiccup began to sweat. "Hey, when we give the tour, I'll show you my room 'cause it's pretty much the best room in the house." Toothless beamed as Jack ruffled his long hair.

"Sure bud, I just really wanted to see Hiccy's work. I heard he's really good." He glanced at Hiccup who flushed and pretended to not notice, his bruise burning. They finally reached down stairs and Val was waiting, a cup of coffee in her hands. "I found them Mrs. Haddock!" Jack announced happily as he hooked the two around their necks. "They're not dead!"

Val smiled and put her cup down. "Oh good, and I was just about to send out a search party." She looked to Hiccup. "Why don't you eat

since you woke up late and—" She stopped herself quickly, knowing it wouldn't be good to bring up what had transpired between everyone. "Why don't you just eat breakfast?" Jack, would you like to eat anything?"

"No, I'm fine, thank you." Jack sat down in one of the seats at the island, his cup of coffee still there and half drunk. Hiccup sat down next to him as Toothless wandered aimlessly around the kitchen, obvious in his attempt to stay near Jack. "I really like your house Mrs. Haddock, very much homey." He laughed for a moment. "I don't really know how to explain it."

"Thank you Jack, I'll take that as a compliment," Val laughed as well. She went around the kitchen, gathering the things she needed. "Hiccup, how about waffles, will that work?" She looked at him over her shoulder and he nodded. Toothless was by her side, eyeing up her cooking supplies. "No, Toothless you just ate, I'm not letting you eat more till you go take your shower like I asked you to two hours ago."

"But Mom," Toothless whined, hanging his head. Val pointed upstairs and he trudged away, casting the saddest, most puppy-like look he could to his mom, but she was unmovable and motioned for him to hurry. "Stupid shower," he muttered finally going.

Val planted her hands on her hips, shaking her slightly. "I'm sorry about that; it's just he eats so much." Jack waved off her concern and she began to work on the waffles, filling the room with a sweet, light scent. "So anyways, Jack is there anything special you'd like to have for dinner, I'm pretty flexible."

"Ah, no, no, whatever you had planned is fine. I'm not picky." Jack leaned on the island, his shirt riding up to show a sliver of skin and Hiccup was internally screaming. He wouldn't be able to last the day if things were already going like this. "I'm sure whatever you made is going to be delicious anyways." Hiccup snapped out of his thoughts to give Jack a look. "What?"

The younger boy smirked, feeling a little more at ease. "You're such a sweet talker Jack, go easy, that's my mom there." They both laughed and Val just tried to hide her smile, finishing up the waffles. She set them down in front of Hiccup and he picked up the fork immediately. "Thanks Mom."

"I'm going to tell your father that we have a guest and he should at least introduce himself." Val clapped her hands and began to travel upstairs. "If you need anything, just give a shout." And she was gone, leaving the two alone.

Hiccup hunched over his plate, cutting into the still steaming waffles, drowning in syrup. Jack watched him carefully, eyes straying to Hiccup's now famous bruise where they stayed until Hiccup turned to Jack. They didn't say anything as they looked at each other and then both looked away. Great, I can't even have a proper conversation in my home, he thought. This is going to be worse than it was when I was over at their house.

"Hey, those actually look pretty good." Jack nudged Hiccup's elbow and motioned to the waffles he had only taken a bite out of.

"I can ask my mom to make you some if you want." He brushed his hair from his emerald eyes, trying to hide his nerves.

Jack shook his head and smirked. "I don't want to bother her. Why don't I just steal a bite from you?" He folded his hands under his chin. "Please? Just one bite?" He batted his eyelashes and Hiccup tightened his grip on his fork, not sure what to say. He didn't care if Jack ate his food, but how would he? Would Hiccup have to feed him like in all those romantic movies he had watched? "Hiccup?"

The teen snapped out of his thoughts and silently pushed his plate over to Jack. He watched as the white haired boy cut into the waffles and took a bite, closing his eyes and savoring it. Jack gave an almost erotic moan and Hiccup tried to keep from screaming. "Wow, these are amazing, way better than any other waffle I've had." He moved the plate back to Hiccup.

Hiccup picked up his fork and stared at it. Jack's lips had been on this. That meant if he put his lips on itâ€œ It would be an indirect kiss. He hung his head for a moment and stabbed a piece of waffle, stuffing into his mouth, taking longer than needed to pull it off the fork. His heart stuttered, there was the unmistakable taste of coffee still left from Jack on the fork. His cheeks burned and he savored the slight taste of Jack until he heard heavy footsteps behind him.

He began to choke, feeling like he got caught in a horrible act of lust. Jack slapped his back repeatedly, trying to help him out but every time his hand passed over Hiccup's spine, the boy just seemed to start coughing even harder. Jack grabbed his coffee, the only drink near them, and handed it to him, getting him to drink it. It was cold and bitter, though Jack had added enough sugar to give any human diabetes, making Hiccup's stomach roll. He hated coffee and thought the stuff was disgusting, but he drank anyways.

When he could finally breathe once more, he held up a hand, showing he was fine. Jack laughed and finally turned to Stoick who had been watching them silently. "Hello Sir, I'm Jack Overland, it's nice to meet you." He held out a hand and Stoick shook it, eyes roaming over Jack's frame, sizing him up.

"Same as well," the large man nodded.

While they exchange slightly stiff hellos Hiccup had to keep himself calm. He had just drunk Jack's coffee. The coffee that Jack had been drinking all morning and most likely had his back wash in. Hiccup felt nauseous and pushed his waffles away, not sure he could take anything else into his stomach for a while. Jack sat back down and Stoick looked to his son who was still flustered. "I have to get back to work," he announced. Hiccup's eyebrows came together and he nodded, knowing his father wouldn't have stayed long anyways.

Stoick traveled back upstairs, cell phone out in his hand before he even made it to the top step. Hiccup sighed and leaned one arm on the island, propping his head up on his hand. "Sorry about that, my Dad is always busy with work and rarely comes out of his room," he shrugged. "He should be down for dinner though."

"It's fine, a busy schedule is a busy schedule." Jack simply raised his hands in a 'what can you do' motion. "Speaking of schedule, what

did you have planned for today?" He smiled deviously, eyes seemingly brighter. "I mean, it better be exciting Hiccup, I didn't just come here for the food."

Hiccup blinked at him. He hadn't planned for anything really. Jack wasn't supposed to show up until later and by that time dinner would have taken up most of their time. He thought quickly, trying to think of something that wouldn't bore his guest. "I mean, there's a nearby park, we can go hang out there for a while. I've been meaning to draw some more." He tapped his nails aimlessly against the counter. "I-If you want to that is, I don't want you to get bored or anything, I know drawing isn't the most exciting thing."

"No, that sounds totally cool. I get to see an actual artist draw in real time." Jack grinned and Hiccup ducked his head.

"I wouldn't call myself an artist," he muttered. Val came down the stairs as they stood. "Mom, we're heading over to the park for a while, I have my cell." He patted his pocket and she nodded, then paused.

"Can you please take Toothless with you? He's restless to hang out with you two." She gave a pleading look.

Hiccup sighed, "alright." Jack nodded smiling, not truly caring one way or the other. "Where is he?"

"Getting dressed, he'll be down in a minute." Val cleaned off the counters and island.

"Then I'll go grab my stuff, just wait here." Hiccup hurried towards the stairs, cursing himself for his heart patterning like a little girl's. He hated to think it, but it kept flashing in his mind. He was going on a date (if it could be called that) with Jack. Stopping himself, he shook his head, no, no, he wasn't going to do this. He had boundaries and knew if he got himself up, he was only going to get hurt later.

But for now, he could enjoy Jack's company.

* * *

><p>After a five minute walk to the nearby park, Hiccup and Jack had settled themselves on a bench near the playground where Toothless saw a friend from school and ran off. It was chilly out, enough to even make the two teens pull on jackets. Hiccup pulled out his sketch book and a pencil, getting ready to draw the people near them. Jack watched with genuine interest, eyes following Hiccup's hands, even when they were just sharpening the pencil.</p>

"So do you do this often?" He asked, bringing one leg up to lean on. "Stalking people in the park and drawing them so you know who to murder later."

Hiccup gave a sarcastic laugh. "Watch it Jack, I might just draw you then." He flushed, knowing he had multiple drawings of Jack he had done. Lowering his head, he pretended to be serious, trying to focus on his sketch pad.

"Oh! Could you draw me?!" Jack grabbed his shoulder, smile breaking

out on his face. Hiccup's body tingled just from that one smile, the way it lightened up the space around them. It was blinding, but he stared anyways. "Man, I've always wanted someone to draw me!"

"T-Then have your mom do it. She said she paints," Hiccup mumbled. "I mean, I probably won't get those lovely chiseled features you have." He wasn't lying technically. Whenever he drew Jack, he felt like he just couldn't seem to get the complete emotion of the boy. The way he could liven up a whole room or in a millisecond make Hiccup melt like a love sick school girl (not that he was love sick, it was just a metaphor).

"My mom stopped painting me when I stopped being cute," Jack said with a chuckle.

"And since when did you stop being cute—" Hiccup flushed, his throat closing. He hadn't meant to say that out loud but it just seemed to slip from his tongue. "I mean, obviously you aren't cute now," he laughed but it died off quickly, his eyes falling to the ground. When he glanced at Jack, the older teen was just smiling along, figuring it was just a joke.

"For your information I still am cute," he pointed out. Hiccup took the moment to give a haughty look and save himself from embarrassment. "So will you draw me or what?" Jack looked out over the playground to catch Toothless chasing after another boy, both screaming and laughing.

Hiccup twirled his pencil around his fingers. "Maybe, if I find you cute." He hid his smile behind his other hand and looked around the park to see who he would draw first. There was an old woman sitting on bench with a hat next to her, it was a fedora, old and practically a pile of cloth. She was a frequent visitor to the park, so much that Hiccup always worried when she wouldn't show up. But she was still there faithfully, always with the hat.

"Who is she?" Jack followed the younger boy's gaze to the old woman, squinting his eyes. "She doesn't look like your type Hiccy." Hiccup laughed and shook his head, starting to draw her. "So who is she?" He repeated.

"Just an old woman from our neighborhood. She comes here almost every day and just watches the children run around." Hiccup explained, not looking up.

"Sounds kind of creepy to me," Jack said.

Hiccup shook his head slightly. "No, it's actually very sweet. You see that hat she has next to her?"

"Uh huh."

"Her husband and her used to come here all the time when I was little and they'd sit there and laugh at us children. They even brought candy sometimes, it was really great." He smiled but then it vanished as he looked at the old woman. "He died and it just wasn't the same, she kept coming though, bringing the hat he always wore, filling it with candy for us. No matter what she never stopped smiling." His pencil stopped in mid-air, his eyes half closed as he tried to focus.

"Eventually the candy stopped and she just sits there, watching the world go by with her husband."

Jack lowered his voice, moving closer to get a better look at the sketch. "Do you really think her husband is still here, no offense, it's just a hat." He asked, not meaning to seem rude.

Hiccup brushed his hair from his face, looking at Jack from the corner of his eye. "I think if you believe enough, anyone can stay with you," he said quietly, "in your heart I mean."

A breeze blew past and they remained silent, only the sound of screaming and laughing children filled the air. Jack shifted and his arm knocked into Hiccup's, both of them leaning away for a moment, almost shy.

Jack coughed a few minutes later, breaking the quiet air about them. "So," he began, "how'd you get that bruise?"

Hiccup froze but quickly recovered, flicking his hair out of his eye, perfectly calm. "I got hit with a basketball during gym. I'm sure you realize by now that I'm not the most athletic kid around." He shrugged and gave a slight smile. "Guess basketball isn't my thing."

Jack stared at him for a moment and he just laughed. "Well, I better cancel my contract with the Chicago Bulls huh?" But Jack still didn't even crack a smile, his peppered eyebrows knitting together warily. Hiccup's smile faltered a little when he realized he wasn't getting anywhere. "Jack?"

The older teen suddenly smiled, chuckling. "Of course, always the day dreamer aren't you?" Hiccup noticed it wasn't the same smile he wore; it was false, not reaching his eyes as he looked to Hiccup. "You need to be more careful, who else am I going to text now?"

Hiccup shrugged and went back to sketching, his lips pursing as he worked, though it was more to keep himself quiet. Jack just watched silently, figuring he should leave the young artist alone. They somehow moved closer in the time that passed, Jack's front shoulder and arm pressed into Hiccup's back as he peeked down to see what Hiccup was drawing.

He had to say, the kid had real talent, even his mom had issues with sketching from real life, but this boy did it without batting an eyelash. It was amazing to watch his slender fingers move across the page as he held the pencil lightly, barely making lines before darkening them to his liking. Jack hadn't noticed earlier, but Hiccup was a lefty, his hand moving carefully over the page to make sure it didn't smudge.

"You're amazing," he whispered, afraid to mess him up.

"Hm?" Hiccup mumbled, slowly bringing himself back from his work. "Oh, no not really." He said as if what he was drawing was nothing. "I just like to draw people, that's all."

"You're kidding right?" Jack gave him an incredulous look. "Do you not see the master piece in your hand right now? I would kill to draw like that!" He smiled as Hiccup flushed, trying to hide his drawings

from Jack's view now. "Aw, now don't start being shy," he laughed.

Hiccup stuck his tongue out in a childish manner, pulling out his phone to check the time. "Crap," he muttered. "It's already that late," he looked to Jack, "why didn't you stop me early, it's practically time to eat." He packed his stuff back up, fumbling as Jack stood and stretched. "I mean, sitting here for that long just watching me draw, aren't you bored?"

"What?" Jack cracked his neck. "No way, it was cool watching you draw. I actually wanted to keep watching." He shoved his hands into his jacket pockets, shrugging his shoulders. "I don't know why, but it was just really nice sitting here with you."

Hiccup dropped his pencil on the ground at his words, his fingers shaking slightly. "Y-Yeah right, you're just saying that." He finished getting his things back in his bag and slung it over his shoulder. Before Jack could respond, the younger boy cut him off. "Toothless!" He called to his brother, grabbing his attention. "Come on, it's time to go eat!"

He didn't need to tell Toothless twice, the boy was already running at full speed to get to them, almost crashing into Hiccup. Jack laughed as Hiccup caught the boy before he hit the pavement.

"Alright!" Toothless shouted, pulling Jack as they began to walk. "Food!" Jack laughed as Hiccup trailed behind, eyes straying on the back of Jack's head, a small smile on his lips. "Come on Hiccy! Hurry!" His brother said loudly.

"Sorry," Hiccup murmured. He picked up his pace, falling in step with Jack.

* * *

><p>Hiccup couldn't have felt more awkward at the dinner table than he did sitting between Jack and Toothless. His dad and mom sat on the other side of the table, eating their food silently. Val had made a pork roast and a bunch of sides, already half of them gone thanks to Toothless who was happily stuffing his face.</p>

Jack ate contently, knee not touching Hiccup's as it did back at his house. Hiccup barely ate, taking small bites in fear he was going to vomit all over the table due to his nerves. Val finished chewing and wiped her mouth, looking to Jack. "So Jack, I heard from Tooth that you go to Berkly, what are you planning on majoring in?"

He shrugged casually, taking a sip of his water. "Not completely sure yet, I'm just trying to get the basic courses out of the way before I completely dedicate myself to one thing." Hiccup didn't want to look at him, but even just from listening he could tell Jack was perfectly sure with his future. He wasn't like Hiccup who had been a stuttering mess when he was at Jack's table, no, Jack was the master of conversation.

Stoick made a grunting noise. "You should really prepare yourself better, leaving it off to the last minute will ruin your chances of getting a job." He paused and Hiccup sat there silently wishing he would stop, but he didn't. "Do you have a job to help pay for the loans and tuition?"

"No, not yet, I'm living with my parents until I get on my feet and find a job," Jack explained, not missing a beat.

There was that disapproving look Hiccup knew all too well. Things were going downhill. "A young man like you should be able to support himself without having to burden his family. Living off your parents is just a way for people to coast through life while putting their troubles on someone else's shoulders. How are you supposed to help your parents pay all those bills? Lazy ass children don't belong in college."

"Stoick!"

"Dad!"

Hiccup's face burned as he looked at his father who was completely undisturbed. Jack raised his shoulders and Hiccup thought he was going to be upset, instead, he just sighed. "With all due respect Mr. Haddock, I do not burden my family. We've already set an agreement for the terms of payments and loans, not to mention living space." He waved his hand as if in a normal conversation. "I have been looking for a job, but these days you can't seem to find good working hours when you're in college." He smirked and Stoick leaned back in his chair. "I agree with you though, lazy ass children don't belong in college."

"I think it's time for dessert, right?" Val stood, gathering plates without anyone else saying a word. Toothless had his head down slightly, hair hiding his face. Usually he'd be excited when the word dessert was mentioned, but it was obvious there was tension in the air. It was so thick; you could have probably cut that and served it for dessert instead of the cake Val made.

Hiccup wanted to sink into the floor and disappear. The way Stoick and Jack were having their own staring contest was making him greatly nervous and scared. He wondered which one would snap first and cause a scene. He almost had a heart attack when Stoick stood, placing both hands on the table. Val came in with the cake, looking at her husband. "Don't you want cake, I made your favorite."

He looked at her and shook his head. "I left someone on a call waiting, I can't just leave them. I'll have some later." He pushed in his chair and gave one last look to Jack. "Good dinner Val," was all he said before completely leaving.

"Ah," Val pushed her wild red hair from her face, "anyone else for cake then?" She smiled, obviously trying to fight through the awkwardness. Toothless nodded, eyeing the cake quietly.

"Yes please," Jack seemed to be completely unfazed. He grinned as Val cut him piece and passed it over. Hiccup wasn't sure if he could handle eating anymore, his appetite gone. "Hiccy, you have to have some of this, it's amazing!" He looked at Hiccup who pinched his lips together tightly. "I should tell Bunnymund how good this is, he might want you to start working at the bakery as well."

Val flushed and handed Hiccup a piece of cake without him giving an answer. "Well, I'm just going to go check on your father real quick, you guys take more if you want." Toothless straightened and she shook

a finger at him. "Young man, that doesn't mean eat the rest of it." He slumped once more and a laugh bubbled its way out of Hiccup's throat.

They ate as Val went upstairs; Hiccup got half way through the cake before he pushed it away, already fully. Toothless wasn't shy and took it, eating it up. Jack finished his piece slowly, making sure he finished it all, giving an apologetic look to Toothless. "Sorry," he said. "Hey," he poked Hiccup, "how about that tour now?" Toothless was too busy eating to interrupt about his room and how amazing it was, but he would most likely find them later.

"Sure," Hiccup said. They stood and he felt a little more at ease, knowing Jack wasn't disturbed by his father's behavior. Maybe the night wasn't totally ruined after all. "Let's get started then."

* * *

><p>"And that now ends our tour, I'm sure later Toothless will give you another one, but yeah." Hiccup had led Jack around the house, giving the most basic information about the rooms they went through them. When he passed his father's work room he could hear his parents arguing and tried to cover it by talking louder. Jack was a good tourist for the most part, staying quiet and nodding to certain things. They were now in front of his door, his hands folded behind his back.<p>

"So, can I get a tour of your room or do I need to pay extra to see that?" Jack raised an eyebrow and laughed.

Hiccup bit his lip and shrugged. "Sure, like Toothless said it's not really exciting." He opened the door and waited till Jack was in before closing it slightly; leaving a crack open in case he needed an escape. "It's no hermit shack in my parent's basement," he said jokingly.

"I think it's _quaint_," Jack replied easily, sitting on Hiccup's bed. The younger boy couldn't stop his thoughts. _Crap, he's on my bed. What if it smells like him later? Oh gosh no_. "So do you have any more sketches or should I assume you burn them all because you don't believe in how awesome you are?" Hiccup mocked laughter and pulled out some old sketches, handing them over. "Ooh, look at Hiccy's skills," he whistled, riffling through them.

Hiccup sat on the floor cross legged, watching Jack as he looked at each individual picture. He came across one and looked closely at it, turning it this way and that while smirking. "What is it?" Hiccup scratched his chin, wondering what he could have drawn that was so interesting.

Jack's sapphire eyes were filled with joy as he looked to the brunette. "I always knew I was sexy, but I didn't know I was _this_ sexy." He waved the paper in the air, flashing sketches of himself.

Hiccup was up in an instant snatching the papers away and shoving them back where he had put them. He had meant to hide the sketches he had done of Jack just to be sure that what just happened, didn't happen. How could he be so stupid as to have missed one of them! Now Jack was going to think he was weird and never talk to him again!

"Those are old crappy things I did after the con," he mumbled, cheeks heating. "I just liked a lot of people's costumes so I drew them again."

"Cool," was all Jack said. He didn't make any more comments on how Hiccup got completely flustered over the drawings, or why he even had the drawings in the first place. "So you never really answered my question earlier, will you draw me?" He asked, leaning back so his shirt rode up again.

Hiccup took the chance to go back to a normal conversation, averting his eyes. "One day, one day," he said in a whispering tone. Jack laughed and he joined in, both of them seeming to become more comfortable with each other after the tension passed.

"Hey, so if you don't mind me asking, I realize that Toothless looks nothing like you guys." Jack jerked a thumb to the door. "I mean, you're all gingery with freckles while he's not! Toothless." He held up his hands. "You don't have to answer; I get it, family privacy and all."

"No, it's fine actually. Yeah, Toothless is adopted." Hiccup shrugged, scratching the back of his head, this was a question he answered often so it didn't bother him so much. "When I was younger and my parents wanted to have another sibling, my mom couldn't conceive so they just adopted." He explained easily. "I love him to death," he added after a moment.

"Wow, that's really cool." Jack smiled, eyes narrowing with laughter. "And I can see you two are close, pretty hilarious pair really." Hiccup made a face and laughed as the door opened, Toothless stepping in. "Speak of the devil," Jack said.

"Did you show him my room?" He asked Hiccup.

"Nope," the green eyed teen said, "left it just for you."

"Yes! Come on!" Toothless yanked Jack off the bed and down the hall to his room. Hiccup followed shortly after, leaning in the doorway to watch them. Toothless was showing Jack almost everything he had packed into his cluttered room. Jack asked questions, seemingly interested in everything. At one point when Toothless went to go grab something from a shelf, Jack looked at Hiccup and smiled gently, his laugh soft.

Hiccup flushed, crossing his arms and walked out into the hall. _Jack could stand up to Stoick and make his mom laugh._ _He was even great with Toothless! Argh, why is it so hard to hate him?!_ He bit his lip, jumping as Jack came out of Toothless's room, touching his shoulder. "Hey, I don't want to overstay my visit so I think I'm going to head out, but it's been great. Really." Jack put a hand on Hiccup's head, fingers tangling themselves in his hair. "Would you kindly show me to the door my dear host?" He bowed and Hiccup snickered.

"Sure, dork." They went down and Toothless ran after, catching Jack's arm right as he was putting on his shoes.

"You'll come back and hang out some more right?" He asked, large green eyes staring up. "Please?"

"Of course, I would never miss out on a chance to hang out with you and Hiccy." Jack patted his head and glanced at Hiccup who pretended to be interested in his nails. "Alright then, I'm off into the night." He hugged Toothless tightly. "See you around." He approached Hiccup afterwards, arms wide. "Come here Hiccy," he said.

"Jack, not again." Hiccup backed away, biting his lip. Jack grabbed him anyways, lifting him up and dropping him down quickly.

"Tell your mom her food was amazing and that I shall be back for more. Don't worry so much _Hiccup_, seriously, I had a great time." Jack spoke in his ear, finally letting him go. "Talk to you later Hiccy." When the door finally closed and Jack was gone Hiccup almost collapsed on the floor once more, his hands shaking as he moved away from the door.

Toothless turned to talk to his brother, but he was already gone. Hiccup had locked himself in the bathroom, his back against the door and his phone already in hand. _Astrid, we have a problem_.

A quick reply, almost instant. _What? Are you hurt at all?_

No, he typed, heart slamming against his rib cage, _but I probably will be_.

Why? Hiccup, what's wrong.

He decided to call her, not even one ring before she picked up.
"Hiccup?"

"We have a big problem here." His voice shook and he tried to take deep breaths, his grip on the phone tightening. "Astrid," he murmured, "I really like him."

* * *

><p>I feel it's totally cliche to have the old "oh Hiccup since you do art can you draw me?" thing in the HiJack fandom, but I swear it's important (just like in everyone else's fanfictions where they used it too)... hopefully if I do it right it will come out correctly and not stupid.

So yeah, awkward dinner anyone? *throws glitter* Happy HiJack week everybody~

Kisses and unicorns

~Shi

16. Chapter 16

Hiccup has to deal with his emotions and stuff...

* * *

><p>Astrid watched Hiccup closely during lunch on Monday, her sky blue eyes never leaving his face as he shoveled a spoonful of half raw mashed potatoes into his mouth. He was moping, after his

realization Saturday night he stayed in bed and didn't move until Val finally chased him out for dinner. Only Astrid and the gang knew why he was acting the way he was and that's the way he wanted it.<p>

"So, why don't we talk about this rationally Hiccup?" She finished her lunch and pushed her tray to the side. Sophie looked at the two of them, wondering what was going on. "How bad do you think you have it? Like 'oh he's cute I'd so tap that' or is more like 'damn I want to marry him and adopt children to carry on our legacy'?" All three stared at her and she shrugged. "What? There's a difference!"

"Oh, Hiccup, how was the dinner with Jack?" Sophie asked, tilting her head. Hiccup groaned, curling his arms around his head as he did. "Gee, I'm sorry to hear that," she said quietly.

Fishlegs looked up from his book, listening partially to the conversation. "So did you find out whether you can date Jack or not?" Hiccup screeched into the table and glared at his friend. "W-What? Weren't you trying to figure that out?"

Hiccup stared and noticed the boy's lip was cut, his tongue kept gliding over it as he talked. For some reason it distracted him from their conversation. "Hey, how did you cut your lip like that?" He asked and Fishlegs went back to his book face red, Sophie also went back to reading, both their faces stuffed into the pages. "Wait a minute!" Hiccup practically shouted. "You two-and kissing-and-braces-" Fishlegs almost tackled him to the ground trying to cover his mouth.

Astrid turned to Sophie with a wide grin on her face. "No way! You guys didn't," she whispered. Sophie hid her face and stuttered something they couldn't understand, trying to cover her rainbow braces. "Aw, no need to be ashamed!" Astrid clapped the girl on the shoulder like a proud mother. "I thought you guys looked cute together, wait, are you together?"

Fishlegs gave a quick nod and went back to his seat. Hiccup frowned and poked at his food. "Great so Fishlegs can get a date and I'm stuck here not knowing what to do." Fishlegs sent a glare and the smaller teen held his hands up. "I didn't mean it in a bad way, calm down."

"Okay, okay, I think we all just need to focus here," Astrid sighed. "That means you especially Hiccup. So, did you get any vibes from him at all?" She raised her shoulders, looking at Hiccup who gave her the strangest look he could.

"Yes Astrid, because when you're gay, other gays send out brain waves that you can pick up on to tell each other single and ready to have sex. And how we do this is by the antennas in our heads." He rolled his eyes, leaning back. "Seriously people, we aren't aliens."

"Could've fooled me," Snoutlout muttered as he passed by. Tuffnut shoved him to keep moving and Hiccup ignored them both.

"I was just asking," Astrid muttered. "I can't help you if you're going to give me sarcastic comments every time I try and give an idea." Hiccup nodded and slumped, moving his tray so he could lay his

head down. "So, there was really nothing he did that showed he could have the slightest interest in you?"

He scratched at the table top. "As far as I know, he doesn't seem like he's interested in much of anything about me. I mean, he was nice to me, but it was just common courtesy for coming over." He lifted his head slightly. "Nothing more than that."

The bell rang and Sophie stood, book tucked under her arm. "If it'll help, I'll see if Jamie says anything." Hiccup gave her a grateful look and nodded. She glanced at Fishlegs as they began to leave.

"You two crazy kids go have fun," Astrid laughed. Fishlegs pulled Sophie away before they could make any other jokes about them. "Wow, who would have guessed it? Fishlegs and Sophie." She smiled to herself before noticing Hiccup was sulking. "Does somebody feel left out?" She asked, ruffling his hair.

"I just wish I knew what to do," he mumbled. They were in the halls now, trying to push through the throngs of people shuffling around aimlessly. "Can't being a teenager and liking people come with a manual?"

They traveled upstairs, arms bumping against each other with every other step. "If love came with a manual, then life would be so much easier wouldn't it?" They finally made it to the chemistry room, both sighing as they entered. "Well, at least chem does come with a manual."

Hiccup dropped his bag down and smirked slightly. "Yeah, too bad it's in German."

* * *

><p>Hiccup was making his way to gym, truly taking his time since he just got out of art. He loved the class, but it was so structured to him it just wasn't much of an enjoyment as the beginning of the year. His teacher was pretty strict with the lesson plan and didn't let him work on his own projects. While the whole class was working on trying to draw a picture of a flower, Hiccup yearned to draw something more complex.</p>

The halls were starting to clear out slightly as Hiccup strolled along. Someone came up next to him and he was about to crack a joke to Astrid, luckily he held his tongue since it wasn't her. Tuffnut nodded silently, walking along side the skinny teen.

At first Hiccup thought he was just passing by, but he was in step with him and wasn't making any moves to go forward. "Is there something you need from me?" He asked finally, not sure if anyone else was seeing this. It was highly unusual for Tuffnut to be away from his best friend and to be near Hiccup without a threatening look on his face.

"I was just passing through and I saw you. Just thought I would walk with you," he muttered simply. Hiccup nodded and stared straight ahead, aware that Tuffnut never tried to walk with him before. Maybe he's just trying to make up for what Snoutlout did, he thought as he looked to the blonde teen out of the corner of his eye. His bruise

was almost gone, only a shade darker than the rest of his skin. "Uh," Tuffnut's voice broke Hiccup out of his trance.

They were already at the locker room doors, both looking at each other. "Thanks, uh, for walking me here." Hiccup reached for the door handle, but Tuffnut made a grunting noise, catching his attention. "Yeah?"

"Just watch out for Snoutlout, okay?" He said as his eyes went to the floor. "His dad has been getting on his case and he's just trying to get his anger out." His shoulders raised and he turned to leave. "Soâ€ Just be careful, I guess." When their eyes met he hurried away, back hunched more than usual as he pushed past a student.

"Alright thenâ€|" Hiccup narrowed his eyes, not sure what to make of Tuffnut's new behavior. The teen was strange, not much stranger than his sister or Snoutlout, but his sudden change in attitude was starting to creep him out. The bell rang for class to start and Hiccup hurried inside, not giving a second look down the hall.

* * *

><p>Hiccup was struggling to concentrate as he painted, nothing coming to mind as he smacked his brush absently against the paper. When he got home and finished his homework he sat down on his bedroom floor, setting his supplies out around him. He was working with water colors and just trying to paint anything that he could think of. The only problem was, he couldn't think.</p>

No matter what color he managed to swipe across the sheets surface, there was no creative meaning behind it. Even if he just wanted to paint his emotions out, nothing was working with him. Sometimes he forgot to get the excess water off and the colors would run together. Other times he put too much color or even too little. He just couldn't get it right it seemed.

His phone vibrated next to him and he picked it up, assuming Astrid was checking up on him. "Hello?" He put down his supplies and stretched.

"Hiccy!" At Jack's voice Hiccup's stomach seemed to fall, his throat closing. "Hey, what's up?"

"Ah, I was just, ah, painting. W-What's up with you?" He leaned forward, blushing slightly at how stupid he probably sounded.

There was a scream of a child in the distance and laughter. "Just hanging out at the park, you want to guess which park I'm at?" There was a hint of humor in his voice and Hiccup knew where he was right away.

"Really Jack, stalking me again?" Hiccup smiled.

He chuckled. "I'm not the one who draws people and murders them." Hiccup bit his lip, remembering the whole issue with Jack finding his sketches. "Hey, you want to come down here and hang for a while? I finished all my classes today." He paused. "That is, if you can."

Hiccup immediately started cleaning up the paints. "No, it's fine. I'll be there in a few minutes."

"I'll be waiting at our bench," Jack said, "don't stand me up." Hiccup laughed and hung up, his heart hammering. Jack had called it 'our bench' and he couldn't tell if he was just being nice by inviting him or if he truly wanted to be in the small teen's company. Glancing at his phone, he wondered if he should call Astrid and see if she wanted to come, but for once, he didn't want anyone else there.

He wanted to be with Jack, even if it was just hanging out at the park alone. Grabbing a jacket and heading downstairs, Val stopped him. "Where are you going?" She asked, eyeing the jacket.

"I was just heading to the park to go relax," Hiccup said, not completely lying.

Val nodded. "Can you please take Toothless, I'd rather him run around the park than sit in front of the television all day." She gave a pleading look and Hiccup sighed, looking over to Toothless.

"Toothless, you want to go to the park?" Hiccup walked into the living room, nudging his brother with his knee. "Hey, come on." He said, not even trying to get the kid up.

Toothless made a high pitched whine and rolled across the couch. "It's too cold outside," he complained. Val managed to pull him off the couch and onto his feet, earning a glare from the young boy. "Why do I have to go now?"

"You love the park, don't you?" Val asked, not sure how Toothless managed to do anything. He shrugged and Val gave a desperate look to Hiccup who didn't want to watch over his brother, but with his mom pleading like she was, he had no choice.

"Come on, I heard Jack is going to be there," Hiccup said. Toothless brightened and went to grab his things, ending the struggle right there. "Well that was easy," he muttered.

Val laughed and turned off the television. "I didn't know Jack was going to be there. Tell him I said hello and that he's welcome any time." Hiccup flushed, looking away as he nodded. Toothless came back, ready to leave and waiting. "Be home by six, we'll have dinner then, alright?" She called after them as they left.

"Got it!" Hiccup waved and tried to keep up with Toothless as he nearly mowed down an old woman on the side walk. "Toothless slow down!"

He chased after the boy until they got to the park where he had to take a moment to catch his breath. When he looked up panting, Toothless was already by Jack and, well he wasn't surprised, Jamie. The three turned their attention to Hiccup who was currently leaning against a water fountain trying to regain oxygen in his system. Jack laughed and sauntered over, bending down so they were at eye level. "Wow, you were so excited you ran here?" He grinned.

Hiccup coughed, hoping Jack would take the blush on his cheeks as a

side effect of running. "I was just trying to get my brother, don't flatter yourself Jack." He smiled, finally able to breathe without sounding like a dying seal. Jack's grin almost stunned the younger teen into silence as they straightened themselves. "So why did you want to hang out with me?"

Jack shrugged as they made their way over to Jamie and Toothless. "I don't know, I guess I just wanted to show Jamie around here. Ever since you told me about the old lady, I wanted to see if she really does come here every day." He gave a shy shrug and Hiccup flushed at his movements. "I guess you are right, she's here."

Looking over to her usual bench and sure enough, there she was, fedora right beside her. "So you came here to show Jamie an old woman and her dead husband's hat?" He laughed, kicking at a rock near his shoe. _It could be a date_; a voice whispered in the back of his head, _he could be with Jamie._

"It doesn't sound appealing when you say it that way, but yes. I also wanted to show him some of your work." Jack nudged him as they approached the other two who were having a conversation.

"Sorry," Hiccup held up his hands, "I didn't bring anything to draw with." Jack gave him a sad look and groaned. "I can draw in the dirt if it isn't frozen if you want?" The older teen shook his head.

"No, it's fine. I didn't even ask." He smiled and Hiccup looked away, aware that he would have run home if Jack had asked him to. "I see you two are getting along just swimmingly." He said and Jamie smirked.

"Yeah, Toothless here was just telling me about how awesome dragons are." He tugged the beanie he was wearing down a little more as a cold breeze blew in. "I'm assuming he went to the convention with you guys then." Hiccup nodded silently, not sure how to act around Jamie. "Yeah, well maybe one year Jack will drag me back to another convention and we can all hang out." Toothless was practically jumping with joy and Jamie put a hand up. "No promises though."

Toothless crossed his arms and pouted. "Lame," he muttered.

"Yeah," Jack added, "totally lame." Jamie shrugged his shoulders and leaned back on the bench, crossing his legs comfortably. Jack sat next to him, leaving room for Toothless and Hiccup on the one end. Hiccup was about to sit next to the white haired teen but Toothless was already there, asking all sorts of questions. Hiccup made a noise of annoyance. "Is something wrong Hiccy?"

Hiccup flushed and sat down next to his brother quickly, shaking his head. "No, just cold." He waited for a joke or comeback, something along the lines of 'then I'll warm you up', but none ever came since Jack was too busy talking with Jamie about something. The young teen bit his lip and made sure he wasn't getting jealous over nothing. What did he even have to be jealous for? Jack wasn't his!

Toothless, bored by the current conversation began to fidget, crossing and uncrossing his arms. He groaned at one point, staring up at the gray sky, mouth hanging open as if he was waiting for food to come. "Toothless?" Jack asked, looking down at him. There was a

gurgling noise in response. "You know, you don't have to sit here and listen to us boring guys, you can go run around." The boy was up and gone within a second, running around with random children. Toothless had a way to make friends with even the strangest people, and that was one of the reasons Hiccup had to keep an eye on him so much.

"So, Hiccup," Jamie said. He had to lean forward to see past Jack. "You live around here?" Hiccup nodded, moving closer to Jack now that Toothless was gone, but not _too_ close. "Cool, I heard there's going to be a party somewhere around here Friday night."

"Yeah, at Cupcakes," Jack smirked. "I am so going." He looked at Hiccup, teeth showing in a smile. "You should come with us. You've ever been to a college kid party?"

"Uhm, no, I don't think I apply." Hiccup folded his hands in his lap, trying to get the warmth back in them. "You know, still being in high school and all."

Jack was still grinning as Jamie frowned slightly. "Jack, I don't think it's a good idea to bring this poor kid along. I mean, he doesn't seem like the party type to me."

Hiccup slouched, biting his lip. Was Jamie trying to get rid of him so he could stay with Jack alone? No, he shook his head slightly, _he was being courteous_. "I can ask Astrid and see if she'll go with me. Of course I'll need an excuse to get out for the night." He laughed and Jack brought him into a headlock. It wasn't like Astrid's headlocks, it was softer and it didn't break Hiccup's neck.

"Awesome, we can text each other later and figure out how to break you out." He laughed. Hiccup could feel his warmth radiating off him in the cold air. It felt nice to be so close to him, he just wanted to close his eyes and stay there. That is, until Jamie coughed to get their attention back. "You're driving us, right?" Jack asked.

"Sure, just please don't vomit in my car this time." Jamie made a face and looked away. "The smell would not go away for a week." Jack nudged him jokingly, but he still didn't turn around. "Seriously, learn how to hold your alcohol."

Hiccup froze; it was going to be a lot harder to get Astrid to come if alcohol was involved. She was very strict with her body and refused to even take a sip of the stuff, even when her parents offered during Christmas or Thanksgiving. There was going to be a struggle if he told her there was going to be beer at the party, but he couldn't just _lie_ to her. Oh, what was a lovesick, teenage boy to do?

"You okay Hiccup?" Jack moved closer, trying to see the boy's face clearer. "You look like _you're_ the one who's going to vomit. You don't have to go to the party if you don't want to. I understand." Hiccup blinked and laughed, trying to hide the worry in his features.

He really wanted to hang out with Jack more and the party would be a perfect excuse to actually get to know the boy better. "No, no, I'm fine," he said. All he had to do was get Astrid to come along and

everything would work out just great. "Just excited for the party now," he lied.

Jamie watched him closely, eyeing him. "Alright, then you two think of a plan and I'll be the getaway car." Jack leaned back and spread his arms on the back of the bench, making it impossible for Hiccup to sit back without them touching each other. He finally sat back after an internal struggle, neck pressing into Jack's arm, feeling it twitch under his weight.

"Oh, sorry," Jack said. He moved his arm off the bench and Hiccup wanted to scream. "Did you want to sit back?" Hiccup just smiled and tried not to run home. Jamie's eyes were on him again and he could feel his skin burn, like he was an attraction at the zoo. For some reason, the brown eyed boy kept staring at Hiccup, or at least that's what it felt like to the high schooler.

Jack and Jamie began to talk about other things, though Hiccup wasn't into the subject, he listened faithfully. Mainly they just discussed classes and tests they had. He really couldn't input anything unless Jack asked for his opinion. It was awkward, but Hiccup at least got to sit next to Jack so he didn't mind. It was nice to see the college teen in a natural light, so much so he wanted to draw him right there. Especially when he smiled and laughed, his eyes squinting and his cheeks flushed.

Finally checking his phone, Hiccup realized it was almost time they had to go home. He stood, spotting Toothless on the swings with another child as they laughed. "We have to head back, but uh, it was nice seeing you." He shrugged his shoulders and Jamie nodded back.

"Remember, we'll text each other about Friday." Jack smirked as Hiccup ducked his head in agreement. "Alright then, see you around Hiccy."

"B-Bye," Hiccup said quietly.

He managed to get Toothless from the swings and they headed for home, but before they left the park, he glanced over to Jack, finding he was too deep in a conversation with Jamie to notice him staring. His voice caught in his throat, wanting to call to Jack and have him aim that crooked smile his way. Ignoring the emotions trying to flood his head, he ran once more to catch up with Toothless, wondering if he could really get Astrid on his side.

* * *

><p>Hiccup, parties don't solve emotional issues...

Kisses and unicorns

~Shi

17. Chapter 17

**Hiccup wanna party but Astrid ain't into that shit yo. **

* * *

><p>Tuesday morning was cold and the sun shone down, making Hiccup squint his eyes as he looked up briefly, waiting for Astrid. When she finally came, he nudged her in the shoulder, smiling.</p>

"What's with the goofy grin lover boy?" She asked, smiling as well.

"Well, yesterday I got to hang out with Jack again," he said, feeling a little proud of himself. "But of course there was Toothless and his friend. So there wasn't much talking." Sighing, he jumped over a crack. "By me anyways."

"Aw, sorry to hear that Romeo." Astrid ruffled his hair in a comforting motion.

Hiccup tried to take his chance. "But," he raised a finger, "he did invite us to a party on Friday—"

"No."

"Astrid it's just—"

"I said no. I'm not going to a party and neither should you. End of discussion." She gave an overbearing parent look and Hiccup shoved his hands into his jacket pockets, trying to stay calm as they approached school. He would need to try again tomorrow. It was the only way.

* * *

><p>Sitting at lunch Wednesday, Hiccup thought he could get another chance to ask Astrid to go to the party again. The only thing was, there seemed to be an extra person sitting with them, and they weren't leaving no matter how many looks they were getting from the gang.</p>

"Uh," Astrid tapped her fingers against the table, "Tuffnut, you do realize you're sitting at the wrong table, right?" She gave a quick glance to Hiccup who shrugged defensively, completely unaware of what the older boy's motives were when he slid his tray down and sat next to the skinny teen at the beginning of lunch.

"This is America, I can sit where ever I want," Tuffnut said with a mouthful of chicken. He lowered his head for a moment, swallowing. "I just don't want to sit with them right now. They're pissing me off." He gripped his fork tighter, so much that Hiccup thought it was going to snap in half.

Sophie seemed terrified by the older boy, her emerald eyes wide. Fishlegs moved from his regular seat so he could sit next to her and comfort her. After a while she seemed to forget that Tuffnut was even there and was smiling with Fishlegs as he explained a book he was reading.

Hiccup fidgeted, uncomfortable with the stares they were now attracting. Across the lunch room, Snoutlout's table had a new habit of turning around to glare at them. Ruffnut just gave a confused and hurt look to her brother every now and then, brushing her long braid

off her shoulder as she turned back to Snoutlout.

As he picked at his food, Hiccup cleared his throat. "So Astrid, about Friday—"

"No! Hiccup seriously; you know I don't do parties, even more so when," she lowered her voice, "alcohol is involved."

He bit his lip and gave his best pleading look. "I never said there was going to be alcohol or that you have to drink if there was any," he whispered. Tuffnut watched the two of them, surprisingly not inputting any comments. "Look, just please think about it, for me?"

"Hiccup," Astrid muttered, covering her face.

He smiled and tilted his head. "Can I take that as a 'maybe'?"

* * *

><p>After school walking home was filled with tension as Hiccup fought with himself if should keep trying to ask Astrid to go to the party. It was already Thursday and his hopes were falling slowly. He kicked at a rock and Astrid suddenly stopped, crossing her arms. "Hiccup, I know you're trying to get me to go the party again."</p>

"It'll just be one night and we'll have fun." He shrugged and looked her, not even trying much anymore. "_Please_," he added tiredly.

She shook her head slowly. "Why do you need to go so badly? Are you just trying to act cool so you think Jack will like you?" Her voice was accusing and Hiccup looked away, freckled cheeks heating. "That's not the way to do this Hiccup," she said lightly.

He pursed his lips and glared. "Then how should I do this Astrid?! How should I get this guy's attention? He might not be even gay and I'm just trying to spend time with him because it makes me happy, alright!" Shaking, he swallowed and tried to keep his tone steady. "I-I'm sorry but, I just really like him and I don't know what to do. I thought this party could be my chance to find out more about him butâ€|" He trailed off, green eyes falling to the floor.

Astrid pulled him into a hug, squeezing him tightly. "I'm sorry Hic; I guess I just don't know what you're going through." She pushed him away so they could look into each other's eyes. "You really like him don't you?"

Hiccup flushed and nodded. She sighed and punched him hard in the chest. "I hate how you can be so innocent about something like this. Ugh," she moaned, "alright I'll go to the freakin' party." He brightened and she pinched his cheek. "But," she warned, "there will be no getting drunk, no random sex, and there better be a designated driver."

He hugged her, wrapping his arms around her neck. "Yes! Astrid I love you! Thank you!" He kissed her cheek multiple times before a man passing by coughed and they broke apart. "You're the best, you have no idea!"

She smirked. "I think I have an idea of just how awesome I am." They continued their walk home. "So how exactly are we doing this? My parents will probably kill me before they let me out into a party, especially a college party."

"Jack said we can figure something out. I'll call him tonight and then we can think of a plan." Hiccup laughed and threw his head back smiling. "Thank you Astrid, really. This means a lot."

"Let's just say you owe me one, okay?" She nudged him. He nodded and slung an arm around her shoulder, walking like that for the rest of the way.

* * *

><p>Hiccup was beaming Friday morning, his heart stuttering every time he thought about the party. He had called Jack immediately when he got home and had devised a plan to get both him and Astrid to the party without anyone else knowing. That is, if Astrid didn't abandon him at the last minute. He knew she didn't want to go and he was only forcing her for his own selfish reasons, but he hoped she would at least have a little fun once they got there.</p>

Astrid came up from behind and hooked arm around his neck, pulling his head down. "So? What's the break out plan?" She asked, a little excitement could be detected in her voice.

"Well don't break my neck and I'll tell you." She released him and he pushed his brunette hair from his face, grinning. "Alright, so I told my mom that I'm going over to Jack's to study for the night and then I'm going to stay late because of a huge test. Then, we go and pick you up and you tell your parents you're going to be with me the whole night." He explained, moving his hands around as he talked. "We hang out at Jack's for a while and Jamie comes and claims he's dropping us off home with Jack, who says he's going to stay at Jamie's. Then we all just go to the party." Hiccup had to admit; even he was a little confused by the plan.

"And you're sure this is going to work?" Astrid gave him a weary glance.

He raised his shoulders and waved a hand in the air. "It's worth a shot," he sighed. A car passed by with the twins in it, Tuffnut driving with Ruffnut in the passenger seat. Both of them looked like they were arguing as they pulled into the school's parking lot. "Hey, do you know what's going on with Tuffnut? He's been," he paused, "weird lately."

Astrid shook her head. "I thought you knew what was going on. He seems to be sticking close to you after what happened with Snoutlout." They dashed across the street to the get to the school gates. "He could be trying to be a bodyguard or something."

Hiccup rolled his eyes. "Yeah and I'm the Queen of England."

"Well," she raced ahead, laughing, "the Queen of England needs bodyguards, doesn't she?"

* * *

><p>It was passing period between seventh and eighth. Hiccup was at his locker, grabbing his Spanish book since he always seemed to forget it when they needed it in class. Just as he was about to leave, he bumped into someone's shoulder, apologizing quickly. When he looked up he wasn't surprised (anymore) to find Tuffnut standing there, shoulders hunched. "Hey," he said, "what's going on?" Now that Tuffnut had been sitting with them at lunch every day, Hiccup found the teen wasn't as bad as he initially thought.</p>

Tuffnut's eyes were averted, like usual when they talked. "Nothing, I just wanted to walk you to class," he muttered. "You have Spanish right?"

Now Hiccup was shocked to find that the blonde haired boy actually knew his schedule. "Yeah, you don't have to though, I mean, you have class too right?" When he shook his head, Hiccup narrowed his eyes. "But, everyone has an eighth period."

"Not when you take a college credit course at Berkly, then you get a free period for eighth." He smirked, finally looking Hiccup straight in the eye. His irises weren't as dark as Hiccup thought they were, in fact they were a nice hue. They made their way down the hall, ignoring the warning bell to get to class. "You probably thought I wasn't that smart huh?"

"Well, you never really said much to me, soâ€œ!" He didn't want to agree, though it was true. Tuffnut was always one of those boy's Hiccup thought were mindless zombies of Snoutlout's.

"So you didn't think I was intelligent," he finished for the boy. Hiccup flushed and looked away, cringing. "It's alright; a lot of people think the same thing." The smaller teen was about to protest but someone knocked into his shoulder, causing him to stumble slightly.

"Oh, sorry, did I interrupt your guys' date?" Snoutlout cackled. Hiccup ignored him, turning back to Tuffnut who was snarling. There was no one else around of course so it was the perfect time for Snoutlout to tease them. "Wow, watch it, your gay might rub off on all of us." Hiccup pinched his lips tightly, hoping his cousin would just walk away. But sadly, Snoutlout wasn't that smart. He grabbed Hiccup's arm, swinging him around roughly, one foot slipping so he collapsed onto one knee. "Are you listening to me faggot?"

As he tried to speak and stand, Snoutlout was pushed away, shouting something he couldn't comprehend in the struggle.

Hiccup's ears filled with the sound of flesh hitting flesh, the cries of Snoutlout as he tried to get away, and Tuffnut as he screamed. He was being merciless, his fists connecting with Snoutlout's face at a quick pace. "Don't you goddamn touch him!" He growled, knuckles digging into the other teen's cheek. "You asshole you don't understand a goddamn thing!" Hiccup stood, mouth open as he tried to scream, but no words managed to form.

Students were running around corners to come and catch a glimpse of the fight, some cheering others whispering. Someone called for a teacher as Snoutlout was trying to protect his face with his arms. Tuffnut ignored them all, continuing his beating, his eyes only glancing up to catch Hiccup's gaze.

Hiccup backed away, holding onto his backpack tightly, not sure what was going on anymore. He never wanted this to happen; he never needed someone to help him out. Tuffnut moved on his own, there was no way Hiccup could stop him.

Finally a teacher came through, pulling the two boys apart. Snoutlout's face was bloody and swelling fast, his mouth red and Hiccup assumed he was missing a tooth or two. Tuffnut was completely unscathed except his fists which he still didn't uncurl. His knuckles were bleeding and scraped pretty badly. When he went to wipe the corner of his mouth, he left a streak of scarlet, like battle paint.

"What is going on here?" The teacher asked, dumbfounded. "Tuffnut, what exactly happened?"

Tuffnut looked to Hiccup again who could only hope he wouldn't get involved; he was already going to have enough issues when his father heard word his cousin got beat up. Instead, the older teen just sniffed and glared at Snoutlout. "He was talking shit," he muttered. The teacher just opened his mouth, not sure how to respond to that.

"What the hell man?!" Snoutlout cried, covering his face as he stood, almost falling over. "I wasn't even talking about you and you beat the crap out of me?!" Hiccup took another step back, bumping into someone who came to get a better look.

Tuffnut almost jumped him again, arms swinging wildly in the air as the teacher held him back. "It doesn't matter who the hell you were talking about! You don't say shit like that!" He shouted, kicking out his leg to connect with the other teen's stomach. The teacher dragged him farther away, knowing there would only be more violence if things kept up the way they did.

"Snoutlout go to the nurse's office and once you're done there, I will be expecting you at the dean's office," he ordered. Snoutlout grabbed his bag and as he pushed through the crowd, he shoved Hiccup extra hard, causing him to fall to the floor.

Tuffnut gave an outraged cry, almost breaking free from the teacher. "Tuffnut! You need to report to the dean's office right now!" When the blonde teen was let go, he ran a hand through his hair and hurried away, eyes straying on Hiccup. Ruffnut seemed shocked as she trailed behind her brother, trying to go talk to him but he shook her off. She showed up a few minutes after the fight had been broken up.

"Anyone else want to join us in the dean's office?" The teacher looked around, out of breath and flustered. "Then get back to where you belong and don't pull stuff like this." The crowd dispersed and Hiccup got to his feet shakily, running into the nearest bathroom where he locked himself into a stall and vomited. Never had he seen Tuffnut become so violent, never had he seen that look on anyone else but himself before.

It was the same look Hiccup had when his father made a snide comment about homosexuals and their 'lifestyle'. It was the same look Hiccup had when Snoutlout first started bullying him. It was the same exact

look of pain and rejection. The fear of not belonging passing through his eyes and the panic rising in his voice. All of it was familiar.

His phone vibrated and he wiped his mouth answering it.
"Hello?"

"Hiccup what the hell happened?! I heard there was a huge fight in the hallway between Tuffnut and Snoutlout! I asked to go to the bathroom right now, but I got worried when you didn't come to class." Astrid was almost shouting and Hiccup moved the device away from his ear. "Did you see anything?"

"I don't know what happened really," he whispered. Anyone could walk in and here so he had to be careful. "Tuffnut was walking me to class and we were talkingâ€| Snoutlout was bothering me and he said something, then all of a sudden, Tuffnut just snapped. Like, he literally threw Snoutlout to the ground and began to beat him senseless." The scene replayed itself in Hiccup's head and he shuddered. "He wouldn't stop; he just kept beating him up until a teacher came."

"Damn," Astrid murmured, "I wish I would have seen it."

"Astrid, this is serious. Snoutlout is my cousin and if my uncle finds out I was somehow involved in this, my dad is going to be the first person to question me." Hiccup bit his lip and stood, flushing the toilet. "I'm going to get in so much trouble it's not even funny."

"Hiccup, relax, you weren't actually fighting and Snoutlout is too much of a chicken to say anything. Tuffnut-well we'll just leave him to his own." There was the sound of a locker shutting. "Are you in the bathroom?"

"Yeah, I just ran in here. I didn't feel good after watching that," he sighed, going to the sink.

There was the sound of someone walking down the hall over the phone. "Are you sure you still want to go to this party tonight, I mean, after all thatâ€|" He paused as he scrubbed his hands.

"No," Hiccup said. "I want to go. I'm fine Astrid. I think I really want to go now just so I can shake all this off." He laughed but it was weak. "I'm heading to class alright?" He grabbed his book and dried his hands on his pants.

"If you say so," Astrid muttered. "See you there amigo."

* * *

><p>Ef balls... I don't know what I'm doing with my life anymore. But yeah. Party time.

Kisses and unicorns

~Shi

I had a good portion of the party scene already written out so that's why It's up so fast... and the fact that I've done nothing all day.

* * *

><p>Hiccup was in his room, pacing frantically as he tried to calm himself down. Right as he had gotten home, he tried to act like everything was fine. But when that wasn't working; he locked himself in his room, claiming he was working on an art project. There was no way his dad would hear word about Snoutlout getting beaten upâ€¦ would he? His mind was so clouded with Tuffnut and Snoutlout he could barely concentrate on the fact that Jack was about to pick him up.</p>

He was already dressed to leave, hoping he at least looked somewhat appealing, not that he was trying to impress Jack or anything, well, maybe just a little. The tight, long sleeved V-neck he was wearing hugged his slim waist while his jeans (Astrid probably couldn't even have fit into them) were practically skin hugging no matter which way he bent.

He got a text from Jack saying he was waiting outside and his heart leapt out of his chest. Grabbing a jacket he bolted down the stairs, only to run into Stoick. "Where are you heading off to so fast?" He asked, clear eyes narrowing.

"I told you last night that I was going to Jack's so he could help me study." Hiccup slipped on his jacket, hoping his dad would move out of the way soon. "Don't you remember?"

Stoick shook his head, moving past so he could get up the stairs. "Must have slipped my mind." The hesitation in his voice showed the disapproval he still held towards Jack. Hiccup just hurried to the door; calling out to his mom he was leaving. He didn't want to be asked questions anymore. He just wanted to forget everything and be with Jack. As he spotted the college teen's car, he smiled warmly, breath clouding in front of him.

Jack watched as he slipped in, grinning. "So jail bird, you ready for tonight?" Hiccup flushed and buckled himself up, nodding. "Good, I'll show you a good time Hiccy, don't you worry." He closed his eyes for a moment and just let himself relax, leaning against the seat as they pulled away. "Now for your partner in crime," Jack said, heading towards Astrid's.

* * *

><p>Hiccup shifted, suddenly aware that he was sitting close to Jack. Emma was busy talking with Astrid as they played video games. The two seemed to connect the instant they met, both giggling and whispering to each other. Astrid was actually good competition for Emma as they both started yelling at the screen of the television, fingers mashing the buttons to no end.</p>

Jack shifted and laughed as Emma screamed. His shoulder knocked into Hiccup's and the young teen stiffened with his hands between his knees. He had to admit that Jack looked amazing, even relaxed in his outfit, though he probably didn't spend hours picking it out. It was

just a simple t-shirt and light jacket, skinny jeans to pull it off. His hair was doing that cute thing Hiccup loved, where the ends swooped up in fluffy points.

"-Hiccy?"

Hiccup blinked, snapping out of his thoughts as Jack nudged him gently. "Ah, sorry, what did you say?" He flushed, rubbing the back of his head.

"I asked if you're ready for tonight," Jack said with a grin.

"Y-Yeah," he smiled shyly. "What time is Jamie coming?" He kicked out his feet but stopped, feeling like he might seem childish. Jack was in college, so it was only right that Hiccup acted more mature around him.

"Around ten, then we should get to the," Jack winked, "house around ten fifteen. Give or take a few minutes, but we should be fine."

"Sounds good," he said. It was only nine as they sat around watching the girls play. After Emma beat Astrid in a round, she turned and smirked at the boys, tilting her head. Her eyes strayed on Hiccup and he wondered if everyone was staring at him. Was he suddenly that amusing to the world? Jack moved and Emma quickly turned away, going back to the game as Astrid claimed a rematch.

After a few more minutes of Astrid and Emma fighting to claim the top spot, Tooth came down and laughed as the girls shouted in unison while the boy's sat back on the couch. Jack leaned back and propped his arm up on the back of the couch. Hiccup was careful this time to sit back, but watched out for his arm, resting his head against it softly. "Hey, Jamie is here you guys," she called down the stairs. Jamie came down after her, waving.

"Thanks, my mom says hello," he said as he walked past. "You guys ready to go then?" He jerked a thumb behind him and Jack stood, arm brushing against Hiccup's neck in the motion.

"Yup, sorry squirt, Astrid must come with us," he said. Astrid stood and Emma let out a groan, eyes flicking to Hiccup for a moment. The boy hurried to Jack's side, hiding his eyes with his hair. "Maybe Astrid can come over another time with Hiccup."

"Be careful driving Jamie," Tooth patted the boy's shoulder. "See you." She kissed Jack's cheek and he laughed, shying away. Hiccup stared for a moment, finding he had never seen Jack with such a tender expression before. The way he shrank back and his eyes crinkled in the corners as his mouth tilted up. "Bye guys."

The group traveled upstairs and as they got outside, Jack stopped and motioned to Astrid. "Jamie, this is Astrid, Hiccup's friend."

Jamie glanced over at first, seemingly uninterested, but when his eyes landed on Astrid, he turned fully, freckled cheeks red. "Uh h-heyy," he said.

Hiccup was waiting for a cool reply, instead though, she did

something he had never expected her to do in a million years. She stepped closer and giggled. Astrid giggled. Because of a guy. Hiccup was blown away as they shook hands, both looking into each other's eyes a little too long. "Now that we're all friends, why don't we get going?" Jack was bouncing on his heels, obviously excited.

They piled into the car, Jack up front with Jamie of course and the two nervous high school kids in the back. Both of them were panicking as they pulled away from the curb, but there was no turning back nowâ€| was there?

* * *

><p>Jamie pulled up against a curb, the whole street lined with cars it seemed. "Looks like we're going to have to walk for a little bit. There's no parking right now." They got out and he looked down the street, one house over flowing with people. It wasn't hard to tell which house had the party as they walked together.</p>

Hiccup fell back and pulled Astrid with him, gripping her close. "What exactly happened earlier between you and Jamie?" He whispered in her ear, fingers digging into her arm. "You actually looked like you were flirting!"

She blushed and moved his hand from her arm. "Shut up," she muttered, "I was just being friendly. Besides, it's not like I want to be here." He gave her a look and she turned her nose up in the air. "I'm only here for you and no other reason."

"Yeah, okay." Hiccup snorted as they approached the house, people shouting greetings to Jamie and Jack who waved back.

There were so many people crowding around the porch, some smoking, others drinking. Hiccup and Astrid moved closer to their friends, finding it would be safer that way. A large guy came up to the two and hugged them, making a comment about the 'two kids' they had trailing them. Hiccup flushed and clenched his hands at his side.

Jack looked back at Hiccup and ruffled his hair, smiling as the guy moved away. "Don't worry; I've seen younger kids than you attend these things." They made their way inside, gagging due to the smokers waiting by the door since nowhere else in the yard seemed appropriate to smoke. "Here, come on." Jack reached back, grabbing Hiccup's hand tightly to pull him through the hall of people. Jamie did the same with Astrid who blushed instantly.

Music was shaking the house as they traveled through it. There were greetings from almost everyone, some of them laughing, others drunk. Almost all the guys they passed eyed Astrid up while the girls looked to Jack or Jamie. Hiccup was invisible. Like always. He felt his stomach go cold and wondered if the whole night was going to be like this. "Let's start with the dancing, alright, get you warmed up." Jack's fingers were a reassurance for the young teen who nodded.

The dance floor turned out to be the dining room cleared out of furniture so there was room for everyone. Guys and girls were all over each other as the pounding of the music moved their bodies. Hiccup felt sick as Jack managed to squeeze in the middle, flinging

his arms up in the air as he chatted with people he knew. Jamie stayed close to Astrid, giving any guy that tried to come near a dirty look, which Hiccup supposed was a good thing since he had always heard stories about parties.

Hiccup stood by himself, his heart beating erratically to the music as he moved slowly. He desperately prayed for Jack to come back and just stand near him. His face burned as someone bumped into him, spilling some kind of alcohol on his shirt. There was a 'sorry man' and he felt like he just wanted to die. _Was there a point of me coming here_? He thought, folding his arms across his stomach defensively. _I should've said noâ€_|_

"Hey," someone said in his ear. He froze, until he recognized it as Jack's voice. His body relaxed as Jack came closer, still dancing to the music. "What's wrong?" He shouted so the boy could hear.

Hiccup shook his head, swaying slightly. "Nothing," he tried to smile. Jack stared at him and he sighed, stepping closer. "I-It's just I'm sure what to do," he admitted. Jack took his hands and put them up in the air with his, laughing as they moved together.

"Jack!"

"Just move with me and you'll be fine!" Hiccup swallowed and closed his eyes, feeling Jack's fingers wrapped around his wrists. He slowly let his body move with Jack's and soon they were both smiling, moving closer till they were practically pressed together. Jack bent down, lips brushing Hiccup's ear. "See, you're fine Hiccup, just stay with me and I'll protect you." The sincerity in his voice almost made Hiccup's legs give out.

He nodded and could feel Jack's thigh move against his, sweat collecting on his skin. He had never realized how hot it had gotten with everyone smashed together in one room. But Jack's hands were cool against his skin as they kept dancing. At some point Hiccup threw his head back to laugh, eyes closed and cheeks flushed. Jack pressed their foreheads together, chuckling as well. "That's it," he said loudly, "just let loose!"

Hiccup did exactly that, swaying his hips in ways he had never thought about doing and it was all because Jack was there, encouraging him. Soon he had forgotten about the fight in school or the fact that his love life was a sham. He was with Jack and that's all he seemed to focus on as they grinded against each other by accident. "That's my Hiccy, just keep dancing, have fun!"

I'm his Hiccy. I'm hisâ€|_ Hiccup screamed out of joy, cheeks hurting from smiling so much. He could feel Jack's wonderfully blue eyes on him as he moved_. I wonder if he likes my dancingâ€_|_ Ignoring the dark voice in his head that denied all the fun they were having, he kept moving to the beat.

He didn't know how much time had passed, but eventually Jamie and Astrid managed to get over to them, tapping on Jack's shoulder. "We're going to get something to drink, it's hot in here." Jack nodded, helping Hiccup to stumble into the kitchen, all four of them out of breath and sweating. Astrid brushed away the strands of golden hair that stuck to her skin. Jamie grabbed a cold water bottle and held it to her neck, smiling as she shrieked (_shrieked!_) and pulled it out of his hand.

Jack went over to the large keg that was set on the counter, a group of people standing around it, all drinking from the infamous red cups. He came back with two cups, passing one to Hiccup that only had at least half a cup full. Astrid gave him a motherly look as he sniffed at it. Jack took a sip from his and smiled. "Jamie, you sure you don't want any?" He asked.

"No man, I'm designated driver, can't." He shrugged and Astrid, though Hiccup could have been seeing things, moved closer. "You guys have fun tonight," he said as he leaned against the counter.

"Whatever you say." Jack took another sip and looked around into the other rooms, grinning. They stood around for a while, just talking with others as Jack wandered away, leaving Hiccup to feel like the third wheel. Finally, the blue eyed boy came back, going straight to him. His fingers curled around Hiccup's hand once more, pulling him out of the kitchen. "Come on, I saw something that looked like fun!"

Jack tugged him into the living room where it seemed there was a game going on. As they got closer, Hiccup's worst fears were beginning to come to life as it turned out the game was actually spin the bottle, his heart hammering in his chest. Jack laughed and gave his half full cup to some guy who gladly took it. There was at least close to nine people already sitting in a circle, six girls and three guys, all waiting to see if anyone else wanted to join.

Hiccup held his drink with both hands, trying to seem preoccupied with his shoes. "Hiccy," Jack laughed, "just remember to let loose and have fun." He took the cup from his hands and gave it to a stranger to hold. And before Hiccup knew it, he was thrown into the circle of people on the floor, empty beer bottle in the center.

A girl with brown hair looked at Hiccup and turned to Jack. "Are you sure he wants to play, he looks sick?" Jack just glanced at Hiccup and waved away the girl's concern. Jack! She's right!

"He's perfectly fine." He clapped his hands together, smile wide as he looked around. "Now, who's first?"

Oh noâ€|_

The game started and luckily Hiccup was never chosen to be kissed, but his stomach flipped every time the bottle passed by. Mainly there was a catcall when girls kissed and when it was the guys there was always some person in the room to call out 'gay'. If it was just a boy and a girl they laughed and kissed, there were no hesitations.

The game went on for a few minutes and even Jack wasn't getting kissed, much to Hiccup's relief, but it soon turned to dread when it came to Jack's turn. The white haired boy looked around deviously and winked at a girl who laughed at him. "Who's the lucky one that gets to kiss me, hm?" Hiccup watched his every movement, his fingers reaching for the bottle, flick of the wrist as it began to turn.

The bottle spun rapidly and Hiccup almost cried out as it began to slow near him, only to have it land on the girl next to him. She was

bright blonde and everything a guy would love, well, at least what Hiccup thought other guys would love. Jack moved over, reaching for her as she let out shriek of pleasure that made Hiccup flinch. Jack had to lean over Hiccup in order to get to her, which only made things worse.

Throughout the whole game, the kisses had been nothing but pecks or a few seconds long. But when Jack kissed this girl, he collapsed on her and everyone began to cheer as they kissed, the game forgotten. Hiccup stood immediately, walking away as his cheeks heated painfully. His stomach rolled and he leaned against a wall for a moment, trying to make sure he didn't vomit on anyone. _The way he kissed herâ€| The smile on his faceâ€|_ He groaned as pain shattered through his chest.

He knew Jack wasn't like him. Hell he didn't even know if Jack was even interested in him, but now... now he was sure of it. He was never going to get close to Jack in a romantic way. It was obvious to him._ I was so stupid to believe that he would even find me attractive. I hate thisâ€| I hate this so much._

He wandered past people, his head dizzy with confusion. Someone smacked into his shoulder and didn't say anything as he just moved around them like a zombie, completely unaware. When he found Astrid, she was leaning across the kitchen counter talking with Jamie, both seeming to have a good time. Hiccup felt bad for interrupting them, but he wasn't about to stay at the party. "Hey," he said as he approached them.

Astrid took one look at him and was gripping his shoulders tightly, eyes meeting. "Are you okay Hiccup? You look like crap right now," she whispered. "Did you drink something weird? Take anything?"

He shook her off and looked at Jamie. "Can you please take me home?" He asked quietly.

Jamie put down his water and nodded slowly. "Uh, y-yeah sure. Just let me get Jack and-"

"No!" Hiccup grabbed his arm, letting go quickly when he got stares. "No, he's busy with a game right now and said that I can leave without him. I don't want to bother him." He gave a tight smile but the two others seemed unconvinced. "Can we please just go, I don't feel good. Not to mention it's getting pretty late."

"Sure, you guys wait out front while I bring the car around." Jamie shook out his keys from his pocket and disappeared into the crowd of people.

Astrid led Hiccup out, her hand tight on his. She kept glancing back, her clear eyes filled with worry as the boy didn't seem to look up. When they finally got out front and away from the smokers on the porch she pulled him aside, hands still clasped together. The cool air felt great against their skin, though it was getting very close to winter.

"Hiccup, seriously, what happened back there? I've only seen you like this once before and that was when you... you found out," she sighed, "you're... you know."

Hiccup glanced back at the house and shook his head, giving a small smile. "I got my answer at least," he managed to say. She tilted her head in confusion and he bit his lip. "The way he kissed her," he looked up to the stars, "it's just like you said. I was praying he would be like me and of course... He looked like he was enjoying it so much too." His emerald eyes shone and he wondered if he was going to cry, even though he didn't feel like it. He just felt numb. "I'm such an idiot." He mumbled as Astrid pulled him into a tight hug.

"Shut up, he's the idiot for not liking someone like you." Her grip tightened as his shoulders hunched. "He should have turned gay at the sight of you, that's how adorable you are."

He gave a weak laugh and pulled away. "Apparently not adorable enough." Their heads swiveled at the sound of a honk and found Jamie waiting with the car, as promised. "You can sit up front with him, it's alright." Hiccup nudged Astrid as they walked over and she flushed, looking at him.

"Are you sure?" He nodded and she tucked a loose piece of hair behind her ear. "I feel like such a scummy hypocrite," she muttered. "I'm flirting with a college boy while you're getting your heart broken." When they got to the car Hiccup nudged her once more for support and got in the back, lying down.

Jamie watched him through the rear view mirror. "Seriously Hiccup, are you sure you're okay? Nobody gave you anything strange right? Drinks, food, drugs?" Hiccup could see his brown eyes in the mirror, holding actual concern, probably because he was Astrid's friend, but it was nice.

"I'm alright, just tired," he lied.

The ride home was quiet and Hiccup just closed his eyes, curling up on the back seat until they arrived at his house. When he got in the house safely, Jamie turned to Astrid, his brow furrowed. "Is he seriously okay? Do we need to call a hospital or something?"

Astrid looked down at her lap and played with her nails. "No, he—" She didn't want to tell Jack's best friend about Hiccup's major crush on Jack himself. "He just found something out that wasn't good." Jamie tapped his fingers on the steering wheel, not saying anything. "It's the first time something like this has happened and well, I don't think he knows how to handle it."

"So I'm guessing you're not going to come back to the party with me?" Jamie asked half-jokingly. Astrid laughed and shook her head, a slight blush on her cheeks. "Yeah, thought so. Why don't I drop you off then." He started the car before she could answer. "Where to M'lady?"

Astrid gave him directions and he stopped in front of her house, turning his lights off in case she was sneaking back in. He didn't think she was that type of girl though. She got out and leaned in through the open window, brushing her hair from her face. "Thanks, I-I'll see you around I guess."

Jamie rummaged through his glove box until he pulled out a crumpled, but clean napkin and pen. He scribbled his number down and handed it

to her with a small grin. "Or you could call me," he suggested. She giggled and surprised herself, flushing as she stood up straight. "Bye," Jamie waved. He peeled away and drove off, watching her figure in his mirrors until she disappeared completely. He rested his head as he pulled up to a stop sign and let out a long breath.

"Damn," he murmured.

* * *

><p>Jamie pushed past people back at the party, waiting until he saw white hair flash by. He reached out and yanked Jack away from a girl as they were talking. She shouted and went to pull Jack to her but Jamie got in her face, smiling. "I need to have a little chat with my buddy here. If you'll excuse me." He dragged Jack upstairs to one of the empty rooms, locking the door in case a pair of idiots decided to nest.</p>

Jack smirked and sat down on the single bed. "Well Jamie, I thought we would take our relationship slow." He laughed and Jamie stalked over his shoulders hunched.

"Cut the crap Jack, this is serious," he said. "Hiccup and Astrid left earlier."

"What? Why?" Jack crossed his arms, remembering back to when he had lost Hiccup. It was during the spin the bottle game when he finished kissing some girl, Hiccup was gone and he just assumed he went to find Astrid, not leave. When he asked around they all said he had headed for the kitchen. "And are you just angry because I ruined your chances with Astrid?"

"That's exactly why I'm asking you, I don't know what happened to him. And we were simply conversing, but yes, I'm a little upset that she had to leave." Jamie ran a hand through his hair, tugging at the roots as he paced around the room. "What the hell did you do, the kid looked like he was about ready to vomit." The door knob rattled and he groaned. "Occupied!" He shouted and there was a muttering on the other side.

"I don't know, as far as I know he didn't drink or eat anything. I thought we were having fun." Jack rubbed the back of his head. "Did he say anything at all?"

"No, but when I said I was going to get you he flipped shit and told me not to tell you." Jamie finally took a seat on the chair next to the vanity opposite of the bed. His legs bouncing. "Do you remember anything at all or are you completely drunk?"

"I've only drank half a cup Jamie, I can hold my alcohol though you say otherwise." Jack frowned and shrugged absently. "I mean, during the game-"

"What game?" Jamie bit his thumb.

"Spin the bottle, some of us just thought it'd be fun to relive old times, but during it he seemed kind of nervous, but I just thought it was being around strangers." Jack explained, leaning forward. "He didn't get kissed or anything, but when it was my turn I kissed the girl next to him and when I looked up, he was gone. Nobody knew where

he went or why."

Jamie closed his eyes and thought back to what Astrid had told him. _He just found something out that wasn't good. _His leg moved faster, practically shaking the whole chair. _It's the first time something like this has happened and well, I don't think he knows how to handle it._ "So wait, explain this to me again. Throughout the whole game he stayed, but when you kissed this chick, he was gone. Just like that was out of there."

"Yeah, I thought he had gotten sick or something minor." Jack watched as his friend stood and starting pacing again, rubbing his chin in thought. "Jamie, seriously, why are you thinking so hard about this? I mean, if it was something serious he would have told me."

Suddenly, all of Hiccup's actions and words seemed appropriate. All the things he did were for a reason and it was all becoming clear. Everything was clicking into place and Jamie just stopped right in front of Jack and screamed. "Crap!"

Jack was taken aback, looking around the room nervously. "Is there something you would like to share?" He asked slowly.

Jamie looked down at his friend. "It _was_ something serious Jack, but he couldn't tell you. You're such an asshole man!" He spoke quickly, ignoring the hurt look from the other teen. "I thought I noticed it a while ago, the way he stares when no one else is looking and how he always listens to anything you say. It all makes sense now!" He threw his hands up in the air in revelation.

Jack stood, not following what Jamie was getting at. "I think you might need to explain this a little more clearly, what all makes sense now?"

Jamie grabbed him by the shoulders and looked him dead in the eye. "Hiccup likes you."

"I like him too, that's great and all but what does this have to do with anything?" Jack raised an eyebrow.

"No, no," Jamie shook him, "he _likes_ you. Like, he wants to kiss you." Jack was beginning to shake his head. "No, listen; every time I saw you guys together he'd follow your movements like a puppy. He always looks at you with this-this look of pure admiration. And tonight! Tonight when you kissed that girl, he left because he was jealous and thought he would never have a chance with you. It all makes sense now. And here I thought the kid was just being weird!"

It took a moment before all the information sunk in and Jack stepped away, shaking his head. "No, Hiccup doesn't like me that way; he's a good friend-"

"Jack, think about it for a second," Jamie insisted. "During the spin the bottle game, he wanted the bottle to land on _him_. He wanted _you_ to kiss _him_." He motioned to nothing, excitement getting to him. "I told you not to string him along otherwise this would happen, he's totally fallen for you."

Jack was beginning to fumble for a comeback. "He hasn't."

"Dude, he's fallen so hard not even Life Alert can save him now."

Now Jack rubbed his eyes. "You're seriously saying he's fallen in love with me." Jamie nodded. "Well, why wouldn't he tell me himself then?"

"Gee, I don't know, how about the fact that you flirt with almost anything that moves. He probably thought you were straight as a stripper pole and was afraid you'd be grossed out." Jack pursed his lips in annoyance. "Tonight when he saw you kiss that girl, he thought he got his answer. That's why he left, he just gave up."

"But I'm not—"

"Well he doesn't know that now does he?!" Jamie rolled his eyes angrily.

Jack frowned. "It was only a game though; I only just met the girl—"

Jamie stared at him as if he was growing two heads. "He. Doesn't. Know. That. Jack." He annunciated each word, trying to get his friend to understand. "Hiccup _doesn't_ know you were just playing the game. He _doesn't_ know you're not straight. He doesn't know and now he's at home probably crying or punching something out of the emotional scar you just gave him because you are too goddamn dense to notice he liked you."

The white haired boy let out a large sigh and flopped back onto the bed, covering his face with his hands. He didn't say anything until Jamie was sitting next to him. "So what do I do now? I mean, if he _really_ is in love with me."

Jamie shrugged, quieting down. "That all depends," he said.

Jack leaned up on his elbows to look at his friend. All the excitement and energy from the alcohol he drank was washing away. He wanted to sleep now. To just be alone and sleep. "Depends on what?"

Brown eyes met blue in a moment of seriousness, silence building before Jamie finally spoke softly. "That all depends," he paused, "do _you_ like Hiccup?"

"I—" Jack paused and closed his eyes in thought. "I don't know. I mean, he's cute and funny, but I don't knowâ€¢!" He trailed off, finally looking around the room once more. "He's Hiccup," he shrugged. "I really don't know how I feel about him right now."

Jamie gave a suspicious look for a moment. "You flirted with him perfectly fine if I remember correctly." Jack gave an innocent look and put his hands in the air. "Look, think about it really hard, could you see yourself kissing him?"

"Well it's not _that_ hard, yeah I can picture it. I can picture

myself kissing anyone though. Isn't there like a test I can take or something?" Jack sighed, closing his eyes. "Like a pregnancy test, just something simple."

Jamie snapped his fingers and smiled to himself. "I got it, the perfect test." Jack nodded, waiting to hear of the so called 'perfect test'. "The next time you meet up with Hiccup, no matter where or with who, you cannot touch him. Not even if it's just a hand shake. You have to do that for the next five times you guys hang out, although, I highly doubt he'll want to hang out with you now." He gave self-satisfied smirk. "Then we'll see if you truly like him."

"How will that work though, I mean, what if I'm perfectly okay with not touching him?" Jack asked, dubious.

"Then you don't like him I guess," he said flatly. "But if you're hormones are raging and you can barely keep yourself from kissing him, then that could mean you actually do like the kid." He stopped and looked at Jack for a moment. "Or you could just be a raging sex addict, either way the test should prove _something_."

Jack nodded slowly. "Fair enough."

"But first comes first," Jamie pointed sternly, "apologize to the kid and make sure he isn't a complete mess." Jack immediately took his phone out and began to text Hiccup, not even bothering to look up from his screen as he typed hurriedly. "Good, now your trial begins."

* * *

><p>*curls under covers* I don't know what real house parties are like so I basically modeled it off everything I've ever read andor watched... I don't go outside much so this is the best I can give. Sorry.**

Kisses and unicorns

~Shi

19. Chapter 19

Yeeeahh Jack finally starts his test...

* * *

><p>Hiccup didn't want to go to school. He didn't want to do anything really. Saturday and Sunday he stayed in bed the entire day and didn't even move when his mom announced they were having dinner. Toothless seemed a little worried, even bringing up some ice cream for his brother. Hiccup denied he was sick, emotionally or physically and claimed he just wanted a break from school work and what not.</p>

Jack had texted him late Friday night asking if he was okay for leaving early. He said he just felt sick and Jack accepted the lie, showing mild, _friendly_ concern before promising they would get to hang out once more.

But now Monday was upon him and he actually had to get up and get himself to school. Astrid caught up with him, hugging him tightly before they continued their walk to school. "You still not feeling any better?" She asked quietly, holding onto her backpack straps.

He shook his head, smiling. "I'll be fine. I mean, it wasn't like it was an actual relationship or anything. It was a crush and I'm sure there are other guys who are willing to demote themselves to be with me." Astrid punched him in the arm roughly. "What was that for?" He cried out, rubbing the new bruise he was going to get.

"See, this is why you can't be happy. You're always bringing yourself down," she scolded. "Hiccup, you need to realize that you're amazing okay? I wouldn't be best friends with you if you weren't." Her gaze softened and she smiled. "Just because one guy you liked isn't gay doesn't mean it's the end of the world. You'll find someone. I'm sure."

Hiccup sighed and cracked a sincere smile. "Astrid, I think if I was straight, I would marry you." They both stopped laughing as the Tuffnut's car went by, but there was only Ruffnut in it. She spotted them and pulled over, rolling down the passenger side window. "What's going on?" He whispered as she motioned for them to come closer.

"I don't know," Astrid muttered. As they came to the window she bent down to see in. "What's up Ruffnut?" Hiccup stayed back slightly, feeling he was somewhat responsible for Tuffnut's absence.

"I just thought I'd let you know, I got his number from Fishlegs." Ruffnut ticked her chin at Hiccup who pursed his lips. Her hair was in its usual messy braid, large sweater hanging off one shoulder. "Gave it to Tuff because he said he wanted it. So don't freak out if you get any messages from him." She rolled her head and looked out through the windshield.

"And why would he need it?" Hiccup asked, eyeing her.

"Because," she snapped, "he's suspended for a week along with that idiot Snoutlout because they had to fight." Astrid went to calm her down but she simply sniffed and glared at the two, though it wasn't threatening. "Look, my brother has been acting weird lately and it has something to do with you." She jabbed a finger in Hiccup's direction. "Just talk to him and see if you can figure out what's going on."

Guilt started to consume him. He was so wrapped up in his own issues with Jack he completely forgot about the incident with Tuffnut and Snoutlout. Tuffnut was acting strange and Hiccup had a good hunch as to why, though he wasn't about to make any assumptions anymore after his fiasco with Jack. I should at least talk to him, he thought, make sure everything's alright.

He nodded, getting Ruffnut's attention. "Y-Yeah, I'll talk to him. Just tell him to text me and I'll see what I can do. I'm sorry about," he looked away, "the whole 'getting your brother suspended' thing." She nodded but didn't say anything, starting to roll her window up without another word. She pulled away quickly and the two looked at each other, raising their eyebrows. "Well, that was different."

Astrid narrowed her eyes as they started walking again. "So what _is_ up with Tuffnut, I mean, ever since we were little he's never acted like this once. Even when he had that concussion from when he fell off the slide he was never this crazy." Hiccup shrugged, not sure what to make of the boy either. As far as he knew they had usually stayed out of each other's spaces and lived peacefully. "I mean, what if he's, well, you know?"

He groaned. "I don't want to question any more things about people's love lives!" Astrid sighed and he looked at her. "Sorry it's just; I don't want to get mixed up in anything anymore. I'm going to live alone in my house with fifty cats and die a virgin. My felines will feast on my flesh before they run free in the wild." Now she made a face and he smirked. "You can have whatever is left of my sad life once I'm gone."

"So did Jack say anything at all after we left?" She ignored his dark outlook on life and looked to the school. "I mean, he had to have texted you or something, right? He's not that much of an asshole."

"Well he texted me to make sure I was alright, but of course he just thought I was sick and I went with the lie. I figured Jamie wouldn't say anything." Astrid bit her lip at remembering what she had said in the car; luckily Hiccup didn't seem to notice. "He said he wanted to hang out sometime soon."

"And are you?"

Hiccup tilted his head before rolling his shoulders in a half-hearted shrug. "I mean, I can't just ignore him otherwise he'll figure it out. If I just keep hanging with him as friends then nothing will go wrong and we can all move on with our lives." They crossed the street and got to the school gates, both ready to get inside as the chilly air was burning their eyes. "I just need to figure out where I can buy fifty cats and we'll be good."

* * *

><p>Everyone at the lunch table sat stiffly, eyes on Ruffnut as she ate next to Hiccup, not bothering to give an explanation of why she was sitting with them. It almost made up for the absence of Tuffnut and his suspension, though there was an awkward feel about it.</p>

Hiccup was eating slowly, still not feeling up to the whole 'let's do daily chores even though I just want to sleep' thing. His phone vibrated in his pocket and his heart leapt to his throat. Pulling it out quickly, he searched for Jack's name across his screen, instead came an unknown number.

Hey, it's Tuffnut. You're in lunch right?

He stared at the message for a moment before going to reply. _Yeah. Sorry for getting you suspended, you really didn't need to fight Snoutlout. I would have been fine._

Astrid motioned to his phone with her fork. "Jack?" She asked and Sophie and Fishlegs gave Hiccup a sympathetic gaze since they had

been informed at the beginning of lunch of his woes.

_No, the asshole deserved it. He's been getting on my nerves for a while now and it felt good to finally hit him. Sorry for scaring you though, that probably wasn't the best thing to do. Is my sister with you guys right now? _

He typed back, eye brows knitting together. "No, it's Tuffnut," he muttered. _She's sitting right next to me. Should I be worried?

_Astrid stopped eating and even Ruffnut turned to give a glance at Hiccup's phone.

As long as you don't make any sudden movements you should be fine. Hiccup actually smiled, a laugh bubbling from his lips as he read Tuffnut's message. Everyone looked at him and he flushed, clearing his throat. Tuffnut seemed different through text than in person with his drawling voice and habit of not looking people in the eye.

_Thanks for the advice. I'll be sure to take it. _

"So what does he want?" Astrid finally broke the heavy silence that was looming over them.

Hiccup rubbed the back of his head. "He was just apologizing for the whole fighting thing," he looked away, "though it wasn't even his fault." Ruffnut gave a laughed and bit into her sandwich like an animal would its prey. Maybe Tuffnut's advice was to be kept in mind.

_Listen, later after school would you want to hang out at the park. I mean, if you're up for it. I understand if you don't. You know whatever. _

A second message came.

_Just ignore that message. I'm sure you're busy. _

Hiccup smirked and felt that maybe a change of pace would be good after his whole issue with Jack. _Sure, why not. I'll be there after school_. It would also give him a chance to apologize in person for Snoutlout's idiotic behavior.

The bell rang and they all stood, getting ready to travel off to their classes.

Okay. I'll be waiting.

* * *

><p>Jack's leg kept bouncing as he looked around the park with Jamie. They were relaxing on a bench, though Jack didn't seem to understand the term relaxing anymore. He was able to get Hiccup to respond, but the boy just blamed his early leave on feeling sick. Jack knew the real reason and Jamie told him to just play along. He couldn't give anything away if his 'trial' was going to work.</p>

They were near Hiccup's house and Jack was wondering if Hiccup was going to come by. _Maybe I should text him and see if he wants to come over? Would that seem desperate or what? Wait, no, I shouldn't

be worrying about this!_ Checking his phone, he found that Hiccup's school was long since let out and the skinny teen would be home.

Jamie slapped his leg and shifted. "You need to calm down dude. I said we should go to the park and just take in some fresh air, not panic over nothing." He tugged his beanie down on his head and glanced at the few people who had braved the chilly air to come to the park. One boy had been leaning against a tree for close to an hour, always checking his phone like clockwork. "Hey," Jamie nudged Jack, "isn't that the one boy who comes to those high school college credit courses? I've seen him around before at Berkly."

Jack squinted at the kid. "I think it is. What's he doing here?" Much to their surprise, a certain freckle covered boy came through the park entrance. "Hiccup," he whispered and stood. As he was about to raise his arm to get the Hiccup's attention he stopped, watching as he went over to the boy against the tree. "What's he doing?"

Jamie stood, giving a dark smile. "Is someone getting jealous already?" Jack shook his head and pursed his lips. _Of course I'm not jealous. Hiccup is the one in love with me right? He should be jealous._ He shook his head again, more roughly and Jamie laughed. "Alright then, part one of the trial can begin now."

* * *

><p>Hiccup called out to Tuffnut who pushed off the tree he was leaning against. His hair was pushed back and the hat he wore kept it from falling into his face. Hiccup was able to get out of the house without having to worry about babysitting Toothless since the boy was at a friend's house for the evening. He could talk to Tuffnut without distractions. Such as Jack, his mind whispered.

"Hey," he said as they finally met.

Tuffnut nodded. "Hey." His nose was red and his cheeks flushed.

"Did you wait out here long?" Hiccup curled his fingers in his coat pocket, hoping to find more warmth. "I hope I didn't keep you waiting."

"No, I just got here," he shrugged. Hiccup gave a look of disbelief and the boy just waved it away. "Seriously don't worry," he muttered. "We can go sit down if you want."

"Uh, yeah sure." They made their way to a bench and Hiccup kept his eyes on the ground. "Listen, I'm seriously sorry for Snoutlout and everything he's done. He's an idiot but he is my family." He glanced at Tuffnut's hands clenched at his side, bandages along his knuckles and fingers. "How's your hand?"

Tuffnut casually looked at his fingers and sneered. "They're fine; Snoutlout's face took most of the damage." Hiccup gave a short laugh and the older boy seemed to smile slightly as they sat down. "And don't worry about it. It wasn't your fault. I just kept seeing him bully you and I was getting sick of it. I mean, you've never done anything to him so why should you take all his beatings?" He looked out over the park and for a moment Hiccup actually felt at peace with him there. "I understand the guy's dad is constantly pushing him, but

that isn't a reason to take it out on you."

I've never seen this side of Tuffnut. Hiccup opened his mouth to speak but there was the sound of footsteps crunching on the grass nearby and they both looked up. _Oh no. No not here. Not now_. He felt violently ill all of a sudden, but fear had him trapped as Jack and Jamie approached. _I can't catch a break can I?_

"You know them?" Tuffnut asked under his breath. When Hiccup just made a small noise in the back of his throat he glared at the two college boys. "Do you want to leave?"

"No," Hiccup finally spoke, his voice cracking. "They're fine." Jamie raised a hand and he waved back, though less enthusiastic. "Ah, Tuffnut, this is Jamie and Jack, friends of mine." Jack smiled and his eyes turned to Tuffnut, scrutinizing him.

"I'm Jack," he said. Holding out a hand he waited for Tuffnut to shake it and when the boy didn't he let it fall and glanced at Hiccup. "Hey Hiccup; I hope you're feeling better after Friday. Sorry I couldn't see you out."

Hiccup flicked a hand in the air, calm. "You were busy its fine." After he realized what he was saying he became quiet, shoulders hunching. _Of course he was busy, he was making out with a girl right in front of me._ Things were going to be even more awkward if he didn't start acting normal. "Sorry I left so fast, I didn't want to ruin your party buzz. Though you probably left your party buzz all over Jamie's car if what he said was true." Jamie looked between Jack and Hiccup closely, as if watching an experiment.

Jack had a moment of hesitation before smirking. "For your information I kept my party buzz to a minimum. No vomiting." Jamie nodded to confirm his words. "Besides, that wasn't even a real party."

Hiccup was aware that Tuffnut was shifting in his seat, clearly not understanding what they were talking about. "Well I guess you guys can sit down if you want. Tuffnut is that alright?" He looked to the scowling boy who just mumbled something and moved over. Much to Hiccup's relief Jamie sat next to him while Jack took the end seat, though there was a pang in his chest. _Now he won't even sit by me. Wow, I must really be bad at life._

"So Tuffnut," Jamie leaned forward, "I've seen you around Berkly before, you go there?" He tugged at his beanie again, eyes flickering to Hiccup for the briefest moment.

Tuffnut crossed his arms and leaned back. "I go there for a college credit course. I'm a Junior." He explained, though it seemed like he would rather be doing something else. Hiccup moved his arm to get comfortable and his hand accidentally brushed against his, causing him to jerk away. "Sorry," he mumbled.

Jack, who just been watching, narrowed his eyes. Are _they on a date or something? Hiccup wouldn't go out with someone like that? Would he?_ He looked at Tuffnut's long hair and baggy clothes. _I mean, he's nothing like me. Wait, crap._ Pinching the bridge of his nose he sighed quietly. _I just need to clear my head and make sure everything goes back to normal._

"Well that's cool you're getting your college credits early. Let me tell you, with Jack it's like fighting a battle every day. I swear I don't know how this guy shows up to class without me leading him there." Jamie patted Jack's back and Hiccup gave a short laugh. It wasn't like when they were dancing at the party, this was just a simple polite, laugh. There was no amusement in it. "Right Jack?"

"Maybe if someone didn't make me pick some of the earliest morning classes I wouldn't have this issue," he shot back playfully. Now they were arguing about schedules and when the white haired boy looked over to Hiccup, he was turned away, whispering something to Tuffnut so they both gave smiles. No. You like me. You're supposed to look at me- "Hiccup!" He shouted suddenly. The brunette's head whipped around and Tuffnut glared. "What do you plan on doing when you get out of high school?" Jack quickly asked, ignoring Jamie's elbow in his side.

"Oh," Hiccup said, "I, uhm, don't know completely. I mean, something with art would be nice." He ran his fingers through his hair nervously, eyes casted down to the floor. "I really don't know right now."

Tuffnut seemed to shift closer. "You draw right?" He asked, almost gently. "I see you sketch sometimes around school." Hiccup looked at him and flushed, nodding.

Now Jack bit down hard on his bottom lip, wanting so desperately to get Tuffnut away. No. I'm obviously just getting worked up over the fact he likes me. I can't seriously be getting flustered over this? He laughed out loud and the three boys looked over to him, all looking concerned, save for Tuffnut. "Sorry, just thought of something funny a girl at the party told me." Hiccup's eyes flashed with pain quickly before he turned back to Tuffnut.

"What the hell," Jamie hissed between them. "Are you trying to ruin everything?"

"I don't know it just slipped out!" Jack coughed. Did I just say it to make him jealous? "So Hiccup—" He stopped when he noticed the two were standing. "Where are you two going?"

"Home," Hiccup said. "Tuffnut is going to walk with me. See you." He waved and started walking away quickly, Tuffnut right in step. I just need to get home and relax. Just put all of this behind me. He sighed. "Sorry for dragging you along, that probably wasn't fun."

Tuffnut shook his head, a surprisingly gentle smile showing on his lips. "No, it's fine. It was cool to just sit and talk." They continued walking in silence until they were in front of Hiccup's house, sun already starting to set.

"So, you maybe want to do more sitting and talking again?" He asked, rocking back and forth on his heels. "I mean, I know I'm not the most popular kid in school and what not—"

"No, it's okay. I'd like to hang out more." Tuffnut stepped closer but then moved two steps back, body already turned to leave. "So, uh,

see you around I guess." Before Hiccup could respond he was gone, already jogging down the block. Hiccup laughed and shook his head, going inside to escape the cold.

* * *

><p>Jack let out a shout and a few mothers passing by gave a concerned look. "I can't believe how awkward that was! Ugh, and did you see that kid! He was clearly trying to move in on Hiccup!" He flung his hands in the air almost catching Jamie in the face. "And Hiccup barely even looked at me. I think you're wrong Jamie, the kid doesn't like me."</p>

Jamie leaned back and pursed his lips. "Well maybe if you didn't make things so awkward we wouldn't have this problem. Seriously, mentioning a girl at the party? Really Jack?" He rubbed his eyes and stood. "At least you got the first trial down. How do you feel?"

"I don't know," Jack muttered, "angry." He stood as well and stretched his arms.

They both headed for the exit. "Well, you didn't touch him and you haven't admitted you liked him." Jamie shrugged.

Yet, Jack thought but quickly shoved it deep into the back of his mind. "So?"

Jamie smirked, punching his arm lightly. "You passed the first trial."

* * *

><p>Jack you lil shit just admit it.

Hiccup you lil shit stop making him jealous.

Jamie you lil shit stop playing match maker.

Tuffnut... you keep being you.

p.s. thank you Takara yume for pointing out that name change. I fixed it now.

Kisses and unicorns

~Shi

20. Chapter 20

Ugh this week... so much drama and the grad party... finally FINALLY got this chapter finished. Bleh but it sucks and I can't...

* * *

><p>Jack had been texting him every night and if it weren't for the nagging voice in the back of Hiccup's head, he would have assumed everything was back to normal. The week had passed by quickly, seeing as Tuffnut had also been texting him. He would be back on Monday

along with Snoutlout, though Hiccup wasn't looking forward to facing his cousin. He supposed his dad hadn't heard word about Snoutlout's injuries, or if he did, he didn't know the details of the ordeal.<p>

It was finally Friday and Hiccup was ready to go to school then just go home and relax. That is, until he went down stairs, bag over his shoulder and stomach growling for some food. Toothless was shoveling cereal in his mouth as Hiccup sat next to him, propping his arms on the counter. "Guess what?" The younger boy asked, cereal and milk flying from his mouth.

"You need a napkin?" Hiccup flicked a soggy marshmallow away.

Toothless shook his head rapidly, his hair whipping around to smack him in the face. "No tonight Jack's is coming over for dinner!" He practically shouted and almost fell out of his chair, hands waving above his head. "Isn't that awesome!"

"Mom?!" Hiccup screamed as Val came in, box of cereal in hand. "You invited Jack to dinner tonight?"

"What? No," Val said. He was about to let out a sigh but she shook her head. "I invited his family over as well." He choked and coughed, covering his face with his hands as he tried to regain his composure. "Is something wrong with that?"

He shook his head and finally took a deep breath, rubbing his eyes. "No, it's fine; I just swallowed my spit weird." Standing he ignored the box of cereal on the counter, going to the door. "I'm heading off to school."

Val looked at him closely. "What about breakfast?"

"Not hungry," he stated. It was true, his appetite was suddenly gone.

Toothless glanced at his brother and back at the box in front of him. "Does that mean I can have more?" Val shot him a look, shaking her head quickly. When she looked up to talk to Hiccup he was gone. Sighing she sat down in his, now empty, seat and ruffled Toothless's hair. "What's wrong with him?" He asked.

"I don't know, hopefully it's nothing," she sighed.

* * *

><p>Astrid walked into math class and smacked Hiccup's arm, sitting next to him. "I didn't see you at all this morning, when did you even get to school?" She was really becoming worried for the boy, knowing that he was still pretty bummed out about Jack, though he seemed to be getting over it.<p>

"I left early," he said. Covering his eyes he groaned, leaning forward. "My mom invited Jack's family over for dinner tonight and I really just don't want to deal with this." Astrid leaned back in her desk, tapping her nails against the scratched surface. "I mean, seriously, I can't just sleep the entire weekend?"

"You did that last weekend though," she pointed out. The look on his face showed he didn't care about that and she sighed. "Look, you said it yourself, you're just going to have to deal with Jack and be friends. And that whole bit about the dying a virgin and cats thing will pass over." The teacher came in and the bell rang, students hurrying in. "We'll talk about this later."

Hiccup just nodded, "sure."

* * *

><p>"So he's just coming over for dinner with his family, big deal." Astrid ate a tomato and pointed her fork at Hiccup. Fishlegs and Sophie looked up from the book they were sharing every so often to see how the conversation was going. "He'll probably be too busy to notice how awkward you are." He gave her a humorless look and she smiled slightly. "Just relax Hiccup; it's not a big deal if you still like him."</p>

"It kind of is Astrid," he sighed.

Ruffnut leaned forward, eyes narrowed. "Wait a minute, you like someone?" The four of them hesitated and glanced at each other. "I don't care about the whole gay thing stupid," she added with an eye roll.

Hiccup nodded. "Well, yeah but it's complicated." She raised an eyebrow, waiting for him to elaborate. "He's not gay and we're friends, so I just sort of follow him around. There's truthfully no romance at all," he said. Now that he thought about, there truly was _no_ romance, just some playful flirting from Jack. _So what am I so upset about?_ He shifted in his seat and held his head up higher, finding some confidence. _There was nothing there so there's nothing to worry about now._ "In fact I'm pretty sure it's fine."

Astrid took a sip of water, wiping her mouth with the back of her hand. "Now why don't I believe that right now?"

Fishlegs shrugged. "I mean it wasn't like he had a chance if Jack is straight, so he might as well get over it soon." Everyone gawked at him and he ducked his head shyly. "W-What? Isn't that what he was just saying?"

"He's right," Hiccup said. "So I'm just going to have dinner with his family and make sure to remind myself that there's no way it can happen. I'm sure the crushing blow to my heart will heal eventually and one day when I-"

"Don't you dare bring up the fifty cats and virgin thing again." Astrid glared and Ruffnut laughed for a moment. "We're supporting you alright, so just get through that dinner for us and then we can all celebrate being sing-" she looked to Fishlegs and Sophie "-well the two of us being single."

Sophie flushed and tucked some messy hair behind her ear. "My brother has been texting you a lot lately," she said quietly. Now it was Astrid's turn to flush. "It's alright; he really seems to like you." Astrid looked at Hiccup apologetically and he waved her away.

"Please, like your love life is any of my business, as long as he's not a serial killer then I think we're good." He laughed and leaned back just as the bell rang. "Well time to go blow things up in chemistry."

Ruffnut smirked. "Man, I miss that class." She stood and swung her bag onto her back. "Me and my brother used to set things on fire when the teacher wasn't looking."

Hiccup threw his food away and the group began to move. "No wonder we had so many fire alarms go off last year."

She ticked her jaw proudly before she split off. "You're welcome."

* * *

><p>Jack sat in the back seat of Tooth's car, touching Emma's leg because he knew it annoyed her. She punched his arm as his phone vibrated and he quickly checked it, wondering if it was Hiccup. His parents were busy chatting about something and he looked at the message. Hey, so trial two begins now, huh? It was Jamie.

Yup, having dinner with the family. Who knows, he may have gotten over me and gone for the other guy. Emma tried to peek at his phone but he turned away, hiding it from her sight.

Is someone getting jealous again?

He frowned. _Hardly. Now if you'll excuse me, I have a dinner to go to_.

_Good luck dude. _

"I don't need luck," he muttered.

Tooth looked back at the two of her kids through the review mirror. "What was that Jack?"

"Nothing," he sighed. Emma started slapping his leg now and he quickly jabbed her in the side. She shrieked and they continued to fight until they came into the drive way of Hiccup's house. They both quieted down, staring at the structure.

"Time to go see Emma's boyfriend," North laughed.

Emma flushed and was about to argue, but Jack spoke up first. "He's not her boyfriend." She looked at him closely, lips pinching together. "What? You were going to say it anyways," he said. He got out, not another word from him as he traveled up the steps to the front door. When he got to the top he turned. "You guys coming or what?" He wanted to desperately get their minds off what he had said. He didn't even know why he said it himself!

As they got out of the car themselves, he rang the door bell. Within a few seconds the door was ripped open and Toothless was there, green eyes wide as Jack smiled. "Jack!" He shouted.

"Hey Toothless, I'm here for dinner, is that alright?" The young boy nodded and stepped out of the way. "I brought my family this time, so

you have more people to give tours to." Emma bounded up the stairs and seemed to become shy as Toothless came into view. "Toothless, this is Emma, my sister; she's about the same age as you."

Toothless looked between her and Jack, chewing on his thumbnail absently. "You two look nothing alike," he stated.

Emma flicked her hair across her shoulder. "You and Hiccup look nothing alike." She raised her nose in the air slightly.

The boy shrugged, unfazed. "Well yeah, I'm adopted."

She looked down immediately and Jack patted her back. "Oh, well, I see," she stuttered.

Jack laughed. "Nice going Squirt." Retina and North finally approached and Toothless backed away slightly, eyeing the larger man closely. "This is our mom and dad." He nodded and continued to walk away from them in fear.

"Mom! They're here!" He shouted and Val came, pulling her hair up into a messy pony tail. "Where's Hiccup and Dad?" He asked, going to stand behind her.

"Your father is taking a call again, and Hiccup is up in his room painting last time I saw him." She finally got her hair up and held out a hand to North, smiling. "I don't believe we've met, I'm Val, Hiccup's mother."

They shook hands. "I'm North, Jack's Dad." He smiled. "You have a lovely home and two wonderful sons I see." Toothless shrank back.

"Why don't you all come in and we can have some coffee or whatever you like. Jack," she turned to the boy, "you can go find Hiccup if you want. You know where his room is right?" He nodded and started off for the stairs, Toothless trailing behind slightly.

Jack looked over his shoulder. "And what in the world could you possibly be following me for?" He smiled and Toothless shrugged. "Bored?"

"Well Hiccup's painting and he doesn't like it when people bother him when he's doing art stuff. So I have no one to hang out with." He explained, kicking at the floor. "I thought we could hang out."

A distraction between me and Hiccup, he thought. That could work. "Sure how about—"

"Toothless, why don't you give Emma a tour of the house, I'm sure she wouldn't mind." Val was leading the Overlands into the kitchen and Emma came over, her head ducked slightly as Toothless eyed her. "Were you planning on doing something else?"

"No," he said, "I can show her around I guess." They stared at each other for a moment. "Soâ€œ you want to go see around the house?" She nodded and he finally looked to Jack before he headed for the living room. "Follow me." Emma also glanced at Jack and trailed behind a slight pout on her face.

Tooth gave a wave to Jack and disappeared into the kitchen with Val and North. Now he was alone. _Crap, now I have to go to Hiccup. But we can't touchâ€| his room is so small though! What if we accidentally brush shoulders or something?_ He shook his head and started up the stairs. _I guess we'll just have to see what happens._

Hiccup's door was closed and he knocked lightly, hearing some noise from inside the room. "Hiccy, it's me," he called. The door finally opened slowly and Hiccup stood before him, overly large sweater and baggy jeans. His hair was a mess and his face had speckles of paint blending in with his freckles. "I see you have clothes on this time," he said lightly.

His eyes flashed and he gave a small smile. "I guess you're not that special after all."

Jack laughed softly. "Well, I feel offended and it hasn't even been a good hour. Usually you wait a while before you start making fun of me." Hiccup moved and let him, warning to watch out for the paints scattered around the floor. "Am I interrupting something?"

"Now that you mention it," Hiccup trailed off. The look on his face meant he wasn't serious and Jack relaxed. "Its fine, I was just working on something." He went to go hide the painting, but Jack caught the edge of the canvas, pulling it gently from his grasp so as not to mess up the paint. "T-That's just something I thought I would try and paint, it's not too good butâ€|"

It was a dragon, black and sleek, falling through a light blue sky. Its eyes were a brilliant emerald, focused and fierce. Jack was impressed, the shapes and colors were beautifully amazing the way Hiccup had used them. _Of course it's amazing, Hiccup made it._ Something seemed familiar though. "The dragon reminds me of someone," he said absently.

"What are you talking about?" Hiccup stood next to him, thankfully not too close. "How could it remind you of someone, I made that dragon up?"

"I don't know," Jack sighed, "the coloring is somehow familiar." He squinted his eyes and snapped with his free hand, grinning at Hiccup. "Toothless, it reminds me of Toothless." Hiccup scoffed and went to grab the painting, fingers almost brushing Jack's hand. He startled and the painting fell, both looking in horror. It managed to hit on its side and luckily the paint landed face up, not ruining the dragon. "I am so sorry Hiccup, I didn't mean to do that, crap," he muttered.

Hiccup stooped down and propped the painting back up where he had it, a slight frown molding his mouth. "Its fine, you didn't ruin it." He began to pack up his paints, not looking up at Jack. "You can sit down on my bed, that way you don't drop anything else." It was meant to be a light joke but neither of them laughed. _Did he back away because I almost touched him?_

"Sorry, really, I guess I'm just jumpy." Jack climbed onto Hiccup's bed, scooting all the way back so his head leaned against the wall. "You know our families talking."

"Ah," he said. After everything was put away, he sat down on the

floor, back against his dresser. "So does it really remind you of Toothless that much, I mean, I never really meant for that to happen." His eyes trailed over to the painting, finding it did look like Toothless in a way.

"I think it's sweet," Jack cooed. "It shows that you care about your brother on a deep level enough to paint him as a dragon unconsciously." Hiccup flushed and he smirked. "Don't worry, I won't tell anyone you actually love your brother." Both of them smiled at each other, the air clearing of the tension it had earlier.

Hiccup laughed. "Yes, because otherwise my perfect reputation is ruined and I won't be the most popular boy in school anymore." Jack's smile fell for a moment, his eyes narrowing as he remembered something. "What? What's wrong now?"

"How did you get that bruise on your face, the one from a while back?" He asked, humor suddenly gone from his features. His voice was soft and that only made Hiccup nervous, yet his face didn't show it.

"I told you I got hit during gym," he said easily.

Jack shifted. "I want the truth."

Hiccup stared. "I gave you the _truth_."

Now both of their eyes were narrowed and the tension suddenly ballooned back, both suffocating in it. "Why don't you trust me enough to tell me the truth? I know it wasn't an accident during gym because I know _you_." Hiccup rolled his eyes promptly and Jack groaned. "Seriously Hiccup, I won't tell anyone if you just tell me what really happened."

"Look, it's nothing. Why can't you just drop it?" His voice rose sharply and he quickly quieted himself. "It was seriously just a volleyball to the face."

"It was a basketball."

Hiccup blinked. "What?"

"You said it was a basketball the first time." Jack pointed an accusing finger at him. "You're lying right now."

"That's what I meant; we're playing volleyball right now so I got them mixed up." He recovered from the slip up and sighed. "I promise you it's nothing." He spoke with his most sincere voice in hope that Jack would just move away from the topic. "And besides, I can take care of myself Jack; I don't need you watching over me."

"But-" The door opened and Jack calmed himself, putting on his best smile. Hiccup didn't seem to be as fast, mouth in a tight line as he stared at Toothless who peeked his head in. "Hey Toothless, what're you doing up here?" Emma glanced over from the boy's shoulder. "Ah, there she is."

"I wanted to show her Hiccup's room before dinner." Toothless opened the door the entire way and stepped in, Emma following. It seemed a lot more crowded with all four of them in there, silence seeming to

be the only thing around them.

Hiccup compared his brother to the painting, finding Jack was right; he had accidentally put Toothless's essence into the dragon. His emerald eyes flickered to Jack and was glad to see he was preoccupied with his sister. At least now he can't yell at me, he thought, standing up and stretching his legs. "Well why don't we go down and help Mom with dinner? I mean, if that's fine with you two."

Emma shrugged, too shy to say anything. Jack slipped off the bed, nodding. "Sounds like fun to me." No one but Hiccup seemed to notice the tense shoulder roll he did, head swiveling. "Lead the way Toothless." As they were leaving, Jack seemed like he was going to reach for Hiccup's shoulder, pushing him out the door, but his hand dropped away, clenching at his side for a moment.

They traveled down stairs and Hiccup was surprised to find Stoick actually talking with everyone at the dinner table, a set of drinks around them that showed they had been there for a while. His face seemed lighter than it usually was and the bags under his eyes less pronounced. Though there was still a wall he seemed to have built around himself, a smile barely, just barely showing on his face. He was being polite Hiccup finally decided, nothing more than entertaining the guests.

Val stood and went to the kitchen to check on something. Before she could completely leave, Hiccup caught her arm. "You need any help?"

"Why I would love some, Emma and Jack you can just sit down." She called and Emma looked around confused, not sure if she should take Val's orders.

Jack on the other hand gave his best smile, running a hand through his hair. "And leave a beautiful woman like you to work all by herself? I wouldn't dream of it." Val laughed and shook her head, obviously brushing off his compliments. When she walked away, all four trailed behind without another word.

"Well if you're going to help, Hiccup can you can please start getting bowls out, Toothless come here. Emma, help Hiccup, he's accident prone." There was a protest from the small teen and a giggle from Emma. "Jackâ€œ!" The boy smiled at her. "You just keep being you."

"Can do Ma'am, can do," he said. Emma went over to Hiccup who had to stand on his toes to reach the bowls, barely able to grab them, and he watched them. When the brunette boy finally got the bowls down, Emma pointed to his face.

"You still have paint all over your cheeks," she explained. Hiccup wiped his face with the back of his hands, not able to get it off now that the paint was dry. "Hold on." She went to the sink, grabbing the rag and wetting it slightly.

"I can do it myself," Hiccup laughed.

Emma made him bend down; wiping his cheeks like a concerned mother. They were both red, although, Hiccup's was more from Emma's harsh scrubbing. Jack pursed his lips and not sure what to do as he

continued to stare. _I should have told him he had paint on his face earlierâ€| He should have already cleaned his face himself_. Hiccup thanked her and stood up straight. _I would have cleaned off his face if I wasn't on this stupid trialâ€|_ Now he turned away hastily, going over to Toothless. _I can't be doing this. Not now._

Since Jack had his back turned he couldn't see what the teen was doing until Val looked over. "Hiccup, texting now? You have guests." He glanced over and Hiccup was shoving his phone into his pocket, biting his lip. _Was that the boy from the park? Are they actually becoming friends? _Biting down on the inside of his cheek, he decided he wouldn't think about any longer seeing as it wasn't any of his concern.

After almost tripping over each other and coming close to dropping the freshly baked bread, they finally had everything ready for dinner. It was a beef stew with Val's homemade bread, a warm dinner for a cold night. It was about to snow soon and Hiccup couldn't wait, winter was his favorite month, mainly for the snow.

Hiccup was once again seated between Jack and Emma, Toothless on her other side. Val and Tooth sat together, both laughing about something. Stoick looked displeased as usual and North was just beaming at his wife, his hand engulfing hers. "Well, why don't we start eating before it gets cold," Val smiled. Everyone began to dig in, praise and compliments said in between bites.

Jack was aware he was leaning away from Hiccup, seemingly farther than how he usually sat. Hiccup was also aware of that, slumping in his seat as he ate. He was so used to Jack's presence, it didn't bother him whenever the college boy had touched his arm or shoulder, but now he didn't seem to want to be near Hiccup at all. _Was he forced to come to dinner? Does he know what really happened at the party?_

"So Hiccup," Tooth spoke, "are you planning on going to anymore cons?" Stoick looked over to Hiccup and he felt his face heat. His dad never really approved of his fascination with Vikings and dragons, not to mention the whole convention thing. This was going to be a long night if it was anything like the last dinner.

"Ah, I'm not too sure really, I've been busy with school and what not." He poked a piece of meat with his spoon, hoping the conversation would end soon.

Tooth nodded and North waved his spoon around as he talked. "I'm sure we could take you one day to a convention with all of us. I would love to have a Viking with us when we go, it adds much more fun." Stoick turned his dark gaze to the man sitting next to him, lips pinched so tight they were turning white. "We could all go together, both families."

Val smiled, but it was a polite smile. "I don't think Stoick is into conventions considering he's working almost every hour of the day." Her voice lowered since she knew it was true, he really did work all day, barely sleeping. "I would love to go to one someday, see what all this talk is about."

The dinner continued in silence, Hiccup desperately hoping everything would remain quiet and there wouldn't be an argument again.

Thankfully everyone seemed preoccupied with eating and there was no more conversation till Val and Hiccup got up to clear the dishes. Jack went to stand but Hiccup shook his head, taking his bowl away. "It's fine." He didn't want to have to be with Jack alone again, his nerves already on edge.

After everything was clean, Stoick stood, running a hand over his beard. "I need to get back to a conference call I was on, they're a big costumer and we need their business." Val nodded slowly, the sadness showing around her eyes as she put down the tray of cookies she brought in. "Dinner was good and thank you for coming." He nodded to Tooth and North, both giving smiles in return.

When Stoick left, Val sighed, sitting down. "I'm sorry about my husband, he has to work a lot and when he does get free time, it's not much." Tooth waved away her concern and laughed. "You kids can go have fun; you don't have to listen to us talk." Val looked at Toothless whose attention was on the cookies. "Take some Toothless and go have fun, it's alright."

Toothless grabbed as many cookies as his hands could hold and grinned. "We can go play video games in my room."

Now Emma smiled, brown eyes narrowing. "What kind of games do you have," she asked deviously.

"Oh here we go," Jack sighed with amusement.

Toothless shrugged. "You can pick." She stood and followed him, the other two boys trailing after, both laughing under their breath.

"He doesn't know what he got himself into, does he?" Jack asked quietly, just about to nudge Hiccup before he stopped himself.

Thankfully Hiccup didn't notice and laughed along with him. "No, he's in for a rude awakening though."

* * *

><p>Hiccup was sitting next to Jack on Toothless's bed as they watched the poor boy get taken down over and over again by Emma. No matter what game they played, Emma was just too good to beat, though Toothless wasn't about to give up, claiming a rematch every time. Jack grabbed one of the pillows on the bed and hugged it to his chest, sitting cross legged. "Aw come on Emma, give him some slack, he's not as professionally trained as you are."</p>

Toothless looked at Emma for a moment before focusing on the screen again. "You were professionally trained in video games?" There was disbelief in his voice, yet there was an undertone of wonder as she managed to beat him again.

"No," she said, "just learned from Jack." She restarted the game without even having to be asked, finding it was fun to play with Toothless. "But he's really bad so I also had to teach myself." Jack gave a cry of outrage.

"Cool," Toothless whispered. "Could you teach me sometime?" She nodded and shot his character, grinning. "Aw, come on, start teaching

me now then!"

Hiccup laughed, though he was barely paying attention, eyes half closed. Video games certainly weren't his thing, not to mention he was exhausted from school. He moved to get comfortable, leaning his head against the wall, eyes closing. Jack noticed him starting to doze off and moved the pillow so it covered his shoulder. After a few minutes Hiccup was napping, body tilting towards Jack who had already prepared himself. They technically weren't touching with the pillow between them, Hiccup's head dangerously close to Jack's.

They stayed like that, Jack finding Hiccup's weight comforting. Now that they were close, he could hear his breathing and soft mumbles. The white haired boy closed his eyes as well, making sure to lean his head away from Hiccup so they wouldn't touch. I guess this isn't so bad, he thought before drifting off into his own sleep.

Something nudged his leg and he blinked, finding Tooth and North standing over him. He rubbed his eyes and looked down at Hiccup, still sleeping on the pillow propped on his shoulder. "What time is it?" He asked groggily, shifting so Hiccup woke up.

"It's almost eleven," Tooth laughed. "You two fell asleep so we thought we would let you rest."

Hiccup scrubbed his face with his sweater sleeve, yawning. "I'm sorry; I didn't realize I fell asleep." The adults just laughed and shook their heads. "Why didn't you wake me up Jack?" He rubbed his head, hair messed up from sleeping.

"I fell asleep too," he admitted. "I guess I should get home before I end up passing out on the floor." He stood, stretching his limbs and stepping over Toothless who was curled on the floor with Emma; both had controllers still in their hands. "We weren't the only ones then," he snickered, nudging Emma with his foot.

She groaned and sat up, looking around. "What happened?" She asked, squinting at Jack. "Did I win again?"

"It's time to go home, so say goodbye to everyone." North smiled, slipping an arm around Tooth.

Emma smacked Toothless and he jumped, sitting up and shouting something about xp. "I have to go but we can play again some other time." He nodded and they shook hands, both squeezing tightly. "Bye Hiccup," she said shyly. The teen nodded and she flushed going over to her parents. "Thank you for inviting me."

"I can walk you guys down." Hiccup slid off the bed and raised his arms above his head. Jack couldn't tear his eyes away as his sweater lifted and showed perfectly pale and freckled skin. His jeans were big so they hung off his hips, showing the top of his boxers and the edge of his hip bone. As soon as it happened, it was over, Hiccup walking out of the room.

Going down stairs, they found Val waiting with a container of left over stew in her hands. "I have some for you if you want it." Tooth took it and hugged her.

"Of course we do, your cooking is amazing Val, I'll have to tell my

brother about this." She motioned to the container and they both laughed. "I suppose we should get going. It's been so much fun Val, I'll call you alright?"

North came up and hugged her. "It was lovely to meet you and your family, please feel free to come to dinner sometime." She flushed and nodded as he smiled. "And Hiccup;" he grabbed the boy, "it was great seeing you once again."

"T-Thanks," Hiccup wheezed. When he was let go and all the goodbyes had been said he waited at the front door with Jack, arms folded loosely. "So I guess I'll talk to you later?"

"Of course Hiccy, wouldn't want to miss a conversation with you." Jack smiled, tilting his head.

Hiccup was waiting for the hug. He was waiting for Jack to pick him up and ignore his protests. But the blue eyed teen didn't make a move to touch him. For some reason a pain blossomed in his chest and he bit his lip, looking to the floor._ Why do I even care? I mean, I never liked hugs anyways. _

Tooth and North went out to the car with Emma walking slowly behind, her feet dragging. Jack waved, leaving last. Hiccup waited until their car pulled away and was out of sight to close the door. He ran a hand through his hair, pressing his forehead into the wood. _I never liked hugs_, he assured himself. _I never liked hugs and I won't anytime soon. _

But that aching pain reminded him differently.

* * *

><p>Ruffnut barged through the house, going to Tuffnut's room. They hadn't seen each other for most of the day since he had to study. Without even knocking she kicked the door open, going to sit on her brother's bed. He was at his desk, studying for some exam he had missed on suspension. He glared at her, not bothering to fight. "What do you want?"</p>

"What? I can't just come and hang with my favorite brother in the world?" She sneered, leaning back.

He made a face and spun to look at her. "I'm your only brother," he said.

"Never said I had a choice in it," she shrugged.

Tuffnut rolled his eyes, pulling his hair back into a sloppy bun so it was out of his face. "Now did you just come in here to insult me? Because for your information I have a lot to make up because of my suspension."

"That's actually what I wanted to talk to you about." Ruffnut leaned forward, her hair falling into her face since it was loose. "Tuff, I was talking with Hiccup during lunch."

"Since when do you socialize out of your species?" She raised an eyebrow and he crossed his arms. "So what I can't insult you?"

"Just shut up and listen idiot," she snapped. "I heard him talking about liking some guy." Now Tuffnut became fidgety, looking away as if he wasn't interested. "I know you like him stupid, anyone with two eyes could see it." He sputtered and stood, throwing his arms in the air.

"I don't know what you're talking about Ruff," he said. "I felt bad for the skinny bean pole and I was just trying to get Snoutlout to stop being an ass."

"Violently beating someone seems more like a romantic gesture to me." Ruffnut looked at her nails before glancing at her brother.

He shook his head. "Anything violent is a romantic gesture to you." They were both quiet and Tuffnut sighed. "Why are you even bringing this up at almost twelve at night?"

"Because genius, I'm making sure you don't get hurt. I heard him talking about some other guy he really likes." Ruffnut actually seemed serious and Tuffnut sat back down, lips pursed. "He was freaking out about it; some guy named Jack I guess."

Tuffnut shook his head again, rubbing his eyes. "That guy," he muttered. His eyes fell to the floor and for a moment he felt empty. "Well it doesn't matter anyways; I knew it wouldn't work out. I just thought maybe because he was the only other gay kid in school it would happen." He said and Ruffnut jumped up, grabbing him into a headlock.

"Ha!" She shouted. "You just admitted you like him! I knew it!" He tried to push her off but they ended up wrestling on the floor, pulling at each other's hair and faces. "Why couldn't you just tell me?" She asked as she pinched his nose.

"Because I knew you'd do something stupid like this!" He shouted back, yanking on her hair. "Now get off me, you're heavy!" He shoved her off and they both were panting as they sat up. "I knew you'd probably think it was gross or something."

Ruffnut punched him in the collar bone and he quickly punched her back. "Please, I have to spend every waking day with you. Now that's gross." He gave a slight laugh and pushed his hair back from his face. "I'm sorry about the whole 'him not liking you' thing, though I don't see how any human could find you attractive."

"Please, we both know I'm the better looking twin here." Tuffnut scoffed and they were in another wrestling match, both laughing. Ruffnut kept fighting, knowing if they stopped, her brother's smile would disappear and she wasn't sure what would happen after that.

* * *

><p>Leave me here to die. I'm done. *cries*

Kisses and unicorns

~Shi

Short chapter... I don't know

* * *

><p>"So how did the second trial go? You were too busy to tell me Saturday or Sunday, so spill. You pass with flying colors or should I expect an illicit sex talk?" Jamie parked his car in the student parking lot, turning the engine off and looking over to Jack who slumped in the passenger seat. "Aw, what? Is he over you now that you've realized you love him?"</p>

Jack glared at him and sat up. "For your information, we're still friends and the only reason I'm so angry is because I'm tired. Tell me again why we had to get up at five in the morning to come to school? Our classes don't start for another three hours!" He took a sip of his coffee that he had Jamie pick up as compensation for the early rising.

Jamie tugged on his hat and pulled his keys from the ignition. "We're here early because I wanted to run on the track before classes started. You may have the perfect metabolism but others aren't so lucky." He got out and reached in back, pulling his back pack and gym bag out. "I just want to do a quick run and make sure I stay in shape."

Jack got out and took another gulp of his coffee, finding it was mildly hot. It warmed his stomach and he just nodded, smirking behind the cup. "Or you're trying to get fit so Astrid will swoon over your muscles." Jamie smacked him as they walked towards the work out facility. "You're not denying it."

"The girl is a monster alright; she plays, like, five different sports! I guess I just want to stay fit so I don't like a total wimp compared to her." Jack laughed and he frowned. "Why don't you take painting classes so you can keep up with Hiccup then, maybe you can actually realize how crazy in love you two are." Now he got smacked and they both snickered to each other, finally entering the warm lobby.

They signed in, going to the locker rooms. Jack sat on one of the benches as Jamie changed, sipping his coffee. There was a slight mist of steam coming from the showers which meant someone was washing up. There was a muttering as the shower squeaked off, the sounds of wet footsteps slapping against the floor. Jack glanced up, wondering who else would be crazy enough to work out so early.

Their psychology professor, Mr. Black, was talking to himself, running his long fingers through his hair. "How could I forget my towel?" Jack screamed, covering his face quickly, coffee falling to the floor in the panic. Mr. Black screamed as well, hurrying to cover himself. "M-Mr. Overland! Please announce your presence!"

"We were here for a while now! How did you not hear us?!" Jack screeched, going to stand. He tried to walk away, but his footing slipped on the spilt coffee.

"What do you mean? You're obviously alone!" Mr. Black's gray face was red when Jack looked around, finding Jamie had left him. "Now if you'll excuse me!" He marched away, going to his locker and wrapping

his towel, tightly and securely around his waist. "Good for nothing students!"

Jack grunted and stood, sniffing his hands. He made a face and washed them, knowing he needed to get out of the locker rooms before he saw any other teachers naked. Shivering at the mental image he went to the indoor track, finding Jamie already running, iPod in and blasting. "Thanks for nothing!" Jack shouted and Jamie paused, breathing heavily. "You don't even want to know the nightmares I will have now!" Jamie shrugged continuing on his way.

He watched Jamie run for another lap before perching himself on a treadmill. No one else was around so it was just the two of them. Jack sighed and missed his coffee already, propping his chin on his hand. His mind wandered to Hiccup and he cursed himself, he wasn't about to let Jamie get the best of him (although, it was a _way_ better mental image than a naked Mr. Black). _I won't admit to anything_, he thought. _There's nothing to admit to anyways._

His fingers itched to grab his phone and text Hiccup. _Nope. Nothing at all._

* * *

><p>Hiccup smashed his fork into his meat (if he could call it that) and groaned. Astrid pinched the bridge of her nose as if she was a mother having to deal with a child. "Hiccup, you seriously need to calm down," she sighed.</p>

He nodded and put his fork down, the tips all broken off from the impact. "Sorry, it's just Friday night felt weird to me." Sophie and Fishlegs looked at each other, shrugging. "It's like he was afraid to touch me or something. I don't know, it could have been my imagination."

Ruffnut and Tuffnut came over, trays in hand. Astrid didn't seem surprised anymore, motioning to the empty seats next to Hiccup. "Hey Tuff, how was the suspension?" She asked and Hiccup seemed to stiffen. It had been a while since he remembered exactly why Tuffnut was suspended. _It was all my fault!_ He moved over for them, trying to hide his nervous smile.

"You know, stay at home, get away from school for a while. Do whatever I want." Tuffnut shrugged, sitting next to Hiccup. Ruffnut seemed to frown for a moment before following suit.

"How did your parents take it?" Astrid seemed more interested in the conversation than in her lunch as she leaned forward.

Tuffnut looked to Ruffnut and they just blinked. "They really didn't care when I told them the circumstances, they seemed fine with it." He picked up his sandwich and took a bite. "They're into that whole chivalry thing." He managed to say between bites. "Whatever, I'm just glad Snoutlout has finally deflated most of his ego."

They all glanced over to Snoutlout's table, finding he was still sitting with what little followers he had left. His face was still bruised and cut, but he seemed fine none-the-less. When he found them all staring, he simply sneered and went back to his lunch. "Wow, I guess he really did learn something," Hiccup muttered_. Looks like

its awkward family parties for the rest of my life. —

"Okay, let's get off the heavy subjects." Astrid waved her hands in the air to get their attention. "Thanksgiving break is coming up soon, right? We should all do something on the days we get off." She looked away as she thought, tapping her lip. "Well, there are the movies, or maybe we can all go shopping."

"I am not going shopping," Ruffnut cut in. "You can all shop for your skirts while I relax." Tuffnut jabbed her in the side with his elbow and she smirked. "Alright, alright. So what are we going to do then?"

"How about we have a movie night at my place," Fishlegs volunteered. "My mom won't mind if we just sit in the basement and watch some old movies."

Astrid nodded. "What movies should we watch then?"

"I want to watch Saw," Ruffnut said.

"No way, God Father is way better," Tuffnut explained.

"I'd like to watch a documentary," Fishlegs chimed in.

Ruffnut made a face. "Who would want to watch a documentary on a day off from school?"

Sophie pursed her lips. "I would." She reached under the table and found Fishleg's hand, squeezing it gently.

"Guys, calm down," Astrid said, exasperated. "I think I know a great movie. Not to mention it's a classic that everyone should watch in their life." They all looked at her, waiting. "We should watch The Little Mermaid." There was silence and Hiccup gave her a small smile as their eyes locked. _She's trying to cheer me up, isn't she?_

"I guess I could watch it." Ruffnut crossed her arms, but there was a little excitement in her eyes. "I mean, I haven't since I was five so why not?"

"Sure, whatever," Tuffnut yawned. He went back to his sandwich.

"What about you two? It's no documentary, but it is a childhood classic." Astrid looked over at Sophie and grinned as the girl nodded slowly. "Alright, Fishlegs?" He looked slightly disappointed but agreed with a tired sigh. "Hiccup?"

"Sure." _Thank you Astrid._

She clapped her hands together and smiled. "It's settled then, The Little Mermaid. I'll provide the movie and you guys provide the snacks." They went back to their food, talking in between bites. When the bell rang, they went their separate ways; all promising to make sure to keep their vacation open for the movie night.

* * *

><p>"Bye you guys," Sophie waved. Fishlegs was getting picked up by

his mother and Sophie by Jamie. It was just Hiccup and Astrid, with the extra company of Tuffnut.<p>

"You don't have to walk with us; you can go with your sister." Astrid didn't mind the boy; it was just weird having three people walking all together on the sidewalk. Hiccup lagged behind slightly so they could all fit, though he really just felt like taking it slow.

"No, it's fine. I just wanted to walk since I haven't been out of the house for a while." Tuffnut shrugged and glanced back at Hiccup. "Are you okay?" He narrowed his dark blue eyes for a second, seeing someone approach. "Hey, your friend is here." He said, turning back to Astrid.

Hiccup raised an eyebrow, not sure who he was referring to. Right then, Jack fell into step with him and he gave a shout, stumbling away. "J-Jack! What are you doing here?" He shouted, regaining his balance. "Shouldn't you be in college or something?"

"My last class ends at two on Mondays. And since I was carpooling with Jamie, I thought I'd take a stroll with you guys seeing as I knew you'd be around here." Jack laughed, tilting his head. Third trial. Let's do this. "I hope you don't mind."

"N-No, it's fine. You met Tuffnut right?" Hiccup motioned to the boy in front of them, his shoulders hunched.

"I do believe I did," Jack smiled. "So how was school today? Learn anything exciting?"

Astrid looked over her shoulder. "Unless learning how to set a worksheet on fire is exciting, then no." Jack gave a confused look and she started walking backwards, pointing to Hiccup. "Genius here didn't move his worksheet away when we were using the burners in chem. Let's just say I've never seen anything as beautiful as burning homework."

"Ah, good times burning stuff," Tuffnut chuckled. Hiccup gave an embarrassed cry and he just smirked. "Relax; it's nothing I haven't done before." Now there was a humorless look and he just continued to laugh. "Lighten up Hic, it's not like you blew the roof off or anything."

At the nickname Hiccup pouted. Jack noticed and clenched his hands in his jacket pockets, lips pursing. I thought he only had a nickname from me? Wait-no, I don't care what others call him. He began to join in the laughter as well, though it sounded forced. "Ah, Hiccy, you should be proud to burn your homework. You're like a rebel leader."

"Rebel leader for what? The idiots who don't move paper from a burning fl—" He let out a shout as he fell, foot getting caught on a crack. Landing on his knees he hissed, shaking out his hands. "Ow, man."

Jack was about to hold out a hand, helping him, until he remembered the trial. But the way Hiccup was mumbling to himself in pain he desperately just wanted to carry the boy the rest of the way home. I can't touch him-but I can't just leave him there. Iâ€œ but Jamieâ€œ crapâ€œ He was torn, his stomach flipping when Hiccup looked up at

him with those large jade eyes. I'm so sorry Hiccup.

Tuffnut moved before he could react, bending down to gently grab Hiccup's arm, lifting him to his feet. "You alright?" Hiccup nodded, brushing his hair from his face gently, looking at the other teen. "Let me see your hands." Without waiting for an answer, the blonde haired boy snatched his hands, eyes trailing over the now red and raw skin of his palm. "You should be alright if you clean it and bandage it."

Hiccup nodded, taking his hands back. "Sorry about that, guess I wasn't watching where I was going."

Astrid laughed, going over to ruffle his hair. "I know I'm beautiful Hiccup, but don't get too distracted." He gave a sarcastic laugh and smacked her hand away, continuing on his way. They moved forward until Astrid's street, where she saluted. "This is where I get off, see you tomorrow guys. Bye Jack."

There was more tension now that Astrid was gone and Hiccup didn't know what to do. She left me in the middle of a battle field. I don't even know what's going on! He gripped his back pack straps and just tried to make sure he wouldn't fall again. His hands stung as they rubbed against the fabric. Jack didn't even try and help me up! Is he suddenly homophobic? No, then he wouldn't be walking with me. Does he just not want to touch me anymore? That sounds weird. Shaking his head he sighed.

"Something wrong Hiccy?" Jack stepped closer, but of course, not close enough to touch.

"Hm?" Hiccup glanced at him and smiled. "No, just thinking about what homework I have." Jack seemed to take the excuse and leave him alone the rest of the way they walked. Eventually Tuffnut had to go his own way, giving a tight nod to Jack and a wave to Hiccup. "Bye, see you tomorrow." And now we're alone great.

They were only a minute from Hiccup's house and Jack cleared his throat. "Hey," he said quietly.

"Yeah?" Hiccup didn't look at him, eyes on the ground.

"Is everything alright?" His voice was soft and Hiccup felt like vomiting.

"Yup, everything is going great." No. I wish you'd understand.

"You sure?" Talk to me Hiccup.

"Yeah. I'm sure." Please tell me what I did wrong.

"Okay." Hiccup. I'm sorry.

Hiccup stopped in front of his house, looking at Jack quickly. "Talk to you later." He hurried up the steps, fumbling with his keys until he got the door open.

Jack stood, his sapphire eyes on the door, even when it slammed shut and Hiccup was gone. I can't believe this. Is this because of the

stupid trial?_ Hiccup didn't peek outside to see if he was still there, but he didn't mind, he didn't want to be seen. He waited a moment, finally lifting his hand in a small wave, face dark. "Yeah, talk to you later."

Trial three: done.

* * *

><p>So, uhm, yeah...

Kisses and unicorns

~Shi

22. Chapter 22

**So here's another I-can't-do-anything-right-with-my-life-filler chapter... **

* * *

><p>Tuffnut started the car, Ruffnut sliding in and buckling up. They were heading to school in a slight drizzle, the wind shield wipers already going. "So, is there a reason you wanted to walk home yesterday?" She asked as they pulled out of the driveway. "Because as far as I know you can drive, unless being stuck in the house really did mess with your head that much."<p>

"I just wanted to walk," he muttered.

"Or you just wanted to be with Hiccup," Ruffnut said. They were both silent, staring out the window at the rain falling slowly. "You know, you're only going to get hurt if you keep this up, you realize this right? But being an idiot like you, you probably love pain."

Tuffnut shook his head, turning a corner. "I'm not doing anything that will hurt me. I understand he doesn't like me and I'm okay with that." He slowed down a street, knowing Hiccup usually walked down it to get to school. "Ruff, we're friends and that's alright with me. Besides, I bet I could get more guys to go out with than you could any day." Sure enough there was Hiccup, walking along with Astrid. The boy jumped into a puddle and Astrid punched him. Tuffnut laughed, driving ahead.

"Please, as if you could. I've got boys lining out the back door to date me." Ruffnut watched the two walking, sneering slightly.

Tuffnut rolled his eyes. "Yeah, and that's after you bribe them." He tried to dodge her punch but it hit him square in the shoulder. "Hey! You can't hit the driver!" He screamed, rubbing his, now throbbing, arm. "What if we crash?!"

Ruffnut smiled, kicking her feet up on the dashboard. "Then I'll see you in Hell."

* * *

><p>Hiccup was stuck in a lit circle, Mildew's way of making them learn without him actually having to teach. The small teen was in a group that consisted of two guys who probably hadn't even opened Catcher in the Rye and a girl who was too preoccupied with a note she was passing to her friend in the next group over.

Mildew passed by, watching over them. Hiccup tapped his pencil against his desk. "So in the last chapter Holdenâ€œ!" He trailed off once the man went to another group. Sighing he sat back, surprised to feel his phone vibrate. Making sure Mildew wasn't coming back around; he pulled out his phone into his lap.

_Hiccy, you free Friday night? _Hiccup's stomach dropped for a moment, realizing it was Jack texting him. He hadn't been speaking to Jack as often, finding they were probably just drifting apart like he thought they would.

Why? It was all he could think to write. Mildew glanced over and he jerked forward shuffling through his papers. "I know I have the notes around here somewhere," he mumbled. When the coast was clear he propped his chin on his hand, waiting for a reply.

_My parents are going to a con and I have to baby sit Emma, I thought you would want to come over and watch a movie or something. You know, just hang out and have fun. _

He bit his lip, raising an eyebrow to his phone. _What about Jamie, couldn't you hang out with him?_

_Well, they didn't want me to tell you this, but Friday Jamie is taking Astrid out to the movies. But you did not hear it from me.

—
Now he just stared, open-mouthed at his phone. Mildew came over and he hid his phone, flipping through his book. "And how are things going over here?" He asked, his voice dry. "I presume you're doing what you're supposed to?"

"Yeah," all four agreed.

"Mmhmm." He looked at them but didn't say anything else, moving onto the group next to them. Hiccup immediately pulled out his phone, typing as fast as he could. _What do you mean? Why are they going to the movies?_

_Gee, I don't know Hiccy, people tend to do that when they go on dates. _

_ But Astrid didn't say anything to meâ€œ!_ He felt something painful tighten in his chest. Could Astrid really not have told him? What was she hiding?

Listen, why don't you ask her? But you still didn't answer my question. Are you free Friday?

His lips flattened_. I might be busy murdering a certain someone but I should be free after that. _

Alright, just no tracking blood into the house.

* * *

><p>Hiccup marched into math and glared at Astrid sitting down with a huff. She was about to talk but the teacher came, the bell ringing. Taking out a notebook, she scribbled something and folded it, tossing it into Hiccup's lap when the teacher had his back turned.</p>

_What's wrong with you? You look super pissed. _

Oh, I'm sorry, I'd rather we talk about this Friday, but it seems you're too busy. He threw it back and she caught it. Her eyebrows knitting together as she read, her lips tight as she wrote quickly.

_Look, I don't know who told you, but I didn't want to tell you because I was afraid you'd feel bad. _

Hiccup frowned. _So by not telling me, it makes everything okay because I'm not sad?_ As he wrote, the lead broke and he clicked his pencil angrily, going back to writing. _Astrid, I'm your best friend, I don't care if you go on dates with college guys, just tell me. I feel left out when you don't._ He meant to throw it a lot more gently, but ended up whipping it at her.

Astrid looked hurt for a moment before unfolding it and reading. She waited until the teacher looked away and began to write, her letters neat. When she tossed it, it hit Hiccup's arm and fell to the floor. He scrambled to pick it up before the teacher would notice, flattening it on his desk. _Look, I felt horrible because I know you're still not over Jack no matter how much you argue. I just didn't want you to feel like I was leaving you behind. You know I would never do something without you._

He sighed, running a hand through his hair. _I'm fine Astrid. Go on your date and have fun, I'll be dying a little inside every time I think about it._ Smirking, he gave it to her.

She smiled back. _How about you help me pick out an outfit? Will that make you feel a little better?_

_ I am not that gay Astrid. _

As she was writing she glanced over to him, tapping her pencil against her lip. _You're right; you have no fashion sense what-so-ever._ They both laughed, covering their mouths as the teacher looked over to them.

* * *

><p>"So what are you going on Friday then, seeing as Jack told you about Jamie and me?" Astrid spoke around her fork, chewing on noodles. Hiccup was about to defend Jack but she waved him off. "I know its Jack; he's the only one who could've told you."</p>

"What about Sophie?" Hiccup pointed a finger at the girl. She flinched, blonde hair falling into her face. "She could have told me."

Astrid patted her head. "She's too innocent to do anything like

that." Sophie gave a grateful smile and Fishlegs nudged her gently. "As long as you two aren't reading *Kama Sutra* I don't think we'll have an issue." Hiccup choked on his water, spitting most of it out onto his food. Tuffnut and Ruffnut both started cackling, smacking each other as Sophie and Fishlegs both turned bright red.

"What?!"

"Do you even hear yourself sometimes?" Hiccup screeched. "We're in the middle of lunch and you picked *that* book to talk about?!"

She shrugged, picking at her food. "I would have said *Fifty Shades of Grey*, but *Kama Sutra* has a better plot line." She kicked him under the table when he didn't even crack a smile. "So Friday, what're you doing?"

"Well," he mumbled, "Jack did invite me to watch movies at his place." Astrid gave him a look and he rolled his eyes. "Would you calm down, once again, there is nothing there. I repeat: He is *straight*. No kissy-kissy. Nothing. Nada." She continued to stare. "Zilch. Zip. Zero chance of anything."

"Alright we get it," Ruffnut growled. She glanced at Tuffnut, watching him carefully. He seemed to be too indulged in his food to be listening, but she knew him better than that. While they were busy arguing, she stepped on her brother's foot, getting his attention. When he looked at her she raised her eyebrows.

"Would you stop, I told you I was fine," he muttered. She stepped again and he smacked his knee into hers. This continued until the bell rang, both of them aching from beating each other up. They got up and shook out their legs, Tuffnut wincing slightly. "Ruff you need to find better ways of showing you care." He said as they walked.

She punched him in the arm, same exact spot she hit in the morning.
"Who said I cared?"

* * *

><p>Hiccup was spread out on the couch, re-watching an old episode of Glee. He had finished his homework and didn't feel like sketching or painting. It was one of the heavier episodes and he was almost in tears (and it usually took a lot to even make Hiccup teary eyed) if it wasn't for the fact Stoick came in. He took a look at the television and scoffed, shaking his head. "All that show is about is a bunch of singing homosexuals," he muttered.</p>

His words hooked on Hiccup's heart and tugged. They were dragging him down into the waters of pain and doubt that swelled in his head. "Not everyone on the show is gay Dad," he said quietly. "And even if they are, is there really a problem with that?" He was wading out into the dark waters, the air around him becoming thicker.

Stoick turned and looked at his son, eyeing him closely. "You do realize what that life style gives them right?" He asked, eyes narrowing on the television screen. "A life of emptiness. No children. No marriage. Just a bunch of sexually transmitted diseases and moving around from partner to partner."

Hiccup was drowning, Stoick's voice rolling over him in waves. He

couldn't seem to catch his breath. "That's not true," he could hear himself say. "They can adopt." _What am I doing?_ "They can get married in some states now." _I need to stop._ "And not everyone that's gay has diseases, in fact a lot of gay couples love each other more than straight ones." _I can't breathe. I can't stop_.

They stared at each other, Hiccup cowering on the couch as his father stood over him, shoulders set. A song from the show filled the room and Hiccup could barely see straight. _This isn't how I wanted this to happen_, he panicked. His lungs were full; there was no way he was going to survive. Stoick shifted a shoulder and his mouth was set in a thin line. "Their lifestyle is wrong," he said flatly. "That's just how it is."

He was about to leave but something pushed Hiccup to speak, a voice bubbling deep from inside. He was kicking to the surface to live. "But it can change," he murmured. _You can change. Right?_

Stoick stopped, back turned. "I need to go look over something for work." His hands clenched slightly then relaxed. "You should be doing homework instead of watching" he struggled, "_that_." And he was gone, footsteps heavy on the stairs.

Hiccup sat up, running a hand through his hair over and over again. He finally got his breath back and gulped down as much air as he could. _That was too close. What even came over me?_ His eyes flickered to the show and he swallowed the lump growing in his throat.

Toothless came in, plate full of apple slices. He sat down next to Hiccup, giving him a once over. "Are you okay?" He asked, snapping a slice in half with his teeth.

"Yeah," Hiccup sighed, "fine."

"You don't look 'fine'." The young boy's green eyes flicked to the apple slices and then back to his brother. He reluctantly held the plate out, turning his face away. "Want some?" He asked quietly, probably hoping he wouldn't be heard. "You know, to make you feel better?"

Hiccup smiled, taking the smallest slice and biting it. "Thanks buddy."

* * *

><p>*goes in corner* I'm sorry

Kisses and unicorns

~Shi

23. Chapter 23

**Ahaha... this took way longer to start and finish than I intended. I was just having a block, finally got it though. And thanks to the guest for the music suggestions, they were actually helpful. **

* * *

><p>"So you mean to tell me that you almost told your dad everything?" Astrid tapped her pencil against her desk, keeping her head down. "All because of a stupid show?" They were in the middle of math class and had to work in pairs on a page in the text book. That gave the two of them the chance to talk more.</p>

"It wasn't just because of the stupid show Astrid, it was like, I was finally sick of hearing all those hateful things he would say." Hiccup tried to work out a problem but he was too distracted to really solve anything. "I don't know what came over me. Usually I just ignore it but for some reason I just started fighting back."

She pressed her pencil to her paper, not writing anything down as she thought. "Maybe you really should just tell him. You know, before this all blows up in your face." He looked at her tiredly and she shrugged, finally writing out a problem. "Either way, you know it's not going to be easy, might as well just get it over with now."

Sighing Hiccup erased an answer, brushing off the shavings slowly. "I know I'll have to eventually, but I was sort of hoping to wait for when I move out. That way if he disowns me I'll know I have a place to live." Astrid frowned and looked up from her work momentarily. "If anything I'll live off the streets and fend for myself."

Now she scoffed, jabbing him in the side. "Please, you living off the streets? You can barely walk home without falling on your face. I highly doubt you'd survive a day."

Hiccup glanced down to his palms which were still bandaged lightly, though there wasn't much reason for that. Val was just being a mother, worrying about infection and what not. "I could totally survive; I'd be like the human raccoon living off food I find in the trash and stuff." They both made a face and he laughed. "Alright, how about I just be a hobo? They seem slightly sanitary."

"Yeah and when you die of rabies I'll come to your funeral." They both chuckled as the teacher went by, eyeing them up as they struggled to write. "Well if you need any support, you know my number."

"I have it on speed dial," he assured. "Now let's finish this so I don't have to do it for homework, I want to go out and sketch today." Now he actually seemed to focus on what he was working on, though it did little good. "It's supposed to start snowing early this year and I want to get out and sketch before everything becomes soggy."

"Okay okay, Mr. Artist, calm your horses-

Hiccup pointed his pencil at her. "It's dragons for your information."

Astrid rolled her eyes. "Calm your dragons; we'll finish during lunch if anything." They went back to their work, the sounds of their pencils scratching against the paper filling the air between them. Hiccup seemed to relax as he moved onto the next problem, finding it was actually easier to solve numbers than his own life issues.

* * *

><p>Jack tossed his bag onto the couch in the student cafeteria. He plopped down after it and flung his arm behind Jamie's neck when the boy sat next to him. They both had lunch at the same time since it seemed they based their schedules around each other. Jack unwrapped his pop tarts and started eating, watching their fellow students go to the vending machines, walking into the kitchen area, or unpack their own lunches.</p>

"So what movie are you going to take Astrid to?" Jack swallowed and looked over at Jamie, freckled cheeks turning pink. "Better be something good."

"Shut up, like you know how to deal with romance all that well." He shot back, biting into his banana. "So how are things going with Hiccup then? Make any progress in your love connection?" Jack made a grunting noise as he popped another piece of the pop tart in his mouth. "Not that well huh?"

Jack licked his lips and threw his head back. "I already told you, there's nothing there so this is pointless."

"Then why did you walk with him on Monday? Hm? You could have ridden home with me and Sophie." Jamie smirked as Jack pursed his lips and didn't respond. "Just admit it Jack, you're a little bit interested in this kid." Still no response. "Micro tiny bit? At least an atoms worth?"

"You need to start taking science electives if this is how you continue conversations." The white haired teen finally spoke, starting to eat again. "But seriously, this kid, I don't—" He stopped and shrugged his shoulders, unsure what to say. "I don't even know how to describe him. It's like he—I just don't know." Sighing he finished off the last of his pop tarts and crumpled the wrapper in his hand. "When I was walking home with him, it felt like there was just something wrong."

"Well when you're with someone like you, I could see why he would be distressed," Jamie joked. Neither of them laughed and Jack shifted in his seat.

"He said he was fine, but his eyes just showed me he was miserable. Every time I see him and try and talk to him, he smiles," he paused, "but it never reaches his eyes." Jamie waited for an explanation, not sure where his friend was going with this. "Before, when we first met, whenever he smiled, it just lit up his eyes and they were like this," he chuckled softly, "brilliant green."

Jamie took another bite of his banana, chewing slowly. "Sounds to me like love," he muttered. Jack gave a quick glare and he held up a hand in defense. "Go on Romeo."

"Now, his eyes look dark and there's no sparkle in them anymore." He got up and threw away the empty wrapper, falling back into his seat with a huff. "I just don't know what to do anymore. It feels like this all happened because of your stupid test." He pointed an accusing finger at the brunette male.

"Then why don't you just admit you like him and we can put this all

behind us." Jamie ignored his gesture and finished off his fruit. "Seriously Jack, I've never seen two people with this much sexual tension between them before."

Jack rubbed his eyes. "There is no sexual tension. It's not like that. It's like, emotional tormenting or something close to that."

Jamie nodded. "So you don't like him for his body, you like him for his personality?"

"I don't just like him for his personality, I like his face as well," he whispered into his hand. Jamie slapped him on the shoulder and he shook it off. "That doesn't mean I'm admitting to anything. You know I'm not too picky when it comes to looks. Back in high school I actually had a crush on you. And let's face it; you aren't the most attractive male around here."

Jamie laughed, shaking his head. "I remember that year well. Needless to say, it wasn't a surprise finding you stealing my shirts when I walked out of my room." He paused and turned to Jack. "You never gave those back, did you?"

Jack gave a lopsided grin and shrugged. "Maybe my obsession still stands and I'm in love with you." Jamie gave him a dry look and he rolled his eyes. "I gave them to charity after I figured out you'd never go out with me, it was an emotional time for me." He pressed the back of his hand against his forehead. "I was a hopeless case."

"Just like you are now, only this time you're suppressing it." Jamie stretched out his legs and pulled a water from his back pack, taking a sip. "It's only a matter of time that you prove you're in love with this kid. I'm telling you, I've never seen you like this before with anyone else."

"And I'm telling you it's nothing," Jack insisted. He checked his phone and stood, folding his arms behind his head. Mr. Black walked by and they both glared at each other. After their accidental meeting in the locker room, both of them seemed to be wary whenever they were in the same room together. Well, Jack never really liked him anyways so it wasn't much of a change. "Let's get going, I want to actually work on a paper I have due."

Jamie gasped and Jack shoved him slightly. "Shocking, I know." They both gathered their things and walked out of the cafeteria, heading off to the library.

* * *

><p>Jack nudged the back of Emma's head with his foot as she lay on his floor, reading. She turned her head to him, finding he was spread out on the couch, shirt riding up as he sighed. "Hey, can you do something besides read; this is like, majorly boring watching you do this."</p>

She rolled onto her sided and propped her head up on her hand. "Then why don't you read? I'm sure you could actually use some education." She dodged his foot and rolled away to the other side of the room. "Besides, I don't feel like kicking your butt in video games

again."

"Well then, why don't we go to the park?" Jack sat up, running a hand through his hair. "I know one that has a play ground and you can run around."

Emma raised an eyebrow, head tilting. "Isn't it too cold out to be running around?"

"Has that ever stopped you before?" She looked away and he smiled. "It'll be nice to get out of the house, come on. I can drive." Nodding, she stood, grabbing her book off the floor. "Just grab your jacket and meet me at my car." He watched her run up the stairs, his hand automatically going to his phone to text Hiccup he was going to be near. Mentally cursing he sighed. I'm not going to text him. He needs some time alone. It'll just be me and Emma.

He stood, body feeling heavy.

* * *

><p>They pulled into the small parking lot for the park, Emma getting out before he even turned the car off. She looked at the few children running around and for a moment she paused, tilting her head. Jack got out and she pointed to the monkey bars. "Isn't that Toothless?" She asked.</p>

Jack's heart stuttered for a moment as his eyes swept the playground. And there, hanging upside down was Toothless, screaming as his arms failed around. If he's here that could only meanâ€¦ "Yeah I guess he is here. Why don't you go hang out with him?"

Emma nodded slowly, pausing before she ran off. "What about you, what are you going to do?"

"I'll just sit down somewhere, maybe contemplate life," he laughed. Or somehow find Hiccup and make him feel even worse. Either way I should be getting a headache.

She looked at him carefully. "And you thought reading a book was boring." With that she ran off, going to Toothless and jabbing him in the stomach so he fell. Both of them laughed and started chatting. Jack groaned and scanned the rest of the park, looking for that mop of brown hair.

Finally spotting the smaller teen on a bench he sighed. "Trial four, here we go." He wandered over slowly, hoping the boy would look up and spot him. Unfortunately he was too involved in his sketch book to even glance up. Jack was in front of him, rocking back on his heels as he shoved his hands in his jacket pockets. "Hey," he finally said.

Hiccup jumped slightly, pencil stuttering over the page. He blinked and looked up, eyes suddenly losing that spark Jack had been talking about earlier. "Hi," he said quietly. Jack ticked his head to the bench and the boy moved without a word, grabbing his supplies close to him. "I didn't know you'd be here."

"Either did I. Me and Emma were bored so I thought we would come here. It was the only place I could think to go." Jack smiled and

Hiccup did the same, though it wasn't a full one. "I hope you don't mind me sitting in." Hiccup shook his head slowly, moving his sketch book so his drawings were hidden. Jack leaned closer, trying to peek. "What were you drawing this time?"

Hiccup bit his lip, narrowing his eyes. "You're going to make fun of me," he stated.

"I would never dream of it Hiccy," Jack laughed. Whenever he talks about his art, he loosens up. This could be good. "Let me see," he urged.

"Well," Hiccup sighed, "alright." He handed over his sketch book and Jack looked at his drawings, freshly made.

It was different dragons, some flying, others curled on the page as if they were sleeping. There were different shapes and sizes, all unique and beautiful. Jack was sure if they were in color they would be even more amazing than just in black and white. The details Hiccup had managed to get in them were astounding, each one having its own personality it seemed.

Jack whistled lightly. "These are amazing," he whispered. "As per usual of course." Handing back the sketch book he noticed Hiccup seemed to brighten. "Did you make those up?"

The freckled boy shrugged, a roll of his shoulders. "You know how you said the dragon I painted reminded you of Toothless?" Jack nodded watching as he twirled his pencil around his fingers flawlessly. "I thought about that and decided maybe, you know, I could draw other people like dragons. It sounds weird I know but—"

"That doesn't sound weird to me at all," Jack cut in seriously. Hiccup seemed startled by his tone and put his pencil down. "I think it's awesome you get to draw with such great talent. Hell, if I had as much talent as you, I'd be drawing people as freaking parrots if I could. At least you have this creativity to make them into something cool."

Hiccup laughed, head falling back slightly. It was a real laugh, one that bubbled up from the stomach and you couldn't stop it. "Parrots? Really?" Jack watched with a small grin, eyes falling to Hiccup's Adam's apple, finding it a distraction. What would it feel like, he couldn't stop thinking, if my lips molded against it? Shaking his head he tore his eyes away, looking to the playground. No. Not now.

"I'm just saying," Jack continued, "you should be proud of your creepy obsession with dragons and stalking people. At least you can make a living off of it." Hiccup wiped his eyes and nodded, still giggling slightly. "Aw come on, it's not that funny." Jack felt like they were slowly slipping back into their old conversations. It was beginning to feel like there wasn't tension anymore.

"It's just," he stuttered through the laughter, "parrots? Why parrots?" His eyes were bright and Jack could feel his body gravitating towards him.

Because I was too stupid to say something cool. "I don't know, don't I look like more of a bird kind of guy?"

Don't make me laugh. Hiccup brushed his hair from his face. I'm _not supposed to be laughing with you_. "You seem more like a polar bear kind of guy to me."

"What?" Jack's grin widened, eyes crinkling in the corners. "Is it because of the hair? I bet it's because of the hair." He ruffled his hair, blowing at his bangs. "Do you think a mother polar bear would take me in as her young?"

Hiccup snorted, finally managing to catch his breath. "Would that be before or after she slowly tears you limb from limb?"

"Well then I guess I won't be visiting the North Pole any time soon_. " Keep laughing; you look better when you smile._ His hands clenched in his lap.

"Polar bears live mainly in the Arctic Circle," Hiccup corrected. "So you can go to the North Pole as you please." _Maybe you can find a girl to go with you_. He leaned back, shaking off the thought quickly. He was having fun again; he didn't want to ruin it.

"Nah," Jack said, "that would be boring. There would be no one to draw a dragon for me." He bounced his legs, eyes on the floor. "Plus I think Emma would miss me too much."

I would miss you too. "Really? I think she would be happy, she would get the basement then."

"As if I would let her," Jack scoffed. "That's _my_ hermit's nest." _Would you miss me if I was gone?_ "Speaking of my hermit's nest, you're still coming Friday, right?"

Hiccup leaned forward and then back again, looking up to the sky. "I don't know, you know how busy I might be with all my plans." Jack snickered and they both smiled. "Yeah, what movie are you planning to make me watch? March of the penguins?"

"Yes, and I'll put it on mute so that way I can narrate the whole thing by myself." Jack narrowed his eyes and Hiccup bit his lip. "You'll have to listen to me talk about penguins, think you can handle it Hiccy?"

"I'd rather Morgan Freeman do it, but I suppose I could listen to you lecture about animals. It could be entertaining, who knows." _I'd just listen to your voice_. "Will you do different voices for each penguin then?"

"I've got a great Russian accent if you want to hear." He cleared his throat. "This is going to be epic!" He shouted in a broken Russian accent. Hiccup started laughing again covering his face with his hands. "You like?" _Just keep smiling for me_.

"Never do that again, I don't think I would last through the movie without laughing." Hiccup sighed and checked his phone, smile faltering. "Ah, I have to get home. But I'll see you Friday, right?" He stood, gathering his things together.

"Yeah, I'll talk to you later, alright?" Jack watched him, folding his hands in his lap. Hiccup nodded, running off to go find

Toothless. Jack moaned when he was alone, bringing his intertwined hands up to his forehead. "Crap, crap, crap," he muttered. He looked over the playground and found Hiccup running after Toothless as they left. _He runs so_- he pursed his lips as he cringed slightly. _I was about to say cuteâ€¢| wasn't I?_

Lowering his head he sighed. "Trial four down," he whispered, "one more to go."

* * *

><p>So yeah.

**Uhm, I'm going on a vacation for a week and I most likely won't be able to post anything. I'm leaving Friday so hopefully I can post more before then, but other than that if I don't post for a while, it means that I have no internet and I am on vacation. Not that it really matters though. **

Kisses and unicorns

~Shi

24. Chapter 24

I really need to get outside more...

* * *

><p>Thursday passed without much incident and Hiccup was wondering if the world was finally being nice to him. He was walking with Astrid Friday morning both of them nervous about their later plans, though Hiccup didn't know what he was so nervous about. It's not like it could be a date. There's obviously no way that's going to happen.

"So, do your parents know you're going out with a college boy tonight?" He nudged her and she pushed him back. The skies were getting gray and the air seemed like it could blow right through you.

"For your information they know I'm going to the movies but they don't exactly know Jamie is in college. I think I'll wait to tell them that." Astrid shivered for a moment, wrapping her scarf tighter around her neck.

Hiccup laughed. "And when will you tell them? Your wedding day?"

"Hardy-har-har, _no_. Besides, I wouldn't even call this a date, it's more of going to the movies to get to know someone better kind of thing." He made a noise and she pursed her lips. "What?"

He glanced at her and shrugged. "What you just described is pretty much a date. Let's face it; he's trying to take you out on a date. And you two will get married and I better be in your wedding." He smirked as she flushed slightly, though she would only blame it on the cold weather. "I'd never thought I'd see the day Astrid Hofferson became flustered all because of a boy."

She punched him roughly, crossing her arms right after. "You're not going to live to see another day if you keep this up," she warned. He laughed and apologized, rubbing the spot where she had hit. "Now let's hurry up, we have class to get to." They hurried across the street and waved to the twins as they pulled in the parking lot.

I'd never think so many things would change. Hiccup looked to the darkening sky. It's amazing how much we've grown and everything we've been through. He let out a sigh. Just amazing.

* * *

><p>"Just amazing!" Jack laughed, wrapping his arms around Jamie's neck as they sat in the library. The librarian looked at them and both gave a slight nod to be quieter. They were sitting in the back and Jack was almost crawling on top of Jamie, trying to get him to talk. "Jamie's got a date tonight," he sang in a low voice.</p>

"And Jack is annoying as usual," Jamie hummed back. "Look, why are you so excited about this? Shouldn't you be worrying about your own date with Hiccup? I mean, you have to look good for the kid when you confess your undying love for him." Jack frowned slightly and sat down in the seat across the table. "Oh what? Are you seriously still denying everything?"

Jack tapped his fingers against the table top, resting his head in the crook of his arm. "I'm not admitting anything. Seriously," he mumbled. Jamie shook his head slightly, going through his text book once more. It was quiet for a while and Jack started shifting and moving around in a clumsy manner.

"Should I assume you're having a seizure or can I just leave you here?"

"What even happens if I don't admit anything, I mean, who benefits from this?" Jack sat up straight suddenly, hair mussed as he glared. "You obviously don't gain anything--"

"Except the satisfaction that I am right."

Jack ignored him. "So I learn I don't like the kid and we both move on with life, yay," he muttered. "And what if I do admit to anything?" Before Jamie could cut in he pointed a finger with a warning glare. If! The operative word here is If Jamie! If I do admit to anything, then what? You really think he's going to suddenly run into my arms and kiss me? Be real here, the kid thinks I'm straight, he's going to be confused as all hell."

"Then you just keep kissing him until he understands," Jamie sighed, suddenly tired.

"And how did you manage to get a date tonight? Seriously, what teenage romance novel have you been reading lately?" Jack waved a hand in the air as the brown haired boy flattened his lips. "I just hope things aren't heavy and we can just chill together like before."

Jamie lowered his voice. "And make out and have tons of sex," he

whispered. Jack glared and Jamie just shrugged, grinning. "Like it's not going to happen eventually?"

"Say whatever you want, I just hope it works out."

* * *

><p>"Say whatever you want, I just hope it works out," Hiccup said. "You two seem really cute together, so don't worry so much Astrid." They were sitting at lunch, though the two of them barely touched their food. Hiccup was too nervous to eat, even if he was constantly reminding himself that it was over nothing.</p>

"So Astrid has a date huh?" Ruffnut smirked, leaning an elbow on the table. "With who?"

"Jamie, Sophie's brother," Hiccup explained.

Sophie flushed a little as the twins looked to her, eyeing her up. "H-He's older," she said quietly. Fishlegs put a hand on her shoulder. Hiccup noticed that he was very close to Sophie, he was glad they started dating; it seemed to give Fishlegs a confidence boost. Not that he needed it of course.

Astrid waved her hands around to get their attention. "Let's not talk about this, it's making Sophie uncomfortable." Both girls shared a look and nodded to each other.

Tuffnut laughed, "not the only one." Everyone but Astrid and Sophie joined in on the laughter. Hiccup even managed to chuckle, trying to shake off the nerves that were eating away at his stomach. At least the twins had been able to adjust to them quickly; it was nice to see them in a different light than when they were with Snoutlout.

He smiled to himself, poking at his food, although it didn't last long. I should be happy but why am I so nervous?

* * *

><p>I should be happy but why am I so nervous? Jack slipped out of his shoes as he walked into the house, throwing his jacket with the others on the rack. Hiccup will be here in a few hours and I feel jumpy. He rubbed his forehead, trying to calm down. I don't know what to feel anymore.

He went into the kitchen and started pulling out food from the fridge. There was a note on the counter from his parents. The usual. Please behave. We love you. Emergency numbers. He put it on the fridge with a magnet and went back to his food.

The door opened and he didn't even bother to look up. "Hey squirt, how'd school go?" He finally looked up when she came into the kitchen, bag hanging off her one shoulder. "You ready to watch a movie with Hiccy tonight?"

"Uhm, about that," Emma said slowly. Jack looked at her for a moment and she gave him her biggest puppy eyes. "Pippa invited me to her house for a sleep over and I was just wondering if it's okay if I can go." She folded her hands under her chin. "Please, I promise I'll behave."

Jack stopped making his snack and looked at her. "But we were going to watch movies," he said absently.

"I know and we can watch movies another night, I swear." She bounced on her feet, hair shifting into her face. "Please Jack," she cried. He sighed and scratched the back of his head, trying to think_. I can last with just me and Hiccup alone. It's only a movie. Nothing will happen and everything will go fine, just like I had said. _

"Alright fine," he laughed. Emma squealed and hugged him tightly. "Just make sure you stay in contact with me." She nodded and ran off to her to grab her things, giggles echoing through the house. He leaned against the counter and laughed at himself. _What am I even doing?_

* * *

><p>What am I even doing? Hiccup was sitting next to Val in the passenger seat, bag clutched tightly on his lap. He was contemplating to tell his mom to turn around and take him home. He would fake sick or something just to get out of going to Jack's. _But Emma's there and I don't want to just leave herâ€| or Jack really.

-

"Why are you bringing your sketch book?" Val asked as she stopped at a street corner. "Aren't you watching a movie?"

Hiccup tightened his grip on his bag. "Yeah, but I thought I could draw for them or something if we get bored. I don't know." _It would also give me the excuse to seem busy._ "Just something to mess around with."

"Well have fun alright, you know to call if you want a ride home and what not." She pulled up to Jack's house, waving. "Bye Hiccup, tell Jack I said hello."

"Alright," he said. Getting out he could feel his stomach drop, like when you're on a roller coaster. He watched over his shoulder as the car pulled away, his hands shaking as he reached the door. He missed the doorbell twice before he finally got it to ring. _Please let this just be a fun night. Nothing weird or awkward. Please_, he silently prayed.

The door swung open and Jack was there, smiling in nothing but a tank and jeans. Hiccup felt like he was way over dressed in comparison, with his baggy jeans and actual nice sweater. He tilted his head, running a hand through his hair. "Hey, you made it," he said.

Hiccup hitched his shoulders, looking away for a moment. "Yup, wouldn't want to disappoint Emma." Jack made a face like a twisted smile and they both stared. "Where is Emma? I thought she would be the one to greet me."

Jack moved out of the smaller boy's way, leading him into the house. "Well Emma got invited to a sleep over so she ditched us guys." Both of them laughed, but it was forced. "Looks like we got the house all to ourselves then."

"Oh, okay," was all Hiccup could respond. _We're alone. We're

completely alone and things just got awkward. Thanks for listening oh great force from above. Some help you are._ He frowned for a moment as he took off his shoes. "So, what are we doing then?" He followed Jack into the kitchen where an extra large bowl of pop corn was sitting on the counter.

"We're watching a movie, as promised." Jack grabbed the bowl and motioned to the basement, the two of them walking in silence until they reached the television. He grabbed a DVD case and waved it around, smirking. "And as doubly promised, we are watching March of the Penguins, narrated by me."

Hiccup immediately shook his head. "No, no, you can't."

Jack frowned, but he was holding back a smile. "And why not?"

Now the freckled boy smiled back. "You know exactly why, I'm not going to take this movie seriously ever again if you narrate it."
Maybe things aren't so awkward anymore. "If we're watching it then I beg you that we watch it with Morgan Freeman's voice."

There's that smile-er never mind. "No, we can only watch this movie while I narrate, no complaining." _It's the only thing that'll keep my occupied._

"But-"

"Nope!"

"Jack-"

"Not listening!"

"Can't we-"

"Sit!" Jack pointed to the beanie bags, grinning wildly. "Just sit and enjoy the show!" Hiccup sat down reluctantly, putting his bag to the side as Jack ran around getting things ready. He dimmed the lights and brought over to cans of soda, setting them between the seats. He finally got the DVD in and put it on mute, smiling all the while.

"Jack, you do realize that we're not going to finish this movie?" Hiccup took a sip of his soda and found it was root beer, one of his favorites when he was a kid. Jack just silently shoved the bowl of popcorn at him, his sapphire eyes glowing in the light of the television screen. _He looks nice in this light_, he thought for a moment, almost going for his sketch book.

As the movie began, Jack tried to imitate Morgan Freenman's voice, only to have it crack and jump from pitch to pitch. Hiccup was in a fit of giggles, trying not to choke on his popcorn. "And here we have a bunch of tuxedo birds getting ready for their prom, except, there is no prom," he talked loudly. "They are stuck on an iceberg and they have no prom." Hiccup covered his mouth, face turning red from the effort. "This is Paul," the movie zoomed in on the penguin, "he lost his prom date to the seal. The seal didn't eat it; it _literally_ took his date from him."

"Jack stop-" he choked slightly. "I can't do this." _You're making it

hard to forget you._

Jack just smirked, coughing slightly. _I want him to keep smiling._ "Regina," he said with that infamous Russian accent. "I am sorry to say," the penguins squawked at each other on the screen, "this egg is not yours, it is Marsha's." Hiccup covered his face, folding himself into the beanie bag. Jack switched to a terrible Spanish accent. "No John, do not tell me such lies." He swooned for effect. "I thought you loved me."

And so the movie continued until Hiccup had rolled onto the floor in laughter, his stomach cramping from laughing so hard. He was lying face down in the carpet when the credits finally rolled and Jack stood, bowing. "Thank you. I do appreciate you coming to the showing of my new movie The Flightless Ice Tuxedo Birds." He clapped for himself since Hiccup seemed occupied trying to control his snickering. "See, I told you it would be amazing," he smiled, "and you wanted Morgan Freeman, Psh."

Hiccup finally sat up, wiping his eyes with the back of his hands. "I think I ruptured my spleen because of you." He stood, brushing off his pants. "I never knew you had such a vocal range."

"Why thank you," Jack said smoothly.

"You went from horrible to complete ear bleeding madness within a minute; I must give you props for such a feat." He clapped slowly, earning an eyebrow raise. _Thank you for making me laugh like that. Thank you._ "So now what do we do?"

I don't know. I don't know what to do with you. "I don't know, what's in your bag?" Jack pointed to the pack curiously. "Did you bring another movie for me to narrate?"

"As if I would let that happen." Hiccup smirked and went to his bag, pulling out his sketch book. "I thought since I never got to draw you, I might as well do it now." Jack turned up the lights in a hurry, excitement in his features. "Wow, don't hurt yourself now," he joked.

"Okay, so how should I pose? Like a French girl or-"

"No French girl poses please, something natural." Hiccup sat down on the floor, crossing his legs. "Like, just sit on the couch or something." Jack nodded and got on the floor across from Hiccup, sitting cross legged as well, hands at his side so he could lean. Absolutely perfect.

"Got enough light?" He asked. Stop looking at me like I'm a god.

"Yes," Hiccup said. He got out his pencil and eraser, preparing. Please don't stare at me.

"Need any supplies?" Don't move your hands so delicately.

"Nope." Look somewhere else.

"Should I get a chair?" Don't bite your lip like that.

"Jack?" Hiccup lifted his gaze to meet the white haired teen in front of him.

"Yes?" He sat eagerly, practically bouncing, his hair doing that swoopy thing again.

"Stop talking, you're a model remember? Models can't talk when their being drawn." They both smiled and he nodded, becoming silent.

Jack leaned back into a more comfortable position, tilting his head as he watched Hiccup sketch. He found it, though he wouldn't admit it to Jamie, cute the way the boy's tongue would slip out the side of his mouth when he concentrated. They sat in silence, the sound of the pencil scratching against the paper filling the air between them.

"So, do you do any self portraits?" He asked, sitting forward again. The quiet air about them was killing him. It was probably going to mess up the picture but for some reason he just couldn't sit still. Hiccup glanced up at him and shook his head quickly, eyes right back to his sketch book. "Why not? I thought all artists do at least one self portrait in their lives."

Hiccup sighed, lowering the sketch book. "I just don't like my appearance so I don't draw myself. I feel like if I try to draw myself, I'll just show all the imperfections I have." Why am I telling you all this? He shrugged and went back to sketching as if what he said was nothing. "I just stick to drawing others. It's easier that way." It's not like anyone else has told me any different.

"Then why not have someone else draw you?" Jack suggested, sapphire eyes staring at the boy in front of him. Was he serious? As far as Jack was concerned, Hiccup didn't have any imperfections. Wait whatâ€¦ "Here, let me draw you." He snatched the sketch book and pencil away, quickly taking note that Hiccup had drawn him perfectly.

"No, Jack you don't-" Hiccup moved to grab it back but Jack glared and he sat back down, his lips pursed tightly. "Seriously, can I just have my sketch book back?" No, things were going just fine. Please don't start this now.

Jack flipped to a clean page and pressed the pencils worn out tip to the paper. "No, I'm going to show you that you shouldn't hate yourself, stupid." There's really nothing to hate. He began to draw, his eyebrows knitting together. "I'm drawing your face right now, starting with your eyes."

"What are you talking about?" Hiccup rolled said eyes. Stop. Please.

"Be quiet and listen," Jack said with a strangely stern tone. Hiccup sat up straight and waited. "I'm drawing your eyes; they're my favorite part of you because whenever I look into them, they let me know exactly how you're feeling without having to guess. They're so full of emotion sometimes I can't help but feel them too." He explained as he drew. "They're also a beautiful color." I can't stop nowâ€¦ my mouth is just moving on its own.

He moved onto the nose. "You're nose is a little round, so what? I like the shape it has because it adds to your face as a whole." He didn't mention how he thought about kissing it once or twice. _That was becauseâ€œ| well I don't knowâ€œ|_ "And you're mouthâ€œ|" Grinning he couldn't help but laugh as he sketched. "You always say such funny and smart things, not to mention your voice. I love hearing you talk about the things you love, your voice takes on this dreamy tone and it just feels great." _I bet kissing you wouldn't be all that bad eitherâ€œ|_

I don't understand. "Jackâ€œ|"

Jack shook his head, not looking up. "Not done yet," he murmured. "Your hair is always ruffled and in your face, but when you move it away, you're able to show everyone who you are." He erased a stray line and continued. "Your freckles are one of the best parts about you. I don't know why, but for some reason, I want to count how many of them you have." He chuckled as he tapped the paper with the tip of the pencil, creating said freckles. "That probably sounds stupid to you." Now he finally glanced up, the pencil dropping from his fingers. _Oh no._

Hiccup sat across from him, gaping and unable to speak. His cheeks were so red they hid his freckles Jack loved so much, and his lips quivering as he tried to form words but could only make small gurgles and mumbling noises. Jack looked into those deep green eyes, finding they were wide and as bright as ever.

They were in his basement, _alone_ and he was practically confessing to the boy that he was in love with every single inch of him. All those times Jack had made him smile, just to see him actually happy. All those times they touched, even if it was something as trivial as a brushing of arms. All those moments suddenly flooded through his mind. He felt something tug in his chest and before he knew it, Hiccup was in his grasp, their lips meeting.

It was soft and achingly sweet as their bodies melted against each other, tingling. _So much for trial five_, Jack thought as bit down lightly on Hiccup's bottom lip.

"J-Jack," Hiccup whispered as they broke apart.

The way he was breathing made Jack's finger twitch. Oh did he want to touch him more. It was like every moment they had almost touched finally snowballed together into one big mess of a kiss. Every inch of his body was on fire and the only thing that could extinguish it was Hiccup. "I know I probably should have done that sooner," he grinned.

Hiccup looked around. "B-But you'reâ€œ| you're not-"

Jack brought their foreheads together, breaths mingling between them. "I'll explain everything later. But for right now, just shut up," he murmured, "and kiss me back already."

Hiccup didn't need to be told twice.

* * *

><p>Soooo... how about them tuxedo birds? Yeah... *cries* It

only took twenty four chapters but finally... finally
sobs

Kisses and unicorns

~Shi

25. Chapter 25

not on vacation yet so here

* * *

><p>"So what you're saying is? This whole thing was a bet?" Hiccup was trying to seem like he wasn't offended slightly, leaning back on Jack's bed. Jack himself sat next to him, trying to explain everything like he had promised to do so.</p>

"No," he sighed, "the night at the party Jamie told me what happened." Hiccup looked at him confused. "Why you left so early and he told me it was because you really liked me. So we wanted to see if I liked you back and he made up this whole test and whatnot." He threw his hands up in the air, glad it was all over. "It wasn't a bet, I can tell you that."

Hiccup fiddled with the blankets, picking at a loose thread. "So, do you like me?" He asked, glancing at Jack who gave a crooked smile. "What?"

Jack leaned against him, wrapping an arm around his shoulder. "Really? After that big whole confession and kiss, you really doubt me now?" Hiccup shrugged and brushed some hair out of his eyes. When did that one simple motion become so cute? The older boy squeezed his shoulder. "Okay, how about this, I'll take you on a real date. No watching tuxedo bird movies or having to babysit in the park. We'll go on a real date with real plans and we can talk everything over then. How does that sound?"

"Alright, but nothing over the top. In case you haven't noticed, I'm new to this." Hiccup nudged him and he nudged back, body pressing longer than needed. I missed his touch.

Jack smiled and they seemed to move closer to each other. "So how about over Thanksgiving break, you're off a few days right?"

The brunette hesitated as he thought it over. "One night I'm going to watch movies with everyone at Fishlegs' place."

"Oh," Jack made a face for a moment, "is that one kid going to be there?"

"You're going to have to be more specific than that Jack, there's going to be a bunch of us 'kids' there." Hiccup raised an eyebrow at Jack's sudden frown, his peppered eyebrows coming together as he tried to remember.

"That one with the long blonde hair and always looks like he's doing drugs." He struggled with the description, shaking his head slightly. "His name was something like fluffbutt or something weird like that.

He was with you that one time I walked with you guys."

Hiccup laughed. "Tuffnut? Yes he's going to watch the movie with us." When sapphire eyes narrowed he gave a small smile. "You can't seriously be jealous of Tuffnut, can you?" Now they were squinting at him. "He's a nice guy when you get to know him."

"A little too nice," Jack muttered. "That guy likes you Hiccup, I can see it whenever he's near you." Hiccup shook his head but the white haired teen pursed his lips. "Every time he was with you, he kept looking at you and was always close to you. He likes you."

That couldn't be possibleâ€| but everything that happened with Snoutlout. Could it really meanâ€|_ "Even if he did like me, I just don't," he tilted his head, "see him that way. He's a nice guy butâ€|"

"There's someone else you like?" Jack was smiling again, practically falling on top of the boy. "Who could that possibly be?" He poked the boy's freckled cheek, waiting for an answer. "Hm? Maybe he's a devilishly handsome white haired young man sitting right next to you?"

"More like an idiot who can't do impressions who's trying to suffocate me right now." Hiccup shoved him playfully, trying to get some space between them. He wasn't used to having Jack so close to him. He wasn't used to any of this period. Jack was the first person ever to return his feelings and he wasn't sure what to do next, but he knew it was going to go slow. "What time is it anyways?" He asked, wanting to change the subject from Tuffnut. He was finally having a good time again and he didn't want to start weighing down his mind with thoughts like that.

"Around ten forty, you want me to drive you home?" Jack slipped off the bed, stretching his arms above his head.

"You don't have to; you're probably tired from exerting all that energy into narrating." Hiccup snickered as he pouted, leaning over him to pull him off the bed as well. Their hands locked around each other and Hiccup's heart sped, it was like electricity running through their finger tips. This is amazing.

Jack ruffled his hair once they were both on their feet. "I am driving you, it's the least I can do since I put you through all this." I need to make this all up. His face softened and Hiccup decided not to argue, though he wasn't about to complain since it meant more time with Jack. "Ah, wait." Jack bent down and picked up a crumpled piece of paper, handing it over. "Don't forget this."

Hiccup unfolded it and started laughing. It was the picture Jack had drawn, or scribbled really. Hiccup's eyes were too big, his mouth too crooked and there seemed to be freckles in his hair. It's beautiful. Jack crossed his arms at the laughter, tapping his foot. "It can't be that bad?"

"No," Hiccup sighed. He looked up at Jack, sincere smile on his lips as he tilted his head slightly. "It's perfect, thank you." No one had ever done or said those things to him before and it meant the

world.

The older teen stepped back and looked away, a blush working its way up his neck. That look, it was just soâ€œ| I can'tâ€œ| whyâ€œ| "We should get going," his voice cracked. "Come on, you can get shot gun." They both laughed as they climbed upstairs into the darkened house.

"Wow, its sure is quiet here. I don't think I recognize this place." Hiccup looked around, finding shadows creeping along walls and the ceilings. "Don't you get scared or lonely in the house alone?" They made their way to the front and Jack grabbed his arm, pulling him close. "Jack?"

"Then would you stay with me if I asked you to?" He whispered but in the silence of the house it felt like a scream. I thought about it. Over and over in my head.

Hiccup pushed away, shaking his head slowly. "N-No. I'm sorry but right now is-is you knowâ€œ| I don't think I could handle staying the night." His emerald eyes glanced up and he moved away. "I'm sorry, I just," he lowered his voice, "can't." Everything is still up in the air. I'm not doing anything that can blow up in my face later.

—
Jack reached out, fingers brushing his cheek, thumb tracing over freckles. "It's alright, I understand. Pushing my limits is something I tend to do a lot." I shouldn't have been so quick to ask. "Let's get you home then," he said. They went outside and it was like their breath had been knocked out of them. "Winter sure is coming fast this year."

Hiccup hugged himself for warmth, nodding. "Yeah, but I sort of missed it. I can't wait for the snow." They got into the car and Jack immediately turned the heat up, waiting for the car to warm. "I hope we get a lot, I like when everything is covered in white and people start to decorate their houses." He smiled at the thought of his family being together on Christmas, the only holiday where his dad took a real break from work.

"So you're a winter kind of guy, huh?" The older teen leaned against the steering wheel. "I would have taken you for a Fall person."

"No, snow is so much better than dead leaves," he said. "What about you? What season do you like?"

"I'm with you." Jack grinned and started to pull out of the drive way. "Winter all the way." They both seemed so relax now, neither of them having to worry about what the other was thinking. "Does this mean I can use the mistletoe against you?" Okay, maybe not so much.

Hiccup turned his face to look out the window, hiding the blush on his cheeks. He was used to Jack flirting, but he wasn't used to Jack flirting after they both agreed to go on a date. His stomach was jumping again, only this time; it was a happy sort of a nervous. "I'd like to see you try."

They were almost to his house, the time seeming to slow down. "Challenge accepted." Jack kept sneaking side glances at the boy,

finding it cute how he would curl his legs up to his chest, slouching. It was like he was trying to sink into the seat, his shoulders hunched all the way to his ears. _Everything I had been keeping myself from is finally right next to me. I can reach out and touch him. I could kiss him!_ He almost slammed down on the gas as his thoughts raced. _Need to stay focused on the road. Focus._

"Is everything okay over there?" Hiccup asked, raising an eyebrow. "I'd rather make it home alive thank you very much." _Is he regretting it?_

"What?" Jack blinked as they pulled onto Hiccup's street. "Sorry," he mumbled, "you're just so damn distracting I can't drive right." He cursed himself. _That wasn't supposed to be said out loud._ "I-Ignore that comment," he added quietly.

The smaller teen open and closed his mouth. "Oh," he said absently, "I'm sorry." _I'm distracting? I've never distracted anyone before._ They pulled in front of his house and he hesitated to get out. _Do I kiss him goodbye or is that not allowed?_ He frowned to himself. _What about a hug?_

Jack wanted to keep him in the car but he knew he couldn't. _Maybe I should kiss him goodbye. Or would he freak out about that? I'm really pushing my luck here, aren't I?_

_ Well, we did clear everything upâ€¦_

_ I don't want him to leave._

_ Maybe just one on the cheek?_

_ I want to hold him. _

"Jack?"

"Hm?"

Hiccup leaned across the cup holders and briefly pressed his lips to Jack's before opening the door. "Just so you know, you don't need the mistletoe to kiss me." He slammed the door shut and ran till he was inside.

Jack touched his fingers to his lips, practically red to the tip of his ears. He broke out into a smile, letting out a shout of joy as he pulled away from the curb. As he drove home he kept feeling his lips, wishing the kiss had lasted a little bit longer.

* * *

><p>Hiccup reached around blindly for his phone as it vibrated somewhere on his bed. He finally got it and pressed it to his ear. "Hello?" He muttered, rolling tighter in his blankets. "Astrid?"<p>

"We're going to the mall, be outside in half an hour." She hung up and he groaned, throwing his phone on the other end of the bed. He waited a few minutes before deciding it would be better to be waiting than to have her drag him outside.

While untangling himself from his sheets he ended up on the floor, one leg thrown on the bed while his arms were spread out. "Great," he sighed. As he moved his one hand, it smacked something. He grabbed it and smiled, looking at the picture Jack had drawn. "Great," he whispered happily.

* * *

><p>"So how did your date with Jamie with go?" Hiccup said around the straw of his soda. It was root beer and reminded him of last night. They were wandering the mall, sipping drinks and looking at the displays. It was early so there weren't that many people.</p>

Astrid shrugged, pulling her drink away from her mouth. "We watched the movie, held hands for a few minutes. Nothing special." She went to drink but Hiccup saw the slight flush of her face and grabbed her arm.

"You two kissed didn't you?" He smiled. She sputtered and coughed on her drink, punching him in the chest. "You so did!" He laughed through the pain.

"Shut up, okay!" She practically hissed. "It was just one kiss and it was when he dropped me off back home." Fixing her hair she looked away. "Besides, it's not like we agreed to go out or anything yet, he's going to take me on another date in two weeks since he's going away for Thanksgiving."

"I'm really glad for you; it sounds like he's really trying to impress you." Hiccup played with his straw, making the squeaking noise that hurt your ears.

She scoffed. "He should be more worried about trying to impress my parents once they find out he's eighteen." They both paused and looked at each other. "This is going to be more difficult than it already is, isn't it?"

"No one said it was going to be easy," he shrugged.

Astrid nudged his elbow. "So how'd the movie go with the Overland siblings?"

Hiccup laughed, but it was a nervous one. "Well, Emma had gone to a sleep over so it was just me and Jack." She gaped at him and he nodded. "But it was fun; we watched a movie and drew some pictures." He smiled and must of have looked suspicious because Astrid started to glare. "W-What?" He asked.

"Hiccup, you know you shouldn't hurt yourself. Falling for him is a lost cause if he's straight," she reminded gently. He stumbled while walking, fighting on what to say. "What's wrong? Did something happen?" She gripped his shoulder tightly. "Details Hiccup! Details!"

He bit his lip and spotted an empty bench, pulling her to it. He sat her down and began to explain everything that happened, his hands flying about as he did. When he finished he was out of breath and Astrid just had her mouth hanging open, unsure what to say. "So there you have it. Jack is not gay and we kissed and he wants to take me on a date and-andâ€œ" He let out a sigh and sank back into the

bench.

"And you're sure this isn't some cruel joke?" She finally spoke, voice calm.

Hiccup shook his head. "Jack wouldn't do thatâ€¦ he seemed like he really liked me anyways," he said quietly. Without warning Astrid put down her drink and practically tackled him off the bench, her arm tight around his neck. "A-Astrid humans need oxygen to live," he coughed. "I _am_ human!" She dragged her knuckles across his head and he screeched, grabbing the attention of some early morning shoppers.

She finally let go, pushing her hair from her face. "I can't believe it!" She laughed. "We were worrying over nothing!" Hiccup nodded, putting his hair back to how he had it. "I need to punch Jack in the throat! I can't believe he was keeping that from us for so long!" Then she snapped her fingers. "I need to get back at Jamie too, he was in on it."

"Let's _not_ plot murder right now," Hiccup suggested.

"Yeah you're right." Astrid picked up her drink, holding it out to Hiccup. "Celebrations are in order." They tapped cups and drank.

"I can't believe things worked out," he sighed. I can't believe any of it. He smiled and closed his eyes for a moment. Things can only get better. For a moment Stoick passed his mind and he pushed it away, knowing it would eventually have to happen, but for now, he would relish in the happiness.

* * *

><p>And yeah...

Kisses and unicorns

~Shi

26. Chapter 26

So last one before I leave. Sort of filler-y

* * *

><p>Jamie threw his gym bag over his shoulder, Jack trailing behind with another coffee in hand. "Are you going to make this a habit every Monday? If you are, remind me to drive myself from now on." He whined as they entered the fitness center. They were both thankful for the warm air blowing in their faces, melting the chill on their skin.</p>

"Oh please, what am I taking away from you besides a few hours of sleep?" Jamie headed for the locker rooms but Jack lingered outside. "You coming?" He motioned to the door behind him, waiting.

"No, not after last time," Jack shuddered. "I'll catch you up stairs." I'd rather not see any more naked teachers thank you. One is enough to scar me for life.

They both nodded to each other and Jack went up the stairs, dragging his feet. He didn't mind getting up early, but he just felt like going to the gym was a waste of time. He didn't need muscles; Hiccup didn't think he needed any it seemed. For a moment his heart jolted and he smiled to himself, shaking his head slightly as he finally got to the track.

It was elevated over the basketball court below and there was a side section with all the work out machines Jack never knew existed. He sat himself down on a machine that looked like it could rip off your arms and he sipped his coffee, slipping out of his coat. A few other people were running today and he eyed them up, finding there was no one interesting.

Jamie finally came up, changed and ready. He jogged over to Jack and was getting his iPod started, ear buds hanging over his shoulder. "So you're just going to sit here?" He asked, not even looking up.

Jack leaned back, holding up his coffee. "That's the plan, besides; I don't need to work out for my girlfriend." Jamie finally glanced up and frowned. "So how did everything go Friday? You two kiss? Should I expect a wedding invitation? Children?"

Sighing, he stopped playing with his device and looked at Jack. "We went to the movies, held hands during the movie and then I took her home." He tried to keep his voice as monotone as possible, pretending to stay calm. "As simple as that."

"But did you kiss her?"

"Yes Jack, I did because that is what you do with someone you like." Jamie rolled his eyes, freckles starting to hide behind a blush. Jack could tell he really liked her; usually Jamie never seemed to date with this much of a serious perspective to it. "Speaking of which, how'd things go with trial five?" He started stretching out his arms and legs. "You pass or fail?"

He ran a hand through his white hair, grinning. "I think I should get an A plus," he said_. I seriously deserve an A plus!_ Jamie raised an eyebrow, not sure what he was getting at. "I managed to kiss him and I've got a date with him over Thanksgiving break." Beaming he took a victory sip of his coffee and held up his hands for praise.

The brown eyed teen started laughing. "Should I start saying 'I told you so' now, or savor it when Hiccup's around?" He punched Jack in the shoulder over and over. "I so knew it, you sexual deviant! You two are practically married as is."

Jack pushed him away. "Man, you really do need to work out, you hit like a girl."

Jamie shook his head. "No, if I could hit like Astrid, you'd be on the ground by now." They both laughed and he started moving towards the track. "I'll be done in a few minutes, think you can behave until then?"

"I don't know," Jack called, smirking, "I'm a sexual deviant, can't be trusted." Jamie just waved him off and put his ear buds in, starting to run. As he ran, Jack continued to drink his coffee in a

blissful peace, mind wandering to Hiccup every now and then.

But that wasn't an issue.

* * *

><p>Hiccup sat at lunch, happily poking at whatever meat they had decided to serve. Astrid seemed just as content with her salad, smiles all around. The only thing that was different was the fact that Ruffnut wasn't there, only Tuffnut. He said she was sick and stuck at home, though he could have left out the graphic details of her vomiting episodes.</p>

"So I'm assuming your date went well?" Fishlegs looked over to Astrid who nodded, trying not to smile. "Are you going to keep seeing him?" He asked, Sophie listening quietly. She didn't mind that her brother was crushing on Astrid, in fact, she thought it was cool.

"Yes, he's taking me on another date when he comes back from vacation." Astrid explained.

Fishlegs nodded, turning to Sophie. "That's right; you guys are going to visit a relative for break, so you're going to miss the movie night." He seemed to be saddened by this fact and she just grabbed his hand, squeezing it lightly.

"But, I'm not the only one who has good news," Astrid said. Everyone looked around, Hiccup tried to shrink in his seat, ducking his head. "Well come on Hiccup, tell everyone, you can't just leave them out." She waved her hand in a circular motion, trying to get him to speak.

He shifted and felt Tuffnut next to him, remembering what Jack had said. If he really does like me then I don't want to shove this in his face, he thought. Butâ€¦ eventually he's going to have to knowâ€¦ He sighed and looked at Fishlegs. "J-Jack is taking me on a date over break," he spoke quietly. There was a chorus of congrats and Tuffnut even nodded. "It's just a date though, it might not even work out," he laughed nervously.

"From what you've told me, I think it's going to work out perfectly fine," Astrid reassured. "Just remember, we have a movie night planned and you better not bail on us." She jabbed a finger at him threateningly.

"As if I could do that," he said. The bell rang and they were all about to go their ways, but Hiccup caught up to Tuffnut, tapping him on the shoulder. "Hey."

The older teen looked at him. "Hey." People passed by, crowding the hallway so it seemed claustrophobic all of a sudden between the two of them. Voices were ringing off the walls and it was hard to concentrate.

"Look, can I talk to you after school?" He asked, hands clenching at his side. I need to do this otherwise it's going to plague me.

-

Tuffnut narrowed his eyes, pursing his lips. "Yeah, alright."

Okay, good. "Where's your car parked, I'll meet you by it." It was getting close to the end of passing period.

"The student parking lot on the side of the school, you know which car is mine, right?" Tuffnut shifted his bag and moved his hair from his face as Hiccup nodded. "I was going to leave early today since I don't have to wait for my sister, but I guess I could just hang out in the library until the end of the day."

"Alright, see you then." Hiccup waved and started off to where Astrid was waiting, arms crossed.

"What was that all about?" She asked as they started walking.

Hiccup shrugged, looking straight ahead. "I just needed to make sure of something."

* * *

><p>Hiccup leaned against Tuffnut's car, or at least, he thought it was his car. It was old and was low to the ground, but the inside seemed clean enough. He saw him pass by enough times to know what it looked like, but then again, he was never really a car person. Crossing and uncrossing his arms he waited, watching as others drove or walked past. Some of them stared back, not used to seeing him there. Usually he was already walking home with Astrid.</p>

Tuffnut finally came through the maze of cars, pushing back his hair. He made it to Hiccup and laughed. "You're on the wrong car, mines the one next to it." Hiccup jumped off the car and made sure there wasn't any damage on it. "Just kidding Hic, that was my car."

Hiccup let out a sigh of relief as Tuffnut continued to laugh.
"Thanks for the heart attack," he muttered playfully.

"So what did you want to talk about?" Tuffnut unlocked his car, throwing his bag in the back. "Do you need a ride home?" Hiccup shook his head so they stayed standing, looking at each other over the top of the car. "Alright, then shoot."

"Well," Hiccup stopped. _How do I say this? Sorry that I'm not gay for you? What if he really isn't gay?_ "I-I was just wondering, uhm," he coughed, "well, you know I'm going on a date with Jack."

"That I do, what's this leading to?" Tuffnut seemed to frown slightly.

Now the smaller teen was panicking. "I-I well, I," he mumbled. "Look, I just wanted to know if you like me." He finally managed to get out all in one breath.

The blue eyed boy raised an eyebrow. "Sure I like you; I wouldn't be hanging out with you if I didn't."

Hiccup groaned. "No, like, do you, you know, _like_ me." He motioned with his hands, hoping to get the point across. It seemed it did as Tuffnut's eyes glanced away, shoulders hunching forward in a defensive position. "I'm sorry that was a stupid thing to say, I'm just—"

"Yeah."

"E-Excuse me?"

"Yeah, I do like you," Tuffnut said calmly. "But I know you like Jack so I'm not going to try and pull anything Hic; I'm not like that if that's what you're worried about." Hiccup opened and closed his mouth, trying to say something. "Look, I'll stop hanging around you guys if that's what you're really scared about." Now his voice took on a guarded tone.

"No! It's not like that." Hiccup was practically about to jump over the car and shake him. "I was just worried because we talk about Jack and I never realized you liked me and I just feel horrible now that I think about it." He wiped at his nose which was starting to burn from the cold air. "I just wanted to apologize for all that and to say thatâ€œ I may not like you," he paused, "in that way, but you're a great guy and being friends with you is awesome." Well now I'm rambling like an idiot. Great.

Tuffnut chuckled, looking down at the asphalt. "Hic, seriously, it's alright." He lifted his head so their eyes met and he smiled. "I understand you don't like me, and I'm okay with that. I think maybe the only reason I gravitated towards you was because you were the only other kid I knew who was like me. I just wanted to find someone who would feel what I feel."

Hiccup jumped from foot to foot. "Well, if you ever need someone to talk to, I'm right here." There was a pause and he coughed. "So, I'm just going to go find Astrid." He pointed to the school and started moving away. "Sorry for everything, once again, deeply sorry. I understand if you hate me. Perfectly fine with that. Sorry."

"Hic," Tuffnut groaned, "it's alright." He opened the driver side door and stuck one leg in. "Don't worry about me, I'll be fine. Now if you'll excuse me, I need to go force feed my sister."

"Don't drown her in soup," Hiccup said, smiling.

"As long as she doesn't drown in her own vomit, I think I'll be good. See ya Hic." He got in all the way and shut the door, engine roaring to life.

Hiccup hurried out of the parking lot and found Astrid waiting by the front entrance, looking at her phone with a slight smile on her face. "Is someone texting their soon to be boyfriend?" He sang, trying to peek at her phone but she hid it away. "Aw, too sexy for me to see?"

Astrid rolled her eyes and they started for home. "Please, the texts you used to send to Jack were way worse."

"I can't help it," Hiccup scoffed, "must be my sex appeal."

"Please, what sex appeal?" Another eye roll.

He pouted teasingly. "Well aren't we a little snarky today, didn't get enough Jamie love?" Now she glared at him, but there was a smile and soon she was chasing him down the sidewalk, both of them laughing. Hiccup kept running, loving the burn of the cold air

filling his lungs, it reminded him of the feeling of Jack's kiss. The way his body just set into a cold fire (it was an oxymoron, but it was the only way he could explain the sensation). So he kept running, trying to recreate the feeling.

But, of course, it could never compare to the real thing.

* * *

><p>Now to pack and get up waay early tomorrow only to have a six hour car ride. *cries* I can try and write on my phone, I just won't be able to post. *sobs* I'm not cut out for life.

Kisses and unicorns (x2)

~Shi

27. Chapter 27

I'm bbbaaaaaccckkk~ (Like legit, I just got back today) God it feels so good to write again. I was having issues because I couldn't write over vacation but now I got a chapter done. It's filler-y and fluffy but I managed to write something. So that's an accomplishment.

* * *

><p>Jack couldn't seem to stand still, his hands slapping his thighs in a rhythm as he looked around the park. It was a warmer day and he even had his jacket open, one of the draw strings stuck between his lips as he chewed. Jamie stood beside him, trying to get him to stay in one spot. "Sit boy," he commanded. Jack gave a humorless look and he smirked. "Heel?"</p>

"In case you haven't noticed I'm not a dog," Jack said dryly. He did a quick sweep of the park again, rocking back on his heels.

Jamie gave a soft laugh and turned his face away as he spoke. "You look more like a dog in heat to me."

They were both waiting for Hiccup and Astrid since they all planned to meet up Friday after school, a chance to catch Jamie before he left for vacation. Needless to say he was also excited, but he kept his hidden unlike Jack who was practically bouncing off the walls. His sapphire eyes caught a messy pile of brunette hair and he broke out into a smile, draw string fall away. "There they are," he announced happily.

From a distance Hiccup raised a hand and so did Astrid, both waving as they approached. Astrid whispered something and nudged him, but they were too far away for Jack to hear, but whatever she said made Hiccup blush. "Hey," he said.

Jack grinned. "Hey."

They were staring at each other, whether they knew it or not. Finally Jamie coughed loudly, breaking their trance. He went over to Astrid, standing seemingly as close as possible, hands brushing in the

slightest movement. Hiccup watched their fingers intertwine around each other without even one fumble and suddenly they were holding hands as if nothing was happening. "Why don't we go sit down?" Jamie asked, nodding to one of the nearby benches.

Hiccup nodded and followed, Jack by his side. His own hands felt cold and empty. Do you hold hands? I mean, we haven't even gone on a date yetâ€| But we will next week. Knowing Jack probably wouldn't want to hold hands he shoved them into his jacket pockets, curling them into fists. To his surprise the older teen managed to squeeze a hand into Hiccup's right pocket without a warning. They're fingers bumped and struggled but finally became interlocked. His heart was about to burst.

Jack glanced at him. "Sorry, I just thought your hands were cold," he muttered nonchalantly. I don't know how else to say 'I want to hold your hand'. I should've just started playing the Beatles and we wouldn't have this problem._

Hiccup looked over the park, only finding the old woman on the bench. "Yeah, they were. Thanks." They both seemed to flush as they sat down, hands still clasped tightly together. Astrid peered over and smiled, raising an eyebrow. "S-Shut up," he hissed.

"What?" Jack looked between the two of them. Hiccup just shook his head, biting his lip in the most seductive (unbeknownst to him) way. The white haired boy had to hold back a growl, fingers tightening around Hiccup's. Why is everything so beautiful when he does it? He thought as he pursed his lips.

Jamie stood, letting go of Astrid's hand to do so. He cleared his throat and stared down at the two boys, a haughty look on his face. "I said I would do it with Hiccup around and he is here, so I can finally claim my victory." He jabbed a finger in Jack's chest, laughing. "I so told you! I knew this would happen and I knew you couldn't last!" To add to the effect he even started moving around in a weird little dance. "I was right and Jack Overland was wrong! Wrong, wrong, wrong! You two are so in love and I was the one who did it!" With one more fist pump he sat down and crossed his arms. "I'm done now."

"Good," Astrid stood, "now it's my turn." Hiccup looked at her, unsure of what she was going to do. First she stood over Jamie, hands on her hips. "How could you not tell me everything? Hiccup is my best friend and he really, really likes Jack!" Now he shrank down into the bench as Jack hand twitched against his. Astrid punched Jamie in the shoulder. Hard. "You could have at least let me in on the whole plan." She seemed angry for a moment but then her features softened and she smiled. "Well, at least I can thank you for bringing them together."

Jack laughed. "Jamie got in trouble," he sang.

Astrid turned to him, narrowing her eyes. "I'm done yet, now it's your turn." Jack swallowed loudly and Hiccup moved closer. She noticed this and glared at Jack, lips flattening. "I'm entrusting you to my best friend in the whole world," she started slowly; "this means you must take care of him with the upmost respect. If you hurt him in any way, and I mean any way, I will find you." Jack shrieked as she took a step forward. "Do we have an understanding?"

He nodded his head so hard Hiccup thought it would fall off. "Yes Ma'am."

She held her head a little higher. "Good." She sat back down, taking Jamie's hand as he was rubbing his arm, wincing.

He looked at her, brown eyes never leaving her face. "How come you didn't hit Jack?" He asked, causing his friend to stare menacingly. "He's in trouble too, right?"

Hiccup leaned forward so he could see Jamie, giving him an apologetic smile. "Sorry, she's hard to control. On the bright side she only punches people she really cares about." Jamie flushed slightly and Astrid managed to reach over Jack and smack Hiccup. "See, she does love me."

"So that means she doesn't love me?" Jack frowned, batting his eyes.

"Let's see how you treat Hiccup and then I can decide if I like you or not." Astrid laughed. They all joined in except for Jack who continued to pout, over exaggerating his bottom lip. "Aw come on, don't be such a baby." She nudged him. "Hiccup can't kiss someone if he's babysitting them all the time."

Now Hiccup's cheeks warmed and his hands were becoming slippery. _What if Jack thinks my hands are gross? I bet he wants to take them away. Crap I should have brought tissues or something._ Jack played off her comment with a joke and the three of them laughed, all except Hiccup who was still trying to figure out how to dry his palms without Jack noticing.

"Sorry about that," Jack said suddenly. He took his hand away from Hiccup and rubbed it against his jeans. "I guess your pocket is warmer than I thought." Their hands were back together in an instant. "Tell me if my nervous sweating grosses you out."

Hiccup just let out a small sigh. "No, it's fine. I didn't notice," he lied. Jack smiled and his stomach felt like a million butterflies were smacking against each other inside it. A slight breeze blew through and Hiccup raised his shoulders against the chill. Jack must have noticed because he moved closer, arms smashed together. "So what are you doing for Thanksgiving?" Hiccup asked, trying to keep the conversation going as Jamie discussed his vacation plans with Astrid.

"Usually Bunnymund makes this huge feast and we go over to his house. All off the family comes over and it can get pretty crazy when Grandpa Manny gets drunk." Jack laughed at the memories. "I get to see all my cousins and what not, I haven't seen Nightlight in a while. He's usually quiet though."

"Nightlight?" Hiccup raised an eyebrow.

Jack nodded. "My cousin. That's his nickname. We're a little weird if haven't noticed." He grinned, showing perfectly white teeth. "What about you?"

"Well," the younger boy looked over the park, "it's like you guys. My

mom makes this giant meal and my uncle and cousin come over." His throat closed at the thought of seeing Snoutlout in his own house after what had happened. He assumed his dad had heard nothing of the fight but that didn't mean his uncle wouldn't bring it up. Jack was watching him closely so he just pushed past the dark feeling. "Old Wrinkly also comes if his car can get him here. Last year he couldn't make it and my mom was really upset. He should be here though; it's nice to see him."

Now it was Jack's turn to raise an eyebrow. "Old Wrinkly?"

"My grandfather." The smaller boy nudged him. "See, you're not the only one with weird names. I really miss him though, I feel like out of my family, he's the only one who really tried to get to know me. I mean, my mom let's me do whatever and my dad doesn't seem to care, but Old Wrinkly really tried to understand me." His eyes fell to the ground. "I'm sorry for rambling, just ignore me." I probably look like a giant dork.

Jack leaned closer, their faces practically touching. "No, keep talking," he whispered. "you looked really happy." Hiccup shifted, cheeks almost brushing. "Tell me more about Old Wrinkly." Just keep talking. I want to see your eyes light up and your mouth go into that crooked line again.

"Well, when I was little he tried to teach me Latin but I could only get a few words. My dad wasn't happy about that because he said it was a useless language." He shrugged, digging the toe of the shoe into the dirt to draw a pattern. "He always smokes from this one pipe he's had since I can remember. Apparently my grandma carved it out for him and he says it brings them closer. But my mom keeps saying it only brings him closer to lung cancer."

"He sounds really interesting. Could I meet him one day?" I want to learn more about who you are.

Hiccup stopped and tried to think. How would I introduce Jack? Hi Old Wrinkly, this is my boyfriend (If he could even call Jack his boyfriend) Jack Overland. He's a great guy and you'd love to chat him up. Oh, did I mention I'm gay? "Maybe someday, I don't know," he muttered quickly. Jack narrowed his eyes slightly and Astrid shifted as if she was about to turn around to them. He lowered his voice, glancing up to blue eyes. "Look, it's just, you know, I haven't actually told any of my family that, you know, I'm," his words trailed off. "I'm sorry."

Jack stayed quiet for a moment. "So you really haven't told anyone? Not even your mom?" He asked, it wasn't threatening, but it wasn't happy either. Hiccup shook his head, afraid to say anything out loud. Jack had to keep quiet since it didn't seem like the smaller boy wanted Astrid and Jamie in on it. "Do you plan on telling them?" I bet he's afraid. But who could hate someone so beautiful?

"Well yeah, of course but," he paused, "it's just hard. Did you come out to your family?"

"Yes," Jack said. "I walked up stairs one day when I was thirteen, looked my mom straight in the eye and told her. She cried a little because she wanted grandchildren but I told her Emma could take care of that." He smiled a little, though Hiccup seemed less enthralled by

their topic. "Look, I'm not saying you have to come out right now, but," he sighed, "please just, sometime in the near future, at least think about it. If this is going to work between us we can't hide it, alright?" Hiccup seemed a little frightened by his words and he brought his free hand up, running cold fingers over his freckles. "Don't look so scared, I'll even help you if you want."

Hiccup concentrated on his fingers, sending chills over his skin. "It's going to take time. Please understand that," he murmured. Am I asking too much? I probably wouldn't want to be in a secret relationship either if I was out. Maybe I just shouldn't be allowed to date and get those fifty cats I_-

Jack kissed him without warning, lips chapped and cold, but it was a welcome feeling. He leaned into it and his eyes fluttered closed, tasting a slight mint on Jack's breath as their lips parted ever-so-slightly. The hand that had been cupping his cheek trailed down and curled against the base of his neck, sending electric shivers down his spine. His mind was in complete ecstasy as the air seemed to be charged and heated; every hair on his body standing on end. This is what those cats can't give me_, he thought drowsily, _only Jack can give me this._

"I'm sorry, are we interrupting something here?" Jamie was standing with Astrid at his side. Hiccup pulled away and didn't know what to do. He tried to pull up his collar but only managed to smack himself in the face lightly. Astrid seemed amused by Hiccup's new found boldness, her lip tilting upwards.

Jack just leaned back, throwing an arm around the bench. "Actually yes, you were." Jamie just nudged him with a foot and he groaned. "Do we have to leave already?"

"Yes, we have to do the homework you put off to get over here."

"But it was in the name of romance!"

"I don't think your professors are going to take that excuse." Jamie motioned to where they had parked Jack's car. "Now come on lover boy, you also promised Emma another video game show down."

They both stood, Jack stretching. As his arm swung down he caught Hiccup's hand again, this time their fingers didn't stumble. "Can I at least walk him home?" He asked, playing innocent. Jamie sighed and waved them away.

"I'll text you later, alright?" Astrid called over her shoulder as she and Jamie headed for her house. Looks like Jack wasn't the only one with the same plan.

"Yeah, bye." Hiccup waved, watching the two of them move closer almost naturally. He stood, not moving as he felt Jack's hand tighten around his for a moment, grabbing his attention. "Hm?" Looking over, he blinked, not aware he had been spacing out.

"You ready to walk home?" Jack swung their hands, already stepping forward. "I understand that I'm distracting and beautiful, but we must get you home at some point Hiccy." At his nickname he smiled and began to walk. "I'm sure your family would miss you." _If I don't get you home now I'd spend the whole night with you in this park just to

talk._

"I bet you would miss me too," he said under his breath. Jack tugged him closer, face practically splitting he was smiling so hard. "I was joking."

"Well you shouldn't joke like that; I might take you seriously and kiss you again." They squeezed each other's hands, laughing quietly to themselves. "So remember, a week from now I am taking you out and we are going to have a wonderful time." They were already halfway home since Hiccup lived so close. "Friday. Next Friday. Six O'clock I'll be waiting outside your house. Just sitting in my car, probably with flowers and in a suit."

Hiccup rolled his eyes. "I highly doubt a date with me needs you in a suit and giving me flowers." _I'm not worth all the effort._

"Hush, I'm trying to woo you. Don't make this into a Taylor Swift song for me." Jack looked down at him for a moment, taking on a more serious tone. "I want to make this perfect so I can make the right impression." _I want to have a breathtaking moment with you again.

-

"You sort of already made that impression when we were dressed up like losers in the middle of a geeky convention." The smaller teen smiled, tilting his head. _Why go to all these lengths?_

"No, I mean I really want to start over Friday. We're going to pretend that we just met and we're going to have fun." Jack spotted Hiccup's house coming up and frowned. "It'll be the best night ever."_ I want to make you smile like no one else ever has. I want that smile to be directed at me._ "Well," he said, "I guess this is where I drop you off."

Hiccup took back his hand and seemed to shy away. "Thanks." Another bite of the lip and Jack almost pulled him close. "So, I'll talk to you later, right?" Jack nodded and was about to speak but Hiccup waved him off. "I remember. Next Friday at six." Now they both smiled. "I'll see you then."

"See you then." Jack was about to leave but Hiccup caught his sleeve, stepping on his tiptoes since he wasn't quiet tall enough. He pecked Jack's lips, longer than the night in the car. His fingers dug into his jacket as he tried to stay balanced, slipping slightly so he ended up kissing his jaw as well. He backed away and tried to hide the shaking of his fingers as Jack's eyes traveled up his body. "You aren't running away this time," he pointed out gently.

"Well Iâ€!" Hiccup looked back at his house. It didn't seem like anyone was near the windows so he was safe for now. "I have to go. See you." This time it was him who moved away, waving to Jack. "Bye." Jack jogged over the few feet and kissed him again. It was quick and warm. As soon as it was starting, it was over. He was back down the sidewalk, raising a hand in the air as he grinned.

Hiccup got inside his house before he thought he would chase after Jack. His heart was pounding and his lips felt like they were on fire. Val came in from the kitchen, something in the oven smelled good as he stripped off his jacket. "Oh Hiccup, you're home," she said.

"Yeah, just got back." He ran a hand through his hair, trying to calm himself.

Val looked at him closely. "Your cheeks are all red, are you alright?"

He chuckled nervously, heading for the stairs. "Must be the cold air." He shrugged, already halfway up. Val seemed to take the excuse because she walked back into the kitchen, going to attend dinner. Hurrying the rest of the way, he was smiling to himself as he went through their conversation again in his head.

Friday.

Six O'clock.

It was a date.

* * *

><p>Ahahaha... yeeeahh nothing really happening but there's kissing so it's not all bad. I guess. Yeah vaca was nice but writing is just something I need. Not to mention I missed you people (in a non-creepy way I swears it). That's all for now.

Kisses and unicorns

~Shi

28. Chapter 28

Mooooovvviiieeee niiigggghhhhttt~ (aka nothing special)

* * *

><p>Hiccup and Astrid stood on Fishlegs' porch, both holding microwave popcorn packets and other candies they decided to get for the night. Monday and Tuesday went by without much issue aside from a few tests the teachers decided to force upon them before break. But it was finally over and now they had the next three days off to enjoy and relax.</p>

Astrid rang the doorbell, tapping her foot slightly as they waited. The movie was in her hand, an old sight to both of them since the last time they had watched it was when Hiccup showed up in the middle of the night. He looked at her and dug his elbow into her side gently. "Brings back old memories, doesn't it?"

"All we need is some ice cream and it could probably be like we're reliving it." She smiled as the door opened. "Hi, we're here for the movie night," she said to Fishlegs' mom.

The woman was on the bigger side but she was sweet. Moving out of the doorway she motioned for them to come inside. "Oh, it's so cold outside now. Fishlegs is downstairs and waiting, though he keeps texting his _girlfriend_. She stressed the word, showing how proud (or shocked) she was that her son had managed to catch a girl when all he did was read and study. "You kids go on down," she

laughed.

"Thank you," Hiccup said. They both went down stairs to find Fishlegs curled into the large couch, phone practically pressing against his face as he typed. "Hey Fishlegs, we're watching the movie on the TV, not your phone." The boy was startled and almost dropped his device. "Wow, you really miss her that much?"

"I was just telling her that she's missing a good movie," Fishlegs mumbled. Hiccup just smiled and looked around since he hadn't been to Fishlegs' house in while. His basement actually reminded him of Jack's, except there wasn't a bedroom. It was large and spacious, a small bar hidden in the back corner and a flat screen TV attached to the wall. An overly large couch sat right in front of it. A perfect movie watching room.

"Well we should wait until the twins get here and then we can start the movie." Astrid put down her snacks on the small, glass coffee table in front of the couch. She dug out her phone and checked it, as did Fishlegs.

"Alright, this better not be a whole night of you guys looking at your phones longingly while I sing 'Part of Your World' alone." Hiccup groaned, falling back onto the couch. There would be enough room for all five of them to sit, though it would be slightly awkward. He and Tuffnut seemed to get along fine, though Hiccup knew it couldn't be that easy. Could it?

Astrid came over and collapsed on his lap, hooking an arm around his neck. "Like you wouldn't answer if Jack texted you right now?" She asked, poking his cheek with her free hand. He didn't say anything and just turned his face away, pretending to pout. "See, you can't yell at us when you would do the same exact thing."

There were footsteps up stairs and Fishlegs' mom popped her head down, a worried look creasing her forehead. "Honey, some," she hesitated, "friends of yours are here." She glanced back upstairs and then back at her son. "I've never seen these two before," she whispered.

"Ah, the twins must be here," Fishlegs said. He sat up and waved his hand. "Send them down Mom, it's alright." She nodded nervously and disappeared. The twins came down a second later, both looking confused by their new surroundings. They actually looked like animals, sniffing out where everything was and trying to get a bearing on how it all worked. "Welcome to my home, you guys can get comfortable."

"Uhm," Ruffnut grunted, "sure." She looked deeply uncomfortable and she pushed her hair from her face, it was down and was extremely long.

Tuffnut seemed to be more at ease as he moved past her to sit down. "Sorry, this is the first time she's ever been invited to something like this. She's new to the whole 'hanging out with friends' thing." He explained, sitting back into the couch.

Hiccup expected a harsh retort from Ruffnut but she only looked around, her hands playing with the strap of her bag. For once she didn't look menacing. He realized she actually looked vulnerable. She

kept biting her lip, light blue eyes glancing around for some kind of instruction. What Tuffnut must have said was true; she really didn't know what to do. Although Hiccup had always seen her with other girls when she hung out with Snoutlout. "Haven't you hung out with anyone before?" He asked.

She pushed at her hair again. "No, I've never really trusted people," she muttered. "I don't know, it just seemed stupid to waste time talking about boys or putting on makeup." Though the look on her face showed she would have gone anyways if anyone had invited her to.

"Well now you're with us," Astrid stated. She went over to her, grabbing her hand to pull her to the couch. "So get comfy because we're about to blow your ears with amazing singing skills that only come with watching this movie fifty times as a child." Both her and Hiccup smiled, more evil than reassuring really. "I'm going to start the movie so Fishlegs, would you be as kind as to start the popcorn?"

Fishlegs stood, gathering the packages. "On it," he announced. He went back to the bar where it was fitted with a microwave and a mini fridge.

Astrid started the movie; not skipping past the previews as she sat on Hiccup's left. Tuffnut was on his right and Ruffnut on the end. "Why don't we just fast forward?" The older girl asked, leaning against the arm rest.

"Because the previews are one of the best parts of old movies," Hiccup said excitedly. They watched the screen and sometimes made comments on the movies they had watched when they were younger. There was even an advertisement for Disney World and they laughed at all the old clothing styles.

Fishlegs finished up with the popcorn and dumped it into two large bowls, handing one out on each side of Hiccup. They all got settled, munching here and there while they waiting for the movie to start. Even the twins seemed into the moment, both relaxing slightly. Eventually the nostalgic music started playing and the blue castle appeared, silencing them all.

* * *

><p>Jack got up from the couch, checking his phone to see if Hiccup had texted him. To his disappointment he had no messages. He wanted to warn Hiccup about Tuffnut again but knew better than to do that. Hiccup was set on telling him over and over that Tuffnut was too nice to try anything, though Jack wasn't about to take his chances.</p>

Yawning he went upstairs where Tooth was drawing out a new costume. She had her hair back and kept in place by stabbing pencils through it. The glasses she wore were perched on the edge of her nose, sliding down as she worked. "Hey Jack, what's wrong?" She asked without even looking up.

"Hm? Nothing, just bored." He sat across from her, watching her work. Emma was away at a friend's house and North was getting in one last work day before Thanksgiving. "What're you up to?"

"Finishing up this design so that way I don't have to worry about it over Thanksgiving. I know that by the time we all finish eating we're probably going to stay the night at Bunnymund's." She muttered, erasing a line. "You know how it is over there."

Jack sat up straight. "But I can't stay the night," he said.

Now Tooth looked up, putting her glasses on top of her head. "What do you mean you can't stay the night? It's Thanksgiving with your family." Her eyes looked violet, overly large in the dim light. "Jack we've been planning this out for a while now, why are you suddenly against it?"

He looked to the side, then up, trying to put his words in order. "I have a date," he said slowly, "on Friday and I wanted to make sure it goes perfect." He folded his hands in his lap, hoping she wouldn't pry, but this was Tooth, she was going to get more information.

She pushed her sketch away, propping her chin up on her hands. "You have a date?" She asked skeptically.

Jack nodded and she hummed. "With who? Should I presume I've met them before?" Her eyes narrowed and he fidgeted. "Jack, I'm willing to pull teeth to get answers, I must warn you." She flashed a perfect smile and he pursed his lips.

"Alright but you can't tell anyone because it's a very touchy subject for them and not everyone knows and it's all just this big thing with him," he blurted. "They're really sweet and nice and I don't want them to get angry at me just because I told you so you can't let anyone know and you have to promise right now." He was panting by the time he was done.

Tooth rubbed her eyes. "Alright, yes I promise. Now spill Jack, I've never seen you this worked up before." Her son had dated before; sure, the boyfriends had come and gone, none of them really leaving this big of an impression on Jack. This boy must be something special for him to be taking them out on a date. Much less worrying about preparing for the date.

He bit his lip and leaned forward before falling back again. Repeating this process he sighed, holding still. "On Friday I'm going to take Hiccup out on a date."

There was silence and only the sound of the clock on the wall ticking between them. Finally Tooth sat up straight and looked her son dead in the eye. "You mean Hiccup from the convention? Val's son?" He nodded, starting his rocking process again. "You mean to tell me he's gay and now you two are going on a date Friday?"

"It's fairly recent and he's nervous about because he hasn't come out to his parentsâ€¦ But I want to make sure he understands that I'm serious." They locked eyes again. "I know I've never really taken my relationships seriously before, but this time," he paused, "I want to make it work." I've never really thought about someone else in this way. Yeah I've dated guys for their looks or even just for a fling, but Hiccupâ€¦ Hiccup is different._ "There's just something about him."

He looked at Tooth and she flattened her lips, shifting in her seat so she was leaning back. "I don't know if I've ever heard you say that about someone," she said quietly.

"He's really nice and it's obvious you and Dad like him. Even Bunnymund and Sandy do! I just really want to make this work and Friday is my chance to prove to him that I'm not just some jerk who'll dump after a while." Jack didn't even know where this was coming from; it was just like his words wouldn't stop flowing. I must really like Hiccup more than I thoughtâ€œ!_ Tooth was silent, not saying a word as she eyed her son up. "So please let me leave Thursday night so I can get everything right on Friday for him."

She sighed, taking time to think. "I suppose we can leave early," she sighed again.

Jack stood, looking at her brightly. "Thanks Mom, I'm serious Hiccup is a really great guy and he's really wonderful andâ€œ!" He couldn't seem to stop so he trailed off, shutting his mouth. As he moved to leave, he stopped in the doorway, looking over his shoulder at her. "I just really like him," he whispered.

Tooth smiled gently, shaking her head. "I like him too Jack. I like him too."

* * *

><p>By the end of the movie, all five of them had scratchy voices and tears in their eyes from laughter. During the musical numbers, Hiccup and Astrid would start singing along, and then Fishlegs followed. After a major amount of coaxing, even the twins began to sing, though they were all off key. The popcorn had long since been finished off, along with half the candy.</p>

Astrid started rewinding the tape, trying to catch her breath. "See, that wasn't so bad," she said to the twins. They blinked at each other, not saying anything. "Aw come on, admit it, you had more fun than you thought you would."

Tuffnut shrugged. "I guess it was fun, for a Disney movie." Hiccup nudged him. "Okay, yeah I thought it was awesome," he laughed, rolling his eyes. "I can't believe you people talked me into this."

"We didn't have to talk you into anything," Astrid pointed out. She popped the video out and put it back in its case. "You came here on your own willingness." She glanced at Ruffnut. "How about you Ruff, it couldn't have been that bad?"

"Well, I had some fun, though it was hard with Tuff's screeching in my ear." She said and Tuffnut smacked her arm. She retaliated by punching him in the thigh. "He definitely won't be winning American Idol any time soon."

Everyone laughed and he shoved her playfully. "Like you're any better you banshee." They continued to throw insults at each other and the other three just watched with amusement. After a while they calmed down, only slapping each other's legs by the end.

"So what should we do now? It's only nine thirty." Fishlegs turned on

the lights and there was a collective hiss. "I mean, we could watch another movie," he suggested.

Hiccup shook his head, flopping down to lay on the couch. "My voice can't handle anymore singing or laughing." Astrid came over and sat on his stomach, bouncing up and down. "What is with you and sitting on me today?" He wheezed, trying to push her off but it was no use.

"I just happen to find you a comfortable seating arrangement," she snickered. She slipped off and looked around. "Well, it's either we find something to do or this party is over guys." Fishlegs snorted and she rolled her eyes. "Alright, it's not a party, but its close enough for us."

Hiccup's pocket vibrated and he pulled out his phone, trying to be sneaky about it. He couldn't help but smile though, finding Jack had texted him. Hey, how's the movie night? You having a good time?

You just couldn't stay away, could you? He typed slowly and when he looked up Astrid was looking down at him. "It's Jack," he said innocently. Tuffnut shifted next to him and he felt guilt stab at his chest. "He just wanted to know how movie night went."

"Wow, I bet he's waiting outside for you right now," she commented jokingly. Hiccup flushed and looked down as another message came in.

Well I just missed you that's all.

Then another message.

That sounds like I'm really clingy.

And another.

I'm not that clingy I swear, I'm just bored.

Hiccup was smiling again, picturing Jack flustered. So I'm just here for your entertainment?

What?! No, shit, no. Hiccup I swear I was just thinking about you that's all.

Before he could respond Jack sent a message. He was a really fast at texting Hiccup figured. I'm going to stop texting you now. I'm pretty sure I've royally embarrassed myself enough. Goodnight.

-

"What's he saying?" Fishlegs tried to look at the screen but Hiccup moved away.

"Nothing, just being an idiot," he sighed happily. No, it's alright. I think we're even for embarrassing moments now.

"Alright well if you're going to be texting Jack now, we might as well disband." Astrid crossed her arms loosely. Hiccup glanced up at her and shrugged. "So, what are we going to do?" The twins both stood at the same time, shrugging their shoulders.

Hiccup got another text. _So you were keeping score?_

No not really, but it's nice to see you're the victim this time.

"We're going to head home," Tuffnut said. "Thanksgiving is tomorrow and our family sort of goes overboard." Ruffnut nodded, a look of fear passing her face as she thought about tomorrow. "But we should do this again, it was fun."

"Yeah," Fishlegs agreed, "we should." He led the twins upstairs and Astrid sat back down next to Hiccup, watching as he looked at his newest message.

_I wasn't the one who slipped in just a towel. Though I must say, I wasn't disappointed in the view. _

You must joking? He bit his lip lightly.

"Well, isn't this adorable, you two just can't seem to stay away from each other." Astrid yawned, suddenly tired. "I guess all that singing really does make you sleepy." Hiccup nodded, leaning against her, though he was still texting.

No I'm not. You're body is like an architectural masterpiece. Astrid chuckled at that one.

You make me sound like a house.

Well if it does, can I get a private tour? Now she choked with laughter as Hiccup hurried to reply, face red.

_Jack! Really? _

Fishlegs came back down and looked at the two of them. "I suppose you guys want to head home as well? It's already a little past ten." He checked the clock, going to clean up the candy on the table. Astrid pulled Hiccup off the couch and they both stretched, grunting and moaning. "I hope you guys have a good Thanksgiving."

"You too Fishlegs," Astrid said.

"Have a good holiday," Hiccup added. They went up stairs and with a quick goodbye to Fishlegs' mom; they were outside, both shivering at the chilly nighttime air. Walking in silence, they were both texting, probably looking like the most stereotypical teenagers ever.

I'm sorry was that too much right now? I take it back. I'm sorry. Crap, sorry, I'm so used to the usual conversations we had that I sometimes forget. I'll try and behave for you. At Jack's nervous message Hiccup wanted to see him, but knew he would have to wait till Friday.

Astrid split off at her street after a hug and he was alone. He dialed Jack, looking up at the clear sky, watching the stars wink and shine. After a while he picked up, voice soft and just as soothing as he remembered. "Hiccup?"

"It's alright," he said quietly, "you don't have to behave for

me."

"Hiccup?"

He kicked at the grass as he looked around, getting ready to J-walk.
"Yeah?"

"Friday, right?" There was uncertainty in Jack's voice.

Hiccup stopped in the middle of the quiet street, held tilted back as he smiled at the stars once more. Even to the moon that was hanging heavy in the sky. "Right," he whispered, "Friday."

* * *

><p>Blarg balls... I should be getting ready for college, or life in general... but Hijack... *cries*

Kisses and unicorns

~Shi

29. Chapter 29

**Old Wrinkly is my homeboy. No lie. **

* * *

><p>Hiccup was woken up early for Thanksgiving by Val, claiming there was too much to do to sleep in. He groaned, barely opening his eyes as he dragged himself to the bathroom and showered. By the time he was dressed and half awake, she was already pulling the sheets off his bed. It was like she had drunk twenty energy drinks before she even drank her morning coffee.</p>

"You know they aren't coming till one, right?" He picked up some loose sketches and supplies he had thrown on the floor.

Val just looked at him over her shoulder, wrestling his pillow out of its case. "I want everything to be clean before then. So please work on your room and then help Toothless with his. After that I also need you to vacuum the living room." After getting everything off the bed she marched out of the room, blowing at the hair that was falling into her face.

Looking around his room, Hiccup sighed. It wasn't a complete mess, but there was half finished drawings and all sorts of pencils and other supplies thrown around. Truthfully, he hadn't organized any of his things in a while and knew it would probably be helpful for future drawings. As he started picking things up, his phone vibrated on his dresser.

He picked up without even looking; too busy putting his colored pencils back in their case in rainbow order. "Hello?" The yellow was missing and now it was going to bother him if he couldn't find it.

"Hey," Jack's voice was rough and soft. Hiccup was at full attention by then, realizing Jack must have just woken up. "Happy

Thanksgiving," he said.

"Happy Thanksgiving," Hiccup repeated. "Did you just wake up or did you catch a cold?" He pressed himself to the floor to try and see under his bed, only finding some used up tubes of paint and an old sketch book he never even filled.

Jack's laugh was practically breathtaking. "I just woke up about a minute ago," he admitted. "I just wanted to talk to you before I go in for battle." There was a rustling noise and he cleared his throat. "So how's everything in the Haddock household?"

"My mom is on a cleaning rampage and I'm stuck in the middle of it." Hiccup tried to reach under his dresser to see if maybe the pencil had rolled underneath. Unfortunately he only grabbed a handful of dust, pencil shavings, and a water bottle cap. "How about the Overland fortress?"

"I can hear my mom yelling at Emma and my dad to get dressed and ready. She's slowly making her way down to my room, I can feel her presence." They both laughed. "So will you at least tell your family that my family says 'Happy Thanksgiving'?"

He now began to riffle through a box where he kept all his old sketches and sketch books. But that wasn't the only thing in there. It was filled with blank sheets of paper, small canvases, and random supplies that he must have put in there by accident. "Of course and same goes for your family." He was going to have a tougher time cleaning his room than he initially thought.

There was more rustling noise. "I'm sure they'll be glad to hear that. So, uhm, I'm probably going to be hunted down if I don't get upstairs soon, so I'll talk to you later and see you Friday."

"Yes Jack, I know, Friday." Hiccup rolled his eyes but he was smiling anyways.

"I'm just making sure because some people can be forgetful and I don't want to be sitting outside your house like an idiot while you're in your boxers watching TV." He sounded serious for a moment and Hiccup sighed lightly.

"I could never forget and you just brought up the boxers for the mental image, didn't you?" He stopped riffling through his stuff and sat down, taking a miniature break.

"You caught me, I confess the idea of you in boxers is just too tempting to resist." Hiccup blushed at his words, running a hand through his hair. "So if I asked what color you're wearing, would that be completely inappropriate?"

Hiccup raised an eyebrow. "Would it be inappropriate if I said I wasn't wearing anything?"

"Okay now you're lying, you tease."

He laughed. "I'm wearing blue. Happy?"

Jack sounded like he was smiling. "Very. Now I need to go before my mom comes down stairs with a meat cleaver." He paused slightly before

talking quietly. "I like you."

"I uhm, I thought we already discussed that," Hiccup said.

"No, like, you know how people say they love you at the end of phone calls and stuff?"

He shifted so his legs were out in front of him. "Yeahâ€œ! What are you getting at?"

Jack coughed. "Well, I know this all kind of new for the both of us so instead of something as strong as love, you know, we could just say 'I like you'. Or maybe even 'I appreciate your existence'. Whatever works for you?" He coughed again, though Hiccup doubted it was a cold. "I shouldn't talk anymore, should I?"

"Well I have to get back to cleaning and you should get upstairs." He tried not to notice the burning of his cheeks as he gathered his voice, though it came out strangled. "But, uhm, I like you too."

"I appreciate your existence."

"I appreciate your existence too."

"Bye."

"Bye." He hung up just as he heard a door slam open on the other end. Pulling his phone away to look at it, he could have sworn he heard Jack scream before the call ended. He laughed and tucked his phone into his pocket, going back to his, now monstrous, job of cleaning his room. While going through his box of sketches, he managed to dig out the yellow colored pencil he had been searching for. With a proud smile he put it in with the others. "One thing done," he looked around, "a million more to go."

* * *

><p>Hiccup was passed out on the couch, practically exhausted from all the cleaning Val had been making him do. Turned out vacuuming wasn't the only thing that needed to be done. Apparently there were also fifty other things that needed to be clean. Now he was finally done (or he at least hoped so) and he was laying face down on the couch, arms straight at his side.</p>

Toothless came in shortly and laid down on top of him, curling up like a dog. "I'm tired," he stated.

"You're crushing me," Hiccup gasped. He shifted but his brother didn't move an inch. "Go lay on the floor or something."

"No," Toothless whined, "you're comfy." He buried his face in Hiccup's back. "Mom made me clean so much I'm going to smell like cleaning products for a week." His hair was tied back and falling against Hiccup's neck so it tickled. "How come we have to do all this cleaning just for one big dinner? Uncle Spitelout never cleans for us when we come over for dinner!"

Hiccup moved his face so he could breathe easier. "That's because Uncle Spitelout doesn't care."

"Well Mom shouldn't either."

"Don't you want to live in a clean house?" He was finally getting used to the boy's weight on his back. "You need a clean house to live healthy."

"Don't care," Toothless muttered.

Val came into the room, hair a wild mess as she looked at them. "Boys, your grandfather just pulled in the driveway. Come and greet him. Hiccup can you take his bags to the guest room once you're done?" She disappeared without another word, leaving the boys to pull themselves off the couch.

Toothless moaned. "I don't want to get up."

Hiccup managed to roll so the smaller boy fell to the floor in a heap. He was actually excited to see Old Wrinkly, he didn't mind his company. "Come on Toothless, you heard Mom."

"I don't want to though," he cried, spreading out on the carpet.

"Mom! Toothless won't get up!" Hiccup shouted.

"_Furvis_ _Fulmen_ _Haddock_!" Val screeched and Toothless was up in an instant. He sprinted to the front door and Hiccup trailed behind trying not to laugh at his brother. "Now I want you two on your best behavior, so that means no fighting or trying to pick on each other." She warned as they were all gathered by the door.

Toothless looked around. "Where's Dad?" He asked and Val just frowned, sighing. "But its Thanksgiving," he said quietly.

She bent down and brushed his hair from his face. "I know Sweetie," she whispered. It was such a contrast between the two of them, Val's pale and freckled skin compared to Toothless's dark coffee coloring. "I'll talk to him and see what I can do." The doorbell rang and she stood up straight, opening the door with a large smile. "Dad, you made it!"

"To the doorway all by myself!" A crackly voice laughed. Val moved out of his way and allowed him entrance. "Now where are my favorite grandchildren?" Hiccup smiled when he saw Old Wrinkly, a familiar, yet saddening sight.

He was old and wrinkly. Hence the nickname Old Wrinkly. But he was practically paper thin, his skin hugging his bones with every movement he made. You could see his veins if you got close enough, but other than that he was the picture of health. His clear blue eyes were as young as ever and his curly red beard only had a few gray hairs. Now if he still had his hair on the top of his head, Hiccup was sure it would be the same color. And the freckles, it seemed you weren't a real Haddock (excluding Toothless of course) if you didn't have those trademark freckles. Though his Uncle Spitelout seemed to skip out on this trait.

"Ah," Old Wrinkly squinted, "there they are!" He went over to Toothless first, ruffling his hair so it stuck up in some places. "And how's the little trouble maker been? Making trouble I should

assume." He gave a wheezy laugh and dug something out from his pocket. "Here, for being such a good boy for your mother." He handed Toothless a bag of candy, winking. "Eat it in moderation."

"Thank you Old Wrinkly!" Toothless hugged him and Val gave him a warning look about the candy.

Turning to Hiccup, he clapped a hand on his shoulder. Hiccup could feel his bony fingers, cold seeping through his shirt. "Hey Old Wrinkly," he said with a smile. They hugged and could smell tobacco and winter air on him. "I've missed you."

"And same for you Hiccup." Old Wrinkly looked around for his bags and began to dig through one, pulling out a book but Hiccup couldn't see the cover. "Your mother has been telling me that you've been into dragons lately, is that correct?" He gave a nod slowly, eyes glancing over to his mom. "Well, I saw this and thought you might like it."

Hiccup took the book as he handed it over. Book of Dragons. He flipped through a few pages and began to smile. It was about all different dragons and even had facts about them. Laughing he hugged Old Wrinkly tightly, breathing in his scent. "Thanks Old Wrinkly, this means a lot."

"You're perfectly welcome Hiccup, I think you deserve it." He clapped his hands together and looked around at the three of them. "Now where's that sneaky little husband of yours hiding? I need to say hello to everyone, this is a holiday for goodness sakes!" He raised a shaking fist in the air and Val laughed.

She grabbed his arm gently and began to lead him to Stoick. "Right this way Dad," she said.

He shook out of her grip and threw his arms up. "Vahallarama! I am not as old as I seem! I don't need you leading me around like I'm some senile man!"

"Alright Dad, just calm down," she laughed.

Old Wrinkly blinked at her, scratching his beard. "Who are you again?"

Val gave a humorless look. "Very funny Dad, now come on." They began to walk away and she looked over to Hiccup before they left. "Put his bags in his room please."

Hiccup nodded and went over to his stuff; there wasn't much so it wouldn't be hard. He started to lug everything to the guest room, book tucked under his arm. I can't wait to show Jack, he thought. He was halfway up the stairs when he stopped, cheeks warming. Wow, this is really weird. Everything is soâ€¦ Smiling he continued to move. Different. But I guess that's not a bad thing._

* * *

><p>Jack was currently sitting with Emma and his cousin Nightlight who had came earlier. He was relatively quiet and tended to stay out of most conversations. His aunt and uncle went to another family dinner, but apparently Nightlight wanted to go to this dinner. He was

alright in Jack's opinion, though he would have thought the boy would have a better fashion sense. Nightlight seemed to be wearing dark clothes every time Jack saw him, his practically white hair hanging in his face unless he pushed it back.<p>

"So how's school been?" Jack asked, moving so he was comfortable on the couch. They were in Bunnymund's living room while the adults chatted it up in the kitchen and dining room. Nightlight was seventeen and was going to graduate high school in the Spring.

Nightlight looked at him, shrugging slightly. Well, at least we know he won't be trying to major in speech when he goes off to college, Jack thought.

He stood, nodding to his sister and cousin. "I'm going to go check on dinner. You two can discuss things here." Emma pouted knowing there wouldn't be much of a conversation since she was too shy to say much. It usually took a while before she opened up and started talking with the family. "Be right back." He slipped into the dining room, finding Grandpa Manny with a wine glass already in hand.

Tooth was sitting across laughing at something with Bunnymund. North was helping Sandy wash some dishes to reuse for later, since there was going to be more food to make. The two chefs took Thanksgiving dinner very seriously since they were both owners of a bakery. The family truly didn't care as long as the food was eatable, but Bunnymund and Sandy would have none of that.

Manny waved Jack over, putting his glass down. He was a short, round man with only a ring of hair around his head; it was turning into a golden white color with age. No matter what he always seemed to be happy and Jack liked that about him. It was always great to see him during holidays. He sat down next to him and leaned his elbows on the table. "Hey Manny, how's the wine?"

"Good enough to where I probably won't be able to walk tonight," he laughed. Jack joined him and they both looked at each other. Manny folded his hands in front of him, giving a little smile that Jack knew was trouble. It was one of those smiles where you could tell the person knew something. "So I heard from your mother you guys aren't staying the night, is that true?"

Jack swallowed, picking at the dark red table cloth spread out in front of them. "Yeah, busy day tomorrow as well."

Manny nodded, seeming to take the answer. He took a sip of wine and leaned back in his chair, raising both eyebrows. "So when do I get to meet this boy?" He asked suddenly. Jack sputtered and his eyes widened, unsure what to say. "No need to hide it boy, your mother has told me, and everyone else, about Hiccup." Scratching his jaw he smiled. "Nice name."

"Mom!" Jack screamed, turning to Tooth who looked shocked. "I thought we agreed you wouldn't tell people!"

Tooth gave a nervous laugh and looked away. "I needed to tell somebody Jack, you don't know how excited I am for you."

"But Mom!" He groaned, dropped his head so it smacked into the

table.

Bunnymund patted his sister's shoulder, smirking. "Don't worry so much Jack. What gets said within in the family, stays within the family. None of us will breathe a word of this to others." Jack just gave an incoherent response; face still smashed into the table. "So Hiccup, huh? I never took you as someone who went for the skinnier kids."

Now he sat up. "Leave him alone," he said automatically.

The gray haired man just chuckled. "Don't worry, I like the kid."

North came in with Sandy, drying their hands as they sat down. "Are we talking about Hiccup?" He asked, voice loud. Jack put his head back down and tried to pretend he was invisible. "No need to be ashamed boy," North scoffed, "we're all happy for you two!"

"I'm not ashamed," he muttered, "I'm afraid you're going to embarrass me when I bring him over again. I'll have to see him in secret because you guys can't behave yourselves!"

Tooth frowned. "Like you act any better," she teased.

As Jack lifted his head slowly, North was beaming. "So when do you plan on bringing him over again?"

"Not for a while," he said dryly. Possibly never if things keep up the way they are with you guys.

"Aw come on, We aren't that bad," Bunnymund pried. Sandy nodded, still not able to talk due to his throat. "Hiccup isn't afraid of us, is he?"

Jack shook his head. "Not as far as I know." He will be after he sees you guys acting like this.

"Then why not bring him over again and I can make something special. He likes our baking, doesn't he?" Bunnymund grabbed the beer he had been drinking and took a swig, wiping his mouth. "I could make a cake if you want."

Now Jack shifted, running his fingers through his hair and tugging at the roots. "Actually, I wanted to ask you something," he said quietly. Bunnymund looked at him and waited, hand still wrapped around the glass bottle. "Tomorrow I'm taking him out and I have the first part figured out, but for dinner, I was hoping you could possibly keep The Warren Island open late so we could eat there."

It seemed to get really quiet, so quiet Jack swore he could hear Emma's breathing in the next room. Bunnymund looked to Sandy and they both seemed to be having a discussion without even moving their mouths or hands. Finally, he turned to Jack, his green eyes sharp. "What sort of dinner we're talking about?"

Jack shrugged. "I don't know something with food."

"Very funny boy. I meant is there anything specific you want?" He tapped his knuckles against the table, rings clinking together. "I'd

say pasta is the best way to go, with a small dessert after. Keep it simple and neat. What do you think Sandy?" The small man nodded, rubbing his chin as if what they were discussing was very intriguing. "Alright then, you come Friday and we'll have everything set up and waiting." He stopped and looked serious. "But if you're late I'm not going to wait up for you. I'll leave your plates on the sidewalk and you can eat outside."

"Ester," Tooth sighed. He shrugged innocently. "Well, thank you for helping Jack; I've never seen him like this before with any other guy." She lowered her voice as if she was in high school and sharing gossip about a classmate. "I think he's really serious about Hiccup." It was as if she had forgotten Jack was sitting across the table from her.

The white haired teen frowned. "I am serious about Hiccup," he said with the utmost confidence.

Manny smiled and ran his fingers along the stem of his wine glass. "And I think this deserves a toast during dinner," he said. "Anyone who puts this much effort into the first date must be serious." Jack flushed a little at his grandfather's words. "So then we all agree?"

There was a chorus of 'Yes!' and Jack just tried to hide his smile, leaning back in his seat.

* * *

><p>Hiccup sat next to Snoutlout with the most rigid posture ever. They had arrived a little later than expected and had just talked with Val and Stoick before going to sit around the table for dinner. Hiccup was forced to sit between his cousin and brother, his usual family dinner seat. Even Toothless seemed uncomfortable, never really taking a liking to Snoutlout.</p>

"So Snoutlout, you're going to be a Senior next year, right?" Val smiled gently, trying to make conversation. The boy just grunted something, seeming to be enthralled by the table's surface. "Well maybe you can help Hiccup transfer into Junior year. I know it's hard with all this college stuff. Did you choose a college to go to yet?"

Hiccup wasn't paying enough attention to catch what school he was going to. All he knew is it was some big upstate one, one where he wouldn't have to see Hiccup for a good four years. And that was fine. He sighed and looked over to his uncle and dad, both discussing their work. At least he's out of his office for once.

Uncle Spitelout looked nothing like his brother. He was slimmer (he was still huge though) and his hair was dark, just like the rest of his features. Even though he was the younger of the two, he was already graying faster than Stoick. With a son like Snoutlout, Hiccup could understand.

Spitelout said something and Stoick chuckled, taking a large drink of his beer. His brother did the same and they both wiped their mouths at the same time. Uncle Spitelout was given a nickname by Stoick ever since they were younger. It was Beerbelly since no matter how much the guy worked out, he always seemed to have a beer belly (these

family names were getting creative). Stoick usually called him that in a brotherly manner, but that only occurred during holiday dinners. Other than that, Hiccup wasn't sure if they kept in touch throughout the rest of the year.

Old Wrinkly was at the end of the table, watching them all. Hiccup wanted desperately to just talk to the old man alone. He wanted to hear the stories he would tell about his younger years. About how he once stole his father's car to woo a girl (now his deceased grandmother) or how he managed to beat a man twice his size with just a book. He could have been making them all up, but Hiccup loved to believe they were true. There was something almost magical and timeless about his stories.

Val checked the time and stood, smiling. "Almost time for the food to be served!" Stoick and Spitelout stood without a word, going to help her in the kitchen. Now it was only the four of them together.

Hiccup was hoping dinner would go without a hitch and then everyone would leave. There would be no drama. No questions being asked. It would just be a simple dinner and a nice night. It was all he could really pray for as the food began to be brought in. Val made a beautiful turkey and so many sides Hiccup didn't know what they were going to do with all the leftovers. Toothless gurgled next to him and he rolled his eyes, remembering his brother was the bottomless pit.

Once everything was out on the table and everyone was back in their seats, Val clapped her hands excitedly. "Alright everyone! Happy Thanksgiving!" There was a cheer of agreement and soon there were spoons clinking against bowels, the smell of freshly cut turkey. Hiccup filled his plate, knowing he would probably only eat half of it in total. He wouldn't be able to eat anymore, not with his stomach in knots. Toothless practically had a mountain on his plate, food towering compared to Hiccup's.

They began to eat, creating a silence. That is until Stoick wiped his mouth with his napkin for a moment, looking to Snoutlout. "So I heard you got into a fight at school?" Hiccup nearly choked on the piece of turkey he was eating. _This is it. This is where I am going to die in front of my family._ Not to mention he was already closer to vomiting than he had ever been. "Your father was just telling me about it."

Hiccup was ready to beg Snoutlout to stay quiet. He would have gotten on his knees and bowed if it meant that this discussion would end without any confrontation. Snoutlout just put down his turkey leg, looking angry that he had to stop eating to answer. "Yeah. I got suspended for a week," was all he said.

Stoick nodded and Hiccup felt like the skies were clearing, until he opened his mouth again. "So what was the fight even about?" Now he was ready to crawl under the table and die. _I hope Jack will understand when I don't show up tomorrow,_ he thought, wondering if he really could just hide under the table. _I'll surely die before then._ It seemed Hiccup wasn't the only one uncomfortable with the topic; Val seemed to make a face at what they were talking about.

Spitelout spoke this time. "It was just some kid saying stuff. Luckily my son stood up for himself." He grinned at Snoutlout who just continued to eat, head down. "They got into such a fight that he was covered with bruises and cuts all over his face by the time he was home." He almost sounded proud of the fact that his son was suspended for fighting in school.

Snoutlout must have kept the details out of the picture because it seemed his dad had the entire story twisted around into something of a fable. He was talking about how they had gotten into a fight over a name calling (not the real names Snoutlout had used) and that it was amazing. It was sort of sickening how he was glorifying the violence. Hiccup could only hope that there wouldn't be any other fights in the near future. As long as this subject doesn't go any deeper I might be safe.

Stoick nodded his head, too deep into the conversation to notice his own son fidgeting and pushing his food around his plate. Val was just trying to make sure Toothless didn't choke on his food, seeing as he wouldn't swallow before shoveling more food into his mouth. Old Wrinkly was watching Hiccup, old, wise eyes catching his jerky movements and nervous fork clattering.

The dinner continued with mild conversation about safer topics, like work and weather. Hiccup relaxed enough to finish half of his plate and push it away, giving a sigh. Toothless had slowed down towards the end, but that didn't stop him from cleaning his plate. After clearing the table and getting everything settled, Val brought out the pies. Homemade and still warm.

Toothless apparently still had enough room to eat two pieces of pie (apple and pumpkin) and sat back in his seat, finally satisfied. Everyone else ate at a normal pace and soon they were all finished up within the hour. Val was about to take everyone's plates to go clean but Hiccup was faster, grabbing them all before she could. "I got it Mom, you just sit and relax." She gave him a grateful smile and patted his arm. He took everything into the kitchen and started washing slowly, knowing it would distract him from the tension filling his chest.

* * *

><p>Bunnymund and Sandy's cooking couldn't have been better and there probably wasn't enough for a leftover lunch the next day. Now they all sat around the table, stomachs full and laughter in the air. Jack was laughing at something Manny had said, tears in his eyes. The old man raised his glass (now his third? Jack couldn't keep count) and cleared his throat so the room quieted. "Everyone, I would like to make a toast."</p>

Now there were other glasses raised in the air, and of course soda cans, as Manny stood. Emma just seemed confused, looking to Jack who was trying to hold back a blush. "Earlier we found out Jack is going on a date tomorrow." Now she really looked at him, brown eyes narrowing. "And this time he is really serious about it." This got a chuckle and a proud look from Tooth.

Nightlight was just silently listening, cup raised in the air. He nodded along with what his grandfather was saying. Manny was smiling at Jack. "So let's give him and his date a toast tonight and wish

them good luck for tomorrow!" He winked, raising his glass higher so the red liquid inside sloshed slightly. "To Jack and Hiccup!"

"To Jack and Hiccup!"

Emma paused, eyes widening and her mouth hanging open slightly. When they finished off the toast and the adults began to discuss other subjects, the three moved back into the living room, fitting on the couch and turning on the TV. They put on some Thanksgiving special show and just lazed around in a food-filled haze. After a while, Emma pursed her lips and glared at Jack. He noticed her gaze and shrugged. "What's wrong?"

"What were they talking about after dinner?" She asked, voice tight.

"I don't know, income taxes or something," he said with confusion. "Why?" Nightlight just listened, propping his chin on his hand. Jack almost forgot he was even there.

Now she pouted. "No before that, with the toast. They said something about a date tomorrow." Pushing her hair from her face, she tried to pretend she was more interested with the show.

"Oh," Jack laughed, "yeah I have a date tomorrow."

"But they also said something about Hiccup. Are you two going on a double date or something?" She peeked at him from the corner of her eye.

He frowned now. "I hope not because that would ruin everything."

Emma tilted her head, trying to make sense of what he was saying. "But," she stopped, "what?"

Nightlight sat up straight, not even looking at them. "He's going on a date withâ€¢ Hiccup tomorrow. They are going on it together which means they must be dating," he explained in a low voice. He was trying to be gentle with his words but it seemed no matter which way he put it, it was going to bother Emma.

Jack became flustered. "I-I wouldn't say we're dating, I mean, I hope we can, it's just testing the waters tomorrow." I really would like to date him though. "But yeah, you're kind of spot on there Nightlight." He looked to Emma and she was upset, her mouth tilting down and her eyes watery. "What's the matter?" Did I say something wrong?

"Nothing," she said. But there was obviously something wrong because she seemed to push herself deeper in the couch, curling her knees to her chest. Jack waited until she was settled and put an arm around her, pulling her close.

"Tell me what's wrong," he ordered gently. "Is it because you like Hiccup?"

Bingo, he internally sighed as she turned her face away. "Emma, listen, I'm sorry that I'm taking him away butâ€¢" He didn't know what to say. How do you tell your twelve year old sister you're

dating her crush and you really, really like him? I'm sorry I like him more than you? I'm sorry he's gay? _He looked to Nightlight for help and the boy just leaned forward, green eyes on Emma.

"Emma," he called. She glanced at him, still frowning. "He isn't your soul mate," he stated.

Both of the Overland children were thrown for a loop and waited for him to finish. He cleared his throat; it did little to make his voice louder. "Hiccup isn't your soul mate, he might be Jack's and we have to let them take a chance and see if he is. One day you'll find your soul mate." He seemed to flush a little and let his pale hair fall into his face. "Does that make sense?"

Jack smiled at his cousin. Nightlight didn't talk often, but when he did he seemed to say the right things. "So how about it Squirt? Do you forgive me for stealing your crush?" He nudged her gently, getting a tiny smile.

"Only if you'll play video games with me tonight," she demanded. "And you have to actually try," she added quickly. "No giving up just because you lose." He nodded and now she smirked, leaning into him and pulling his arm tighter around her shoulders.

While she was busy getting comfortable, Jack sent a grateful smile to Nightlight who just shrugged it off. If what he said was true, I really wonder if Hiccup is my soul mate. He rested his head back, looking up to the ceiling. Of course, I wouldn't be complaining if he was. Smiling he closed his eyes and pictured that crooked smile and all those freckles. Yeah, no complaints here.

* * *

><p>It was getting close to midnight and Spitelout and Snoutlout took their leave. Hiccup went through a stiff handshake from each and even got a small glare from Snoutlout. He finally collapsed on the couch, sighing into the cushions. Val came in and nudged him lightly.
"Hiccup, can you go find your grandfather, I think he wandered off somewhere." Old Wrinkly did have a tendency to run off and worry everyone; usually it was only Hiccup who could find him. It was like a giant game of hide and seek.</p>

He rolled off the couch and stood, shaking out his hair. "Yeah, on it." He didn't need to look far; Old Wrinkly had a favorite spot when he came to visit their house. Going to the back sliding door, he stepped out onto the small patio they had, looking over to the swing. Old Wrinkly was sitting on it, lazily smoking his pipe and staring at the stars. "Hey Old Wrinkly," he said, sitting next to him.

"Hello Hiccup," he replied easily. "Lovely night out isn't it?" Hiccup was shivering though, only in his sweater and jeans he had on. He didn't even have socks on so he curled his legs up, trying to keep them off the freezing ground. "I love when the skies are clear and you can see the stars so brightly." He spoke around his pipe, blowing out smoke between his lips every-so-often.

"Yeah," Hiccup sighed. They swung in silence, eyes casted up to the sky. He was perfectly content just sitting there with his grandfather, rocking gently as a cool breeze blew by. There was nothing in the world he found more relaxing. Well, he gave a small

smile, _there is Jackâ€¢_

Old Wrinkly looked at him closely. "So who's the lucky date you got?"

Hiccup jumped, his heart leaping into his throat. He didn't know what to say or what to do so he decided to play dumb. "What are you talking about?" Laughing, he hoped the man would take the act. But Old Wrinkly knew him better than that.

"I can see it," he said confidently. "I noticed when I first came here you were different." Hiccup pursed his lips. "At first I just thought maybe you got a new haircut," he joked. "But then I looked into your eyes," he shook a finger in the air, "and let me tell you. I haven't seen that look since I looked in the mirror after I met your grandmother."

"I think you're just making assumptions," Hiccup sputtered.

Old Wrinkly shook his head. "Hiccup, it's so obvious there's someone. You can't fool these old eyes. I've seen what true love is like, hell, I've even lived it!" He stomped a foot on the ground, pulling his pipe from his mouth. "Now Hamish, you may deny it all you want but I know the look of true love, no doubt in my senile mind. No sir."

Now there was silence and Hiccup lowered his voice, checking to make sure no one was coming out. "They're amazing Old Wrinkly," he admitted. "They're absolutely perfect and I just can't get them out of my head." He could feel a blush creeping up his neck. "I really like them. A lot."

The old man nodded, biting down on his pipe once more. "I knew it! There was the stench of love sickness from someone and I could tell it was you." He looked at his grandson head on, taking a serious tone. "I am certainly happy for you, no doubt in my mind this is what a good boy like you deserves. Someone who loves you is the greatest gift you can get. Sure, you're slightly forced to love your family, but having someone love you on their own freewill, well, _that_ my boy is what makes life worth living."

Hiccup smiled, nodding. "Thanks Old wrinkly." _I'm glad I could talk to you._

"And they better take good care of you!" He suddenly shouted, leaning back so the swing jerked. "They should know how lucky they are to have someone as special as you! You are one of a kind Hiccup! One of a kind!"

Hiccup laughed, trying to stay balanced as the swing continued to move erratically. "Alright, alright," he said, calming down. "Let's get you inside; Mom was worried where you wandered off to."

They stood and Old Wrinkly winked at him. "I suppose we should go tell her I'm not dead yet." Hiccup helped lead him into the house and this time he didn't argue about it. Before separating, he grabbed Hiccup's hand, his worn out fingers and paper skin warm. "They're really special to you as well, so cherish them Hamish, cherish them until death and even then, cherish after. I do the same with your grandmother and I swear I can still feel her." He took his free hand

to place it over his heart. "Right here."

"I know Old Wrinkly," Hiccup murmured, "I know."

* * *

><p>So yeah that took forever... but now date~
cries

Kisses and unicorns

~Shi

30. Chapter 30

***screams* this chapter took forever and I rawr. So anyways, date night.**

* * *

><p>Hiccup rolled in his sheets, finally falling asleep at two in the morning. He couldn't stop thinking about Jack and what Old Wrinkly had said to him. He finally woke up slightly, opening his eyes to the wall. Yawning, he turned over and found Old Wrinkly standing over him, hands folded behind his back. Hiccup screamed and nearly fell out of bed. "Old Wrinkly! What are you doing?"<p>

"I just came to say goodbye before I left for home," he laughed. "Thought I might as well wake you up too." He looked at Hiccup's dresser, spotting a few sketches left on top. As the small teen untangled himself from his sheets, he went through them slowly. At one point he stopped, glancing at his grandson. "Should I assume you were having a bad day when you drew this?"

"What are you talking about?" Hiccup scrubbed his eyes with the back of his hand and took the sketch. It was the one Jack had drawn. "Oh," he said quietly. "I didn't draw that." I forgot to put this away. That was a lie though; he left out so he could look at it every day.

Old Wrinkly nodded, putting the rest of the papers down. "Walk an old man to his car?" Hiccup yawned and they both went down stairs, his bags already by the door. "I already said goodbye to the man of few words (meaning Stoick) and managed to wrestle Toothless out of bed." He gave a smile, a few teeth missing that he never replaced. "Your mother is probably waiting by the car with all her worries."

Hiccup laughed, taking the bags and opening the door. Just as Old Wrinkly said, Val was right there, shoving leftover containers into the car. He came over to her and hugged her, pressing a kiss to her forehead. "It was lovely seeing you again Val, until Christmas."

"Please take care of yourself Dad; we don't have Mom to watch over you anymore." Val looked worried as he waved her off, going to the trunk. It was an old car, one where you had to use a key to unlock it.

"Are you kidding," he scoffed, "that woman is always watching over

me! I swear I hear her nagging me in my dreams." Hiccup shoved the suitcases into the trunk, stepping away as he closed it. "Trust me Val, your mother hasn't left me alone." She made a tsking noise and he ignored her, going over to Hiccup. He pulled the boy into a hug, whispering so only he could hear. "You seem to like him very much."

Hiccup was stunned. His body wouldn't move and he was afraid Val had heard. "W-What?" He muttered.

Old Wrinkly gave a wheezy laugh. "I saw his signature on the drawing. So long as he treats you right, I'm sure Jack is a great guy." He pulled away and Hiccup was floundering for a response.

How did heâ€¢|

"How did I know?" He grinned. "Well it isn't that hard if you just pay attention. Don't worry Hamish."

Val crossed her arms nervously. "What are you going on about now Dad?"

Old Wrinkly stroked his beard. "I'm trying to remember where I put my cantaloupes." He got a dark look and he snickered. "Alright Val, I'll be heading off for now." He hugged her and she hugged back tightly. "Don't worry so much, you dad isn't as frail as you think he is."

"Please just be careful driving." Val bit her lip as he slipped into the driver's seat. "Make sure to call me once you get back home."

"I'm not going to crash Val, relax." He started the engine and as he started to reverse, the car jerked making her screech. He rolled down the passenger window and laughed. "I'm only kidding."

"Dad!" She growled as he finally pulled out, waving a hand out the window before driving away completely. "I swear," she sighed, "that man is going to be the death of me."

Hiccup was still stuck in his own world, mind going a million miles per second. Old Wrinkly figured it out in less than twenty four hours_, he almost fell over, what if my family has known from the beginning?! No, that's not possible. Old Wrinkly is different._ Val looked at him and he finally noticed how he must have looked. "Sorry, I was just thinking about something," he said absently.

"Well, you should clean up a little, you're going out tonight with Jack, right?" Now he was shaking, his heart hammering in his chest. He couldn't figure out if she found out as well. "I hope you guys have fun, I remember when I was younger, I never went out nearly as much with my friends." She shrugged and rubbed her arms. "Is Astrid coming along?"

He realized she was talking about them as friends. Nothing more. He shook his head slowly and she nodded. "Alright, well let's get inside, it's freezing out here." He nodded again, following her inside.

It wasn't until he was in his room did another wave of dread pass

over him. _Oh crap_, he covered his eyes with his hands; _I have a date with Jack tonight._ His stomach rolled and he was about to see Thanksgiving dinner a second time. _I_ _have a dateâ€| with Jackâ€| I have a dateâ€|_ He remembered what Old Wrinkly had said and he took a deep breath. _Okay_, he clenched his hands at his sides; _I have a date with Jack!_

* * *

><p>Jack stood in the middle of the floral shop, biting the tip of his thumb as he looked around. He wasn't much of a flower guy, hell, he couldn't remember the last time he even touched a flower. Now he was stuck in the middle of a wild forest of them, completely unsure what to do. As he was about to panic and give up when there was a tug on his hand.</p>

He looked down and found the old woman from the park, her small, wrinkled face smiling up at him. Her gray hair was tied into two braids that hung over her hunched shoulders. "Oh, hello," he stuttered. She patted his hand and dug through her purse, pulling out a notepad and pen. It took a while before the pen wrote and she scribbled something down, handing it over to him.

I see you're looking for flowers. A special date? I am sorry for the inconvenient means of speech, but I've been sick recently.

"No it's alright. And actually yeah, tonight." Jack handed it back.
"What about you?"

_Flowers for my husband's grave. _

"I'm sorry to hear that, but it's nice you're doing that for him." He rubbed the back of his head and glanced around at all the different types of flowers and plants he could possibly get. _But it has to be special_, he thought, _for Hiccup. I can't just get any normal flower_. The old woman tapped the pad against his arm and he took it.

_You're getting flowers for that boy. The one you're always with, he comes to the park often with his brother. _

He flushed slightly. "And how could you possibly know that?" She gave a smirk and wrote.

_Us elderly have ways of seeing things no one else can. For you it was obvious. _

They both looked at each other before he motioned around him. "Well, since you seem wise would you actually mind helping me out?" He lowered his voice. "I don't actually know what to get him." She nodded and took his hand, leading him over to the roses. All sorts of different colors and shapes filled bins, freshly cut. Jack was overcome by the smell and had to take a moment for he spoke. "But I just don't want to get him any old flower. He's special and I want it to be like him. Unique."

Any flower can be unique if given in the right manner. She took the pad back once he was done reading and flipped to a new page, taking a long time to write.

Jack took the time to look at the roses, finding they weren't too bad. I just want to make this perfect. He touched a petal of a red one, feeling how soft it was under his fingers. It reminded him of Hiccup's skin, the way his smooth cheek felt under his touch. All for him.

The old woman finished writing and handed the pad over to Jack. Each color of rose stands for a different feeling. You should choose the ones you wish to express to him. It will make it more meaningful and easier for you.

Red- Love

White- Heavenly or innocence

Pink- Gentleness or admiration

Yellow- Joy or a way to say you care

Orange- Desire

Peach- A way to say let's get together

Coral- Desire

Lavender- Enchantment

Black- Farewell (I don't recommend this one if you're trying to impress him)

Blue- The impossible

Jack reread her words over twice before looking at her. "So you're saying I can make a whole conversation with flowers?" She nodded and motioned for him to start picking. He read over the flowers and soon, he was choosing the exact ones he would use to say how he felt.

* * *

><p>Hiccup had gone through at least five different outfits that he could count before settling on a simple pair of jeans that stuck close to his skin and an overly large sweater so he wouldn't be cold. He even brushed his hair to make it look, well nicer than it usually was. By the time he was finished it was only four thirty. Two more hours. He stared at the clock, his body practically buzzing.
Two more hours till Jack is here.

His door opened and Toothless stepped in, giving him a funny look. "Why are you all dressed up? You're just going to hang out with Jack."

"I can't just look good for going out?" He watched Toothless go over to his bed and lay down. "Some of us have the dignity to look decent when we go out." He muttered something into the sheets but didn't move. "Why are you even here, I don't remember bringing food or calling you."

"I'm bored," Toothless muttered. "Can I come with you guys tonight?"

Yes, let's bring my twelve year old brother on the first date I've ever had with a guy. Sure. "Toothless, we're going to be doing things you probably won't like," he lied. He truthfully had no idea what Jack had planned. "It's just going to be a bunch of teenage stuff."

Toothless groaned and moved so he was under the covers. "I'm almost a teenager, I can do it too." Hiccup could only see his nose sticking out from the sheets. "I'm not a kid."

Hiccup came over and sighed before he climbed on top of his brother. "Look, I'll take you out another day, how does that sound?" He jumped slightly and there was a gasping noise from underneath. He kept doing it until Toothless finally spoke up.

"Will there be food?"

"There will be food," Hiccup laughed. "And I'll even take you to that arcade in town." Toothless managed to slip out from underneath him and smiled. "So what do you say? Will you let me and Jack just hang out tonight?"

"Okay, but you have to remember your promise." He held out a hand and they shook. "So can we at least hang out before you go with Jack?"

Hiccup looked at him as he started pouting, lower lip sticking out and eyes batting. He sighed and stood, putting his hands on his hips. "Alright, come on." They went down stairs and traveled to the living room where they perched themselves on the couch, tangling their legs together as they laid back. Toothless turned on the TV and put on a cartoon. "Is this your idea of hanging out?"

"Yes," the boy said. He nudged Hiccup with his foot. "Why? What's your idea of hanging out?" Now they were kicking each other lightly, wrestling in a way.

"Not this," Hiccup said, but he was smiling. Soon they were trying to kick each other off the couch with just their feet, using their hands to get a grip so they wouldn't fall. Eventually Hiccup was halfway off the couch when his phone started vibrating. He struggled with one hand to answer, kicking Toothless in the knee. "Hello?"

"It is now one minute pass six and I am going to have a mental break down because you didn't remember."

Hiccup was taken so off guard Toothless managed to get him on the floor with one swift kick. He scrambled to stand and fix his clothes. "I am so sorry, crap I lost track of time. I'll be right out I promise. Don't move." Toothless gave him a look and he hung up quickly. "Jack's here, I have to go. Behave you little demon child," he warned gently.

Toothless stuck his tongue out and went back to watching whatever show he had put on. Hiccup ran around the house to find Val. She was in her work room, putting together a pendant for a necklace. He came up behind her and cleared his throat. "I'm going now; I have my phone with me."

Val turned to him and smiled. "Alright, just stay in touch and have

fun. Tell Jack I said hello." He nodded, hurrying out of the room. Slipping on his shoes, he grabbed a light jacket hoping what Jack had planned would be an indoors thing. He was out the door within minutes, heart pounding in his chest as he saw the dark blue car waiting by the curb. Since it was getting close to winter, the skies were getting darker earlier and the sun was practically setting as he ran across the lawn.

Jack stepped out from the driver's side, the most amazing smile on his face. Hiccup couldn't help but smile as well, head light with excitement. "Hi," he said quietly.

"Hi." Jack hurried around and opened the door for him. With a quick look to the house to make sure no one was watching, he slipped inside, dread suddenly flooding his body. What if I mess something up and he thinks I'm a complete idiot? I could look like such a dork that he would reconsider going out with me! Oh no! As Jack slammed the car door shut he snapped out of his thoughts. No, Jack isn't like that. He straightened himself and put his seatbelt on, jumping as Jack got in and slammed his door as well.

"So what exactly are we doing tonight?" Hiccup shifted in his seat since Jack didn't start the engine.

Jack held up a finger. "It's a surprise, but first, as promised-

Hiccup groaned. "That last time you said that I was stuck listening to you narrate a documentary on penguins." He gave a slight laugh as Jack feigned a hurt look. "I do admit it was pretty funny."

"Good." He cleared his throat. "Now back to what I was saying. I'm not wearing a tuxedo or anything but I did," he reached into the back seat, "get you something."

Hiccup pursed his lips, knowing he hadn't gotten Jack anything and suddenly guilt was pooling in his stomach. "You didn't have to," he muttered. Jack just shook his head, still rifling around in the back until he grabbed hold of something. I feel horrible now!

Without warning, Hiccup's face was being smothered by roses, the soft petals brushing his face and the crinkle of the wrapping in his ear. "I got you flowers," Jack announced. "I mean," he faltered, "if you like flowers. Well, I mean, you know!" He sighed and Hiccup pulled them away so they could look at each other. "If you don't like them I can always give them to Emma or something." There was a blush on his cheeks and over the ridge of his nose. I should have asked Astrid or something. I'm such an idiot.

"No," Hiccup said, "I like them. It's just no one has ever given me flowers before. So, uhm, thank you." He didn't know what else to say. There were eight different colors, all perfectly chosen. "They're pretty," he laughed. I really don't know what to say.

Now Jack was smiling, pointing to them. "The colors mean things, that old lady from the park told me." The smaller teen looked at him and he just smirked. "It's a long story but anyways," he touched the yellow rose, "this one means 'I care' and well," he paused, "I care about you."

Hiccup could feel his face heating and Jack stopped. "This is probably really embarrassing, I'll stop now." The brunette shook his head, trying to encourage him to keep talking. "Really?" A small smile. "Alright then." He pointed to the white. "This one is heavenly, becauseâ€œ you're heavenlyâ€œ" Now the pink. "And this one is gentleness, you know, you're gentle and kind."

"Keep going," Hiccup said. He tilted his head and Jack tried to swallow the lump growing in his throat.

"So, uhmâ€œ" The light pink. "Admiration, well that one is obvious, and—" Lavender. "-Enchantment, but that sort of sounds like a fairytale." His face was burning as he continued, mouth suddenly dry. I've never felt like this before, he thought, I can't focus when I know he's watching. Now the orange. "Well, don't take this one the wrong way, but it means desire." Both of them looked away for a moment. Jack regained most of his composure and touched the peach rose. "Closing the deal."

Hiccup raised an eyebrow, confused. "Closing what deal?" Could he meanâ€œ

Jack coughed and looked out the window, feeling like the space between them was becoming smaller. "Well, closing the deal on us. Like, being able to be a couple. If that makes sense." They both became silent.

"Oh."

"Yeah."

"So, what about the red one?" Hiccup picked it up, twirling it under his nose.

With a nervous laugh Jack tried to push through his nerves and grabbed Hiccup's free hand. They were both scarlet in the face, not able to look at each other. "Uhm, it means I appreciate your existence." Hiccup's fingers twitched under his and he cursed himself. I'm probably just making everything worse by trying too hard. Crap, this isn't how it was supposed to go. I shouldn't have gotten him flowers and

"I appreciate your existence too," Hiccup said quietly.

Biting his lip, Jack took his hand back, trying to start the engine with shaking fingers. "W-We should probably get going before this place closes."

Hiccup shifted the flowers in his arms, cradling them gently. "Where are we going, you should at least tell me that."

After they pulled away from the curb, Jack was finally able to calm himself and he grinned. "That, Hiccy, is my little secret for now."

* * *

><p>It was a twenty minute car ride before Jack finally pulled into a parking lot. He was practically bouncing in his seat as he parked the car, turning to Hiccup with his blue eyes alight. "We're here!" He

threw his arms open as wide as he could in the small space.<p>

Hiccup just laughed. "Where is 'here' exactly?" He moved the roses in his arms, getting another wave of their scent.

Jack grabbed his key from the ignition and shoved it into his pocket, stepping out into the parking lot without an explanation. Hiccup was about to get out too, but the flowers in his arms made him stop. _Where do I put them? I can't take them with me, can I_? He was startled when there was a tap on his window. He opened the door and looked at Jack, motioning to the flowers. "I don't know where to put them; if I leave them in the car will they die?"

"I don't know," he said with a shrug.

"But," Hiccup looked at them, "I don't want them to die."

Oh no, Jack bit his lip, _he's being so cute_. "I'm sure they'll be alright, I mean, it's cold so they shouldn't wilt too bad." The younger teen gave a hesitant nod before putting them on the seat gently as he got out. _He really does like them._ Jack took his hand and for a moment he almost pulled away, green eyes wide. "It's okay, no one is going to say anything here." _I already thought of that_, he congratulated himself.

"I'm sorry," Hiccup sighed. "I know this is probably really stupid for you to be worrying about me." Jack just tugged him and they started off towards the building in front of them. There was a large, broken down sign: M.K.'s Ice Rink.

"Have you ice skated before?" Jack smiled, opening the door for him and they stepped inside. It was pretty empty aside from a few couples and a mother chasing after her daughter who only had one shoe on. A counter in the back was filled with ice skates for people to rent and to their left was the door to the rink.

He shrugged and looked around, finding the place was very homey. "I did once or twice when I was little, but I never really got into it." Jack pulled him over to the renting counter, asking the woman behind it for two pairs, getting his money out. "Wait, Jack no, I'll pay for myself."

"I will have none of that," the white haired teen sniffed, "now what is your shoe size?"

"I'm not telling you until you let me pay for myself."

"And that's never going to happen so why don't you just tell me it now." Jack tapped his fingers against the counter and the woman seemed to be uncomfortable as she listened to them argue. "Come on, I said this would be perfect and I am going to make it exactly that."

Hiccup frowned a little. "Perfect doesn't mean paying for me. I feel horrible now. Flowers, ice skating, paying for me." He clenched the bottom of his sweater in his hands, tugging down. "I feel like I'm doing nothing for you."

Now Jack smiled softly. "You're doing everything by just being here,

so relax, alright?"

The smaller teen blew at his bangs and they gave the woman their sizes. They laced up and hobbled over to the rink entrance, finding only five people in total skating. Jack took his hand once more and he stepped out onto the ice, glancing at Hiccup. "You're going to be alright. We're going to have a little fun."

"If you say so." And with that Hiccup was on the ice, managing to stay balanced as Jack was spinning circles around him. "I assume you've done this before?"

Jack chuckled, stopping perfectly in front of him. "Come here almost every month with my sister." He took both of Hiccup's hands and started pulling him to the center of the rink, watching as he struggled to stay up. "That's it, just watch my feet and do what I do." Hiccup nodded, biting his lip in concentration.

Spinning in lazy circles, Hiccup's fingers clenched Jack's. "Well this isn't so bad. I think I'm getting the hang of it." He shifted his feet and managed to stay in step with Jack. Soon he was laughing and actually let go, spinning by himself as Jack watched.

"I don't think you need me to hold your hand anymore," he said. But you knowâ€| I couldâ€|

Hiccup came over, movements cleaner than they had been before. His fingers intertwined with Jack's, warm against cold. "No, I think I might need a little more training." He didn't care that the other people could see him. He didn't care what they thought as they held hands. It was amazing.

"Can we do the _Titanic_ thing?" Jack smirked as they made their way around the rink, even passing up a few people.

"No," he said flatly. He moved up a little so Jack was behind him, finding skating wasn't as hard as he initially thought.

"But come on," Jack whined. He sped up so he was right next to Hiccup. "We have to." Hiccup gave him a dry look and he pouted. "You said you felt like you were doing nothing for me, so how about you repay me by letting me do the _Titanic_ thing."

"You're really set on this whole _Titanic_ moment aren't you?"

"Yes, yes I am." Jack moved closer, getting the chance to nuzzle him. "So please?"

Hiccup pursed his lips and looked away, trying to hide his blush. "Only when everyone is gone."

Jack laughed and they continued to move together. At some point Jack left to move faster and do a few jumps and spins. Hiccup would only roll his eyes, hoping he wouldn't notice how excited he was. As Jack was skating backwards and looking at Hiccup, he bumped into a couple. Hiccup laughed, going slow. _This is so nice to just be with him and not worry._

"So how was my skating?" Jack flew by, coming back around. "Was it amazing? Ten? I'd give it an eleven if I was judging."

"Eh, I would say a seven point five. Maybe even a six." Hiccup shrugged. "Too flashy for my taste."

Jack narrowed his eyes and before Hiccup could stop him, they were kissing. "What about now?" He murmured as he pulled away.

Hiccup sputtered, suddenly forgetting how to skate. "U-Um, t-ten," he said. Jack frowned. "Alright," he calmed down, "eleven." The white haired boy grinned, going back around for another lap.

After an hour or so, the rink was beginning to empty and they were the only two. Jack hooked an arm around Hiccup's neck, cold nose pressed into his cheek. "_Titanic_?" His breath was warm and Hiccup shivered, leaning into him.

"Alright fine, but who's going to be in front?"

Jack tapped his chin. "Well I can't be the girl, I'm obviously Jack Dawson. Same name and everything."

Hiccup looked at him. "So you drowned in freezing cold water?"

"That's after all this. So you have to be Rose." He said promptly, going behind him. Hiccup nearly jumped as he placed his hands on his hips, closing the gap between them. "Now skate Rose, skate!"

"I don't want to be Rose!" He shouted but he was pushed forward by Jack anyways. "This is no fair!" They moved in sync, though Hiccup's mind couldn't get off the fact that Jack's hands were around him, holding him close. His shouting died down and he was leaning back into him, unsure what to do with his hands.

Jack moved his own hand upwards slowly, getting a small noise from Hiccup. He ran them under the boy's arms until their hands met and then he lifted them. They both had their arms out, fingers intertwining as they continued to move. "Say the line," he laughed.

"What line?" Hiccup was smiling.

"You know exactly what line I'm talking about." His chin was digging into his shoulder, but Hiccup wasn't about to complain.

"That wasn't even said by Rose!" He laughed, head tilting back. "That was Jack."

Jack kissed him, due to the height difference it worked perfectly, their lips molding against each other. He pulled away to where they could still taste each other, heat clouding between them. "I'm king of the world," he whispered.

Hiccup moved his foot back as Jack moved his forward and their blades clashed, sending them both down to the floor. Jack managed to land on Hiccup who took most of the fall, his body stinging from the impact. He hissed and tried to move but Jack was on top of him, trying to see if he was severely injured. "Crap, are you alright Hiccup? Sorry I wasn't paying attention."

"I'm alright," Hiccup groaned. Jack gave a worried look and he smiled. "Just a few bruises, nothing to worry about." The older teen bent down and kissed him gently, both of them bent and tangled together in a heap on the ice.

There was a cough and both of them gasped, looking to the woman in the doorway. "Uhm, excuse me boys, it's almost time to close up. So you should, uhm, get home." Her cheeks were flushed and she was avoiding eye contact. "I'm sorry to disrupt you."

Jack hauled himself to his feet and pulled Hiccup up who was trying to hide his face. They moved past her to get back in the main area where they took off the skates and got back into their own shoes. After they were done, they headed for the car, already dark outside. "Well, I hope that was fun for you. Sorry about making you fall, that was not part of the plan."

"No, it's fine. I'm clumsy anyways." Hiccup smiled and Jack grinned. "So what's next? Are we going to have hot sex in the back of your car? Then have you drown while I live on to be an old man?" Jack gave a fake laugh and opened his door for him to get in. Hiccup moved the roses so they were in his arms again; they didn't seem to wilt so that was a good sign. Jack made a noise, catching his attention.

"Do you trust me?" He said somewhat seriously.

Hiccup didn't miss a beat. "I trust you."

Now Jack smiled going over to his side to get in. He started the car and before he pulled away, he looked at Hiccup. "Where to Sir?"

"To the stars."

* * *

><p>Jack pulled up to a curb. It was the part of town with all sorts of different little shops right next to each other. "Time for the romantic dinner." He smiled, pointing to the shop they were in front of. Hiccup saw the small sign above the door. The Warren Island. "Bunnymund kept it open late for us so we could eat."</p>

"Jack! You didn't need to do that," Hiccup sighed. "A simple run through McDonald's would have been fine. I feel bad knowing you've kept your uncle here late." He pouted and Jack just got out of the car, going to his side to let him out. Though he was complaining, he got out, carefully placing his flowers down. "This is really too much."

"I told you it was going to be perfect." Jack motioned to the entrance. He opened it and bowed as Hiccup moved past, still unsure.

He gasped, eyes widening as he looked around him. Golden lanterns hung from the ceiling, sending warm light down. The walls were painted with bright Spring colors of beautiful fantasy landscapes. Hiccup spun in circles, taking in the breathtaking artwork and decorations. "This place is amazing," he said.

Jack came up from behind, slinking his arm around his waist. "Bunnymund painted it all by himself."

Right as his name was said, Bunnymund came out from a door marked 'employees'. He was wiping his hands on the black apron tied around his waist. "So you got here on time," he muttered.
"Impressive."

Hiccup seemed to become shy, head ducking as Bunnymund eyed him up. Jack noticed and looked to his uncle, giving a smile. "Thanks for letting us eat here."

"Thank you," Hiccup said quietly.

"Well take a seat; Sandy is just finishing everything up in back. He'll be out soon." Bunnymund motioned to the round tables set in front of the counter. There was one with a candle on it, already lit with two plates set out. "Just get settled." He went back through the door he came in.

They sat down and Hiccup fidgeted, picking at his napkin on his plate. Jack sighed, propping his chin on his hand. "Calm down Hiccup, Bunnymund usually stays late anyways, it's just we happen to be here as well." He got an innocent look and his heart stuttered. In this light he's absolutely breathtaking. "So just enjoy the meal."

"You really are too much," he whispered. I'm not worth all this effort. _

"What?" Jack sat up straight.

"What?" Hiccup tilted his head, confused.

"You're completely worth this effort."

Now Hiccup flushed, realizing he had been speaking his thought out loud. "I didn't mean to say that," he coughed.

Jack leaned across the table, touching his fingers lightly. "If you weren't worth this, then we wouldn't be here genius." Can't you get it? You're special. You're different. You're perfect._

Before Hiccup could respond Sandy came out, pushing a small cart with two bowls of steaming spaghetti on it. He made a flourish with his hands (still not able to talk) and put the food down on their plates. Hiccup thanked him as he also gave them a side of garlic bread and a glass of water. He clapped his hands and left without another hand movement.

"Well, enjoy," Jack said. They both began to eat and Hiccup was blown away by the food. It was amazing. Even the meatballs were wonderful and he barely looked up from his food, eating contently. After a while he looked up, Jack was watching him with a smile lazing across his lips. Hiccup choked and covered his mouth with his napkin. "I'm sorry; did I interrupt your eating?"

Hiccup clenched his eyes shut for a moment. He was watching me eat like an animal. Crap, he probably thinks I'm disgusting right now. Oh no._ He took a shaky breath and looked back at Jack. "No, just full," he lied.

Jack pursed his lips as Hiccup's eyes strayed on the last meatball in

Jack's bowl. "I'll give it to you if you want. We can be like _Lady and the Tramp_." He suddenly smiled, forking meatball and holding it out. "Come on."

"Why am I always the girl in these situations?" Hiccup pouted, but he did really want that meatball. "First _Titanic_ now _Lady and the Tramp._ You have a movie reenactment fetish." Jack waved the meatball in the air and Hiccup's eyes followed. "You, my friend, are a horrible person. Now give me it."

"No, you have to eat it off the fork," Jack explained. He got a dark look and he grinned. "Please, for the romantic atmosphere?" Hiccup sighed loudly, leaning forward and biting the meatball off the fork in one swift move. "Well that wasn't very sensual."

Hiccup tried not to choke. "What did you think I was going to do? Make out with it?"

"You're supposed to do that with me, duh." Jack rolled his eyes. "Speaking of which, there's also something else I want to try from that movie." He pulled a single strand of pasta from his bowl using his fork, raising an eyebrow. "How about it?"

"You do realize the magical air of romance should create itself?" Hiccup gave him a crooked smile as he put the one end of the pasta in his mouth. He held the other the end with the fork, waiting for Hiccup to take it. "You can't be serious?"

Jack made a face and he sighed. "Alright, alright, but if you tell anyone I did this, you will be sorry." Jack brushed him off but he crossed his arms. "I'll tell Astrid you hurt me." The older teen shook his head quickly at the threat, fear passing through his features. "Good." Hiccup took the other end of the pasta between his lips. They continued to eat until their lips were close together, both having to lean across the table.

Hiccup tried to figure out how this was going to end. Jack didn't need to think so hard though, he bit the pasta in half right as their lips touched. They kissed until they felt the heat of the candles burn their skin since they were so close to it. When Hiccup turned to looked around Bunnymund was standing nearby, cart next to him. _Why is it every time we kiss someone has to be watching!_

"Brought dessert," was all he said. He removed their bowls and put down two slices of a dark chocolate cake, it looked moist and rich, a strawberry on the side. "Now don't get too crazy," he warned, leaving them alone once more.

"This looks amazing," Hiccup said. He wanted to get past the embarrassment. Jack nodded and they each cut into their piece to eat, moaning in unison at how great it was. "I need to come here some other time," he sighed blissfully.

Jack just smiled and they continued to eat, eventually Jack paused, fork set aside on his plate. "So, Hiccup, what are we going to do exactly?"

"What?" Hiccup stopped eating. "I thought you planned this whole night?"

"No, I meant what are we going to do about us." He motioned between them. "Like, would you still possibly want to date me?" Why am I so nervous all of a sudden?

Hiccup leaned back in his chair, nerves starting up. "Well I thought you would be more hesitant dating me. I haven't even come out to my family and it'll be hard and I'm probably not most beautiful person aroundâ€|" He trailed off, eyes falling to his lap.I don't think you'd stay aroundâ€|

"But that doesn't mean I can't try to make it work." At Jack's words, he lifted his head, their eyes meeting. "I know it'll probably be hard and there's the potential for trouble, but isn't that what makes it all worth it?" His voice was soft yet strong. "I understand that I can flirt a lot, even when I don't mean to, or that I can be dense, but I really," he took a deep breath, "want to see if this works."

Hiccup started laughing, covering his face with his hands. Jack frowned, eyebrows coming together. "I don't think this is very funny," he growled.

"No," Hiccup shook his head. "It's just," he snorted, "you're so perfect and never in my life did I imagine someone like you wanting to go out with me." His laughter died down and he sighed, running a hand through his hair. "I'm sorry; I was just trying to wrap my head around this."

Jack smiled a little. "So, you're saying you'd think we have a chance?"

"If you're willing toâ€|" He picked up his fork and poked at his cake. Lowering his voice, he spoke so Jack could barely hear him. "I really like you."

"Then we should go out."

"Okay."

* * *

><p>After saying thanks to Bunnymund and Sandy it was unfortunately time for Jack to take Hiccup home since it was getting close to curfew. Jack pulled up to Hiccup's house, tapping his fingers idly on the steering wheel, eyes focused ahead. "So you had a good night?" He asked.</p>

"Yes," Hiccup said, "it was perfect, just like you said." Now Jack smiled. "But next time I get to plan everything out." He looked down at the roses and flushed, feeling a warmth wash over him.

There was silence for a while and Jack turned to him, grabbing his hand lightly. Hiccup turned his face to him and they just gravitated towards each other, lips meeting. It was soft and sweet, melting into a deeper kiss that almost took Hiccup's breath away.

Jack pulled away, hands still together. "So we're going out now, right?"

"I guess yeah."

"So you're my boyfriend?"

"Sure, I guess you could say that." Hiccup unbuckled and opened the door, going to stand. He missed Jack's hand around his.

"I'll call you _my_ boyfriend."

"Jack?"

"Yeah?"

Hiccup looked at his face, suddenly full of excitement and happiness; he couldn't help but smile too. He shook his head, smiling so hard it hurt, even in his chest. With one last kiss he stepped away from the car, raising his hand in a wave.

I think I might love you. Those words almost escaped his mouth, heart beating against his rib cage wildly. He wanted to say it. Of course he wanted to say it! It would have been the perfect moment to, but Hiccup knew it would probably be too soon. He wasn't about to jinx himself this early. So instead, he nodded his head, stepping towards his house. "Thanks for tonight."

* * *

><p>*Throws in a bunch of dead Jack references* yeah date~

**Well truthfully, I've never actually been on a date so I don't know what people do. I made this up from tv and books so if it sucks that's because of my inability to socialize. **

Kisses and unicorns

~Shi

31. Chapter 31

Ugh just another filler... and this story is taking forever. I'm so sorry.

* * *

><p>Hiccup woke up to a good kick in the back, causing him to be smashed into the wall. He shouted and managed to wrestle himself up, whipping around to face Astrid who had her arms crossed. "I've been waiting for ten minutes, go take a shower, get dressed and let's go," she ordered. Hiccup stared at her as if what she was saying wasn't in English. "Are these from Jack?" She asked, touching the roses that were now hanging upside from his ceiling. "Looks like a satanic offering."</p>

"It's to dry them out so I can keep them for a while," he explained without pause.

It was also part of the lie he told Val when he came home. She asked why he had flowers and he quickly told her that it was for an art project he was going to do, drying out the flowers and using them for

a piece of work. Jack had just taken him to pick them up while they were out. In truth he wasn't going to do anything to them. He wanted them to be dried out so he could store them somewhere safe and away from Stoick's eyes.

"And why, may I ask, are you in my room and watching me while I sleep?" He slipped out of bed, not finding it strange really. It had happened before too where he woke up with Astrid in his room. "It seems a lot of people like to watch me sleep before they scare me awake," he yawned.

Astrid raised an eyebrow. "Someone else was watching you sleep? I thought I was the only one allowed to do that." She said with over emphasized jealousy, pretending to be angry. "I bet it was Jack."

Hiccup rolled his eyes, grabbing some clothes. "It was Old Wrinkly for one thing and Jack hasn't done that as far as I know." He scratched his head, hair sticking up in all sorts of places. "Now why are you here again? I don't believe I heard your reason as you tried to break my back with your violent kicking."

"I came here to get you to come with me to the mall. We're going Christmas shopping." She smirked and looked down at the sketch on Hiccup's dresser (Jack's obviously).

"But it's so early?" Hiccup groaned as Astrid pushed him out into the hall. "Wasn't Black Friday yesterday?"

She shoved him all the way to the bathroom, forcing him inside. "Yes and today is Purple Saturday, so let's get going. I have a schedule to keep." She tapped her wrist as if she had a watch and smirked as he closed the door. "Besides, you have a lot to tell me. And I want every detail."

* * *

><p>After Val dropped them off at the town's local mall, Astrid gripped Hiccup's arm tightly, leaning her head against his shoulder. "Alright, my ears are open and I am waiting to hear how this date went and whether I should hug or punch Jack."</p>

"Well," Hiccup started as they moved through the throngs of people, "he came to pick me up at six." She nodded, not saying a word. "He gave me the flowers that you saw and we drove away." He felt her squeezed his arm and he decided he wouldn't skip out on the details for her. She was his best friend after all. Who else could I tell then? "He said that the different colors meant different things and he started explaining them."

"Oh, what did the roses say to you," Astrid whispered.

He flushed and said the different meanings, though down playing them so it didn't seem like a big deal. "I thought it was really nice," he finally sighed.

She nodded, turning him so they went into a clothing store. "And now they're hanging upside in your room like virgin sacrifices, great way to take care of them." He was about to protest but she held up a hand. "I know, I know, you can't let your dad know yada yada. It's

still really sweet though, even for Jack. So what did you guys do first? Romantic walk through a park? A magical movie night?"

"We actually went ice skating. Some small place called M.K.'s Ice Rink." Hiccup looked at a sweater and made a face at the design on the front. It was something along the lines of a cat mixed with a pony and he wasn't sure exactly what it was trying to do. "So we went skating and it was just great to hang out and not worry."

She nudged him. "Did you guys hold hands?" He nodded and she narrowed her eyes with a smirk. "Did you guys kiss?" The moment he bit his lip she snapped her fingers. "That is adorable! I swear I can just picture you two all bundled up in sweaters and sharing a scarf."

"Well as long as it's not this sweater you're picturing me in, I don't care." He pointed to the cat-pony one and they both laughed. "But it was fun, though we did fall down at one point."

"Gee, I wonder how that could happen." Astrid ignored the light punch to the arm. "So what happened afterwards? Did he take you somewhere to eat?" They moved through the store, going over to the pants, she sifted through some, pulling them out and holding them up.

Hiccup looked towards the guy section, wondering if he should get Jack something for Christmas as well._ Well no duh I should, _he scolded himself_, he's my_- he stopped and leaned against a mirror. _That's right. He's my boyfriend now. We're actually a couple. I can't believe it._ Astrid waved a hand in front of his face. "Earth to Hiccup? You were telling me a wonderful story and I need to hear the ending. That requires you talking."

"Sorry, I was just thinking." He cleared his throat. "So after the ice skating he took me to his uncle's bakery where we ate pasta and cake." Cursing himself for the stupid smile flitting across his face, he shrugged. "It was really perfect."

"Did you do the meatball thing?"

Hiccup's heart sped. "Meatball thing?"

Astrid dug her elbow into his side. "You know the _Lady and The Tramp_ thing. Or did you guys not have meatballs?" He flushed and she got her answer. "What about the kissing pasta? You wouldn't have done that would you?" A whole new shade of red made its way to his cheeks and she laughed, throwing her head back. "Oh my gosh Hiccup you _dog_. Pun totally intended."

He glared at her and so did an employee walking by, lips pursed. "Astrid, you can't tell anyone!" He hissed, tugging at her jacket. "I don't even know how you knew but you can't tell a soul! I am serious, okay; it was just a way to make him happy. I only did it because Jack was whining so much."

She waved him off. "Alright, but Hiccup, seriously? I never thought you, of all people, would go so low as to agree to do that. Didn't you hate that movie when you were younger?" After regaining her composure she continued to go through the clothes.

"The rats always scared me," he admitted. "They were creepy back then

and they are creepy now."

Astrid nodded. "Okay, funny dinner antics aside, what happened. Did he kiss you goodnight? Did he take you home to an empty house? Did you guys—" He clapped a hand over her mouth and she pushed him away slightly. "I know you wouldn't do that. So what really happened?"

"He took me home and that was it. I mean, we kissed a little but nothing major." She hummed, showing she was listening. After a few more minutes they continued to move around the store, going to different sections and looking around. Hiccup was fidgeting everywhere they went. When they were in the guys section, he was practically bouncing on his heels. He had a sleeve to a sweater in his hand (hideous but no cat-pony), and kept ringing it. "Hey Astrid?"

"Hm?" She didn't look away from the shirt she was eyeing.

"I think I might actually," he swallowed, "like him more than I thought."

Now she turned to him, one hand propped on her hip. "Is this supposed to be surprising? Because it's not really." He looked at her and she shrugged. "Hiccup come on now, you've been drooling over him since you two met and even then you were just some strangers who met in a crowd by accident." She waited until another person walked by before talking again. "You don't think I've noticed how much you like him? From the first day you two met it was like you were in a trance. Now you two are finally together and you're in _love_."

Hiccup dropped the sleeve. "You kind of make it sound like a bad thing."

"I'm not Hic, seriously, I'm not." Astrid came over and hugged him tightly. "I'm just worried and I don't want you to rush into this and have something happen. I know you've wanted this and I know you probably feel like the happiest guy in the world, but don't dive in too fast," she whispered, "you might drown."

Sighing, he hugged back. "Same goes for you then. I'm not the best swimmer so remember I can't fish you out." They laughed and an employee came up, smiling brightly.

"Are you two shopping for Christmas gifts," she asked, smile tight. Her hair was pulled back into a pony tail and Hiccup seemed slightly worried about how happy she looked. "You two should get matching sweaters; all the couples are wearing them this season." She went to grab a sweater but Astrid coughed loudly.

"We're not together," she said. "We're actually brother and sister." The employee tilted her head, smile faltering. "But we will take those matching sweaters." And without missing a beat, Astrid hugged Hiccup, wrapping a leg around his hip as he held it up. "Because as you see we are in love."

"I-I'm sorry?" Now the smile was gone.

Astrid pet Hiccup's cheek, trying to act seductive. "We ran away from home because our parents don't understand." After a few seconds they

couldn't contain themselves and they both started laughing, hugging each other as tears formed in the corner of their eyes. When they looked up, the employee was gone and they both continued to snicker.

"Really?" Hiccup shook his head. "You are sometimes too much." He smiled at her as she flicked her hair from her shoulder.

"But that's why you love me, right Bro?"

"Of course Sis."

* * *

><p>Jack was making a sandwich in the kitchen, humming to a Christmas song on the radio. He loved when they came on early in the season, it just felt like it was snowing already. He was putting ham down on his bread when Emma came up from behind, managing to sneak under his arm. "If you're here to steal my food, I suggest you back off Squirt, otherwise you won't make it to Christmas."</p>

"How was the date?" She asked, undisturbed by his warning. "Did you kiss him yet?" He flushed lightly when she looked up to him. Her brown eyes were big and innocent. "Well did you?"

He sighed. "I don't think that's any of your business." She pouted slightly. "But yes we did kiss."

She watched as he continued to make his sandwich with her standing between him and the counter. "What does it feel like when you kiss him?" He stopped and she waited.

Jack coughed. "And why do you need to know this?" She shrugged, swinging her arms at her side so they bumped into his legs every now and then. "You seriously want to know what it feels like?" She nodded and smiled, leaned her head back. "Well, it feels like you're on a roller coaster and you hit that giant drop. Your stomach just jumps and you feel all tingly."

Emma looked at him with fear. "That sounds horrible," she muttered. He laughed and she didn't seem to think it was so funny. "So it just feels like you're going to throw up?"

He shook his head. "No, it feels like excitement," he paused, "but it also feels like when it's really cold out and you have a warm blanket wrapped around you. Or like when Mom makes her hot chocolate and you can feel the heat inside your stomach."

"So, it's a good feeling," she said.

"Yes, a very good feeling." Jack ruffled her hair and she giggled. "Maybe when you're older, and when I mean older, I mean way older. You might get to kiss someone and feel like that." She pursed her lips and he smiled. "What? I can't have my sweet little sister be taken away so soon!"

"I'll just run away then. That way we can get married just like in Romeo and Juliet."

Jack frowned. "You do know how that story ends, right?"

Emma opened her mouth slowly. "Theyâ€| live happily ever after?" She said, unsure.

"You know what; I'll leave that one for the English teachers to have." He laughed and went back to his sandwich finally finished.

As he put the rest of the food away she followed, hands behind her back. "So are you two dating now?" He was in the fridge and stood when she said that, smacking his head against a shelf. He rubbed his head and nodded, closing the door. "So Hiccup's your _boyfriend_?"

"Yes. Why are we clarifying this?" He grabbed his sandwich and bit into it, going to sit down on the counter.

Emma just smirked, turning to leave with a wave of her hand. "Just making sure so I can use it against you later."

* * *

><p>Hiccup collapsed into a chair in the food court, sipping his smoothie slowly. "Ugh, you drag me around to almost every store that is in this building and you've barely bought anything." Astrid sat across from him, warm coffee in her hands. "My feet are going to be killing me later."</p>

"Please, you know physical movement is good for you." She made a muscle. "See maybe one day you can be as strong as me."

He laughed, taking another sip of his drink. "That could never happen and we both know it." He stretched, sighing. "I don't want to go back to school on Monday. All it's going to be is prep for midterms and then of course the midterms themselves." They both frowned. "Well at least Jamie will be back by then."

Astrid seemed to lean back and smile a little. "Yeah."

Hiccup twirled his straw around with his finger, eyeing her. "You seem pretty serious about him."

She looked away. "So? It's not like it's any different from you two."

"Uh, well it kind of is." He put down his drink and leaned forward, propping his elbows on the table. "I just don't know what to do with my family. I mean, I can't just hide Jack from them forever; it's not fair to either sides. Not to mention he's all open and happy about it but if I doâ€|"

"You're afraid of what your dad will say."

"Of what he might _do_ really," Hiccup whispered.

Astrid made a face. "I've never seen your dad touch you and I'm sure if he did I would notice." There was silence and she grabbed his arm, fingers in a vice grip. "Hiccup," she said seriously, "has he _ever_ hit you?"

"What? No!" He shook his head. "I mean, sure he seems pretty violent,

but he's never touched any of us in a hurtful way." She gave a doubtful look. "I'm just afraid he might disown me or forbid me from seeing Jack."

"This isn't a fairytale; he can't keep you locked in a tower." She put down her cup so she could pose like a prince, hand out in the air. "Hiccup, oh Hiccup let down your sarcastic and snarky personality since that is the only strong quality that I can use to describe you." Crossing her arms, she tilted her head. "Let's face it; you aren't going to be the most beautiful and kindest princess out there. Though it would be hilarious to see you in a dress."

He rolled his eyes. "Ha ha, this isn't something to joke about."

"I could see you beating Jack up with his own sword if he came to save you, then again, you probably wouldn't have the strength to."

"Astrid," he warned.

"And then you'd get all tired and cranky and just yell at Jack to take you home. So he puts you on his horse and you fall asleep in his arms as you ride away into the sunset." She nodded, finding her ending satisfactory.

Hiccup tapped his fingers against his smoothie, closing his eyes.
"Are we done now?"

"Oh, and you have a beautiful wedding covered with flowers and sparkles and I'm your maid of honor." She smiled. "The end."

"You should write your own story," he said blandly, "I'm sure you could become a bestselling author and have it made into a movie." With one last gulp, he finished his smoothie and set the empty cup down on the table.

Astrid sipped her coffee, patting his arm. "Don't worry; I'll mention you in the acknowledgements." She checked her phone and stood, pulling Hiccup along. "Come along princess, we've got more stores to look at."

"How can there possibly be more stores?" He complained as she dragged him through the maze of table and chairs. "I thought we were going to go home and relax and possibly even sleep. You hear that?
Sleep!"

They continued through the mall, Astrid making Hiccup walk faster than before. He continued to complain, whining loudly as she moved past people. At one point he made a fake threat to leave and go home. "I swear Astrid I'll do it! I'll leave you here and go home where my bed is and I can sleep without having people kidnap me to go shopping." He motioned to her grip around his wrist. "You seriously don't need to hold me prisoner."

"Don't be stupid," she laughed, "I need to kidnap you so Jack can save you. How else will my story come true?"

* * *

><p>And at night while everyone else is sleeping, Astrid

writes HiJack fanfiction in a secret journal she has. But no one must see it. No one.

***cries* I'm so done with everything. **

Kisses and unicorns

~Shi

32. Chapter 32

Shorty and fluffy just like Levi *cough* watch attack on titan *cough*

* * *

><p>Two weeks back into school and Hiccup was already tired of it. Almost every class he had they were studying for the midterms and for the ones that weren't he had to study at home along with all the other homework he had. Due to the excess school work, he had little time to see Jack and it was starting to bother him. Astrid had somehow had made time to go out with Jamie and see him at least twice. Hiccup could only call Jack and listen to him talk. He didn't mind it though. He loved hearing him talk.</p>

Hiccup was sitting during lunch, wanting to text Jack but knew he was busy. He also had midterms so it was getting really hard to talk as well. So instead, he ate his food which was seemingly better than it looked. It was some sort of pasta with a cream sauce, or at least he hoped so.

"So what are you guys doing for Christmas?" Astrid had opted to eat and read from a text book at the same time. She wasn't one to put off studying which is why Hiccup came to her crying every year for a study session the night before a big test.

"Another family dinner," he sighed. His family wasn't very versatile when it came to creative parties. "Of course this time we exchange gifts and the awkward hugs are then given out."

Fishlegs gave a nod; knowing he was going to have to do the same thing with his family. "Usually my cousins always make fun of me for reading books but this year I can tell them that I've found a girlfriend who loves reading just as much as I do." He put an arm around Sophie's shoulders and she smiled. "But then again I don't talk so much during those sorts of things. What about you Sophie? Are you going away again?"

She shook her head. "They come here now." Sighing she looked at him. "It always gets over board with everyone at our house. Even Jamie seems to get uncomfortable with the whole crowd over."

"That sounds," Astrid faltered, "_fun_." She looked over to the twins. "How about you two? Any amazing plans we should know about?"

"No," Tuffnut shrugged, "not really. Just the usual family dinner. It's kind of stupid anyways." Ruffnut nudged him and he glared at her.

They continued to hit and push each other until Hiccup coughed, grabbing their attention. "Is something wrong you two?"

Ruffnut pulled on Tuffnut's hair, grinning. "Tuff is too shy to tell you all the good news." He slapped her hand away and seemed to curl up slightly, hunching his shoulders. "Come on, at least tell them. Don't be such a baby."

He muttered something to her and sat up straight. "I," he coughed, "actually have a date during break." She motioned for him to keep going. "It's with this guy from my Berkly class," he added quietly. There was a congrats from everyone and he sneered, trying to hide his face. "It's not like it's a big deal."

"It totally is," Hiccup said. Tuffnut looked at him and they both smiled a little. "I hope it goes well." He really did. I really hope he can move past this. It's at least nice to see he's going for other options. "So what about you Astrid, any amazing plans for Christmas?"

She flicked her hand in the air. "As if. Just another dinner with my grandparents. At least you guys get to have excitement. Let me tell you, watching two old people gum their food isn't the most appetizing thing to be watching while you're trying to eat."

"Alright now I can't even eat with that image in my head." Hiccup pushed his food away and leaned his elbows on the table. "Well we should all meet up again during break sometime, I mean after all the crazy family and dinner issues are over." There was a mutual agreement. "Should we do another movie night?"

"Well what would we watch this time? Another Disney movie?" Astrid flipped to another page in her text book, scribbling something down quickly. "I have most of them in a box somewhere in my basement. I could dig them up and see what I got."

Ruffnut groaned. "You guys aren't going to start your own musical again, are you?" She tilted her head back to stare at the ceiling. "That was the weirdest thing I've ever seen happen with you people."

"Oh come on, you joined in too," Hiccup laughed. She frowned and but it looked like she was close to breaking out in a smile. "You had to admit it was fun, even with the idiotic singing." This feels strangely calm and happy. Everything seems to be working out now.

"It was amusing I guess," she mumbled. "But you guys are still weird."

Astrid smirked. "Well we never denied that." The bell rang and they all got up, packing their things. "See you guys around." She waved and walked with Hiccup through the halls. "So how's everything going with Jack? You two get to talk last night?"

"Yeah," he said slowly. "But he was so tired he fell asleep. I guess Jamie is making him study a lot harder than usual." She patted his shoulder and he shrugged. "It's good that he's studying though, I don't want him to fail any of his classes just because I keep him up

late with boring conversations."

"I'm sure Jack loves your conversations." She bumped him with her hip, harder than she meant. "Don't worry so much Hic; I'll beat him up if he hurts you." He gave her a grateful, yet wary smile. "Now let's hurry up and get to class, we're reviewing over stuff that I need to take notes on."

Hiccup trailed behind. "But didn't you take notes on everything?"

Astrid turned her nose up in the air, giving a haughty look. "That doesn't mean I can't take more."

* * *

><p>Jack shoved away the notes that were in front of him. He groaned and rolled away since he was lying on the floor studying with Jamie. He made it all the way to the wall when Jamie finally sighed and called out. "Jack, get back here, you need to take this seriously." Jack muttered something and curled into a ball, refusing to move. Jamie checked his phone. "Alright how about this, since Hiccup gets out in about an hour, if you study for that long I'll leave you alone and you can go have a wonderful time with your boyfriend."</p>

He's my boyfriend. Jack smiled to himself, trying to roll back to Jamie. He ended up running into the couch two times before settling in his spot. "Okay, teach me things." As he tried to listen to Jamie, his mind kept wandering to Hiccup. _What should I get him for Christmas? It can't be flowers again, I don't think I could live through that a second time. Maybe I can find something from the art supply store he was telling me aboutâ€| But what would I get?_

"-Jack?"

"Huh?"

Jamie pursed his lips. "Are you even listening to me?"

He nodded. "Yeah, totally."

"Then what was I just discussing?" The brunette teen cross his arms.

"Uhm, obviously it was aboutâ€|" Jack looked away, cringing as Jamie groaned. "Look, I'm sorry I'll listen this time. I promise."

Jamie glared. "You better. This is your college credits at stake. I'm just being generous enough to try and tutor you." He started again and this time Jack focused, writing down notes and everything else Jamie told him to. If he wanted to pass his midterm exams he was going to have to study hard. If he did well enough, he could show Hiccup how amazing he was.

About an hour later, Jack was on the floor, face down. "I don't think my brain has hurt this much ever." He rolled onto his back and sighed, rubbing his eyes. "Ugh, I hate studying."

"Yes, but you did very good, so now you can go stalk your boyfriend."

Jamie packed up his books and other things, standing. He helped Jack to stand and slapped him on the back. "Go tell Hiccup what a good boy you are for sticking with your study time."

Jack gave a snarky smile. "Yeah, okay. Go tell Astrid what an uptight teacher you are for putting me through this torture." They both laughed and Jack got his jacket and shoes on, heading upstairs with Jamie. Tooth was sewing a pattern of some sorts at the table, pins sticking out of her mouth as she worked. "Mom, going to go hang with Hiccup, be back later alright?"

She tried to speak but the pins in her mouth made her hard to understand. Jack assumed it was something along the lines of: Be careful and don't do anything stupid. Tell Hiccup I said hello. He waved goodbye and stepped outside, finding it was getting colder every day. "I'll see you tomorrow," he said to Jamie.

"See you." Jamie got into his own car and drove off.

Jack got in his car, pulling out his phone before he even started it and dialed Hiccup. It took only two rings before he answered.
"Jack?"

"I'll be outside your house in ten, how does that sound?" He said without hesitation.

There was a pause. "Sounds perfect."

"Aren't I always?"

A snort. "Don't push it."

"Alright, I'll see you then. Bye."

"Bye." Hiccup hung up and now Jack turned on the ignition, pulling away. He turned up the Christmas music and smiled, opening his windows so the cold air could seep into his bones. Winter was his absolute favorite time of the year, it also didn't help that Hiccup liked it too.

By the time he parked in front of Hiccup's house he was screaming "Rudolph the Red Nose Reindeer" at the top of his lungs. He didn't even hear Hiccup tap on the door. With a red face he unlocked the car and watched him get in. "So how's school been?" He waited until he was buckled to drive away. "You studying hard?"

"As hard as my brain will let me. Some of this stuff I just don't get." Hiccup leaned back in his seat, letting the cool wind wash over him. "How about you? Are you doing any better?"

"Ah, you know how it is. Jamie makes you study until you cry and he just says not to get tears on his notes." Jack smirked as Hiccup laughed. He loved it when the boy laughed._ I can make him happy. I can make him smile._ He pulled into the parking lot of the park and rolled up the windows, turning the heat on. "Since it's getting too cold out to be hanging around out there, I thought we could just sit in here."

Hiccup nodded, getting comfortable. "Sounds fine with me." _I'm happy with just sitting with you._

Jack grabbed his hand and kissed him lightly at first, but as he pulled away he bit his lip gently. "Plus I can do this without you worrying." Hiccup flushed and kissed him back, using his free hand to cup Jack's jaw, running his thumb over the slight stubble he still had. "I missed you," he whispered.

"I missed you too."_ A lot._

They kissed again and again, arms wrapping around each other and the awkward lean becoming bearable. Hiccup laughed against his lips and buried his face in the curve of Jack's neck, closing his eyes. The older teen just ran his fingers through that silky brown hair, kissing the top of his head. "What's going on in your head?"

"Thinking about you," Hiccup shrugged. "What's going on in your head?" He shifted so he could see him.

Jack brushed a piece of hair from his face, running his fingers over the pattern of freckles. "Always you," he said easily. Hiccup rolled his eyes and he frowned slightly. "What? I can't think about you?"
It's not like I can help it.

"I highly doubt you think about me _all_ the time." He looked out the window at the empty park. Not even the old woman could make it in the cold weather. "I'm not that interesting."

"Of course you are," Jack sighed. He crawled into the back seat, shutting the heat off so the car was silent. Hiccup gave him a strange look as he patted the seat next to him. "Come here," he ordered impatiently. The smaller teen gave in and managed to fall into the back seat. Jack grabbed his waist and pulled him onto his lap, wrapping his arms around his skinny body tightly. "You're all I ever think about."

"Jack," Hiccup groaned.

He nuzzled him. "I'm serious." His breath was hot and Hiccup was beginning to shiver. "I can never get you off my mind and I when I see you my chest just feels this release. I can't explain it."

Hiccup swallowed, feeling his lips trail down his neck, jacket sliding so he could kiss his shoulder. "Jack, what are you doing?" He asked, voice shaking. There was a small, teasing bite and he closed his eyes. Jack's hands were finding their way to the hem of his shirt, fingers sneaking underneath to touch his bare skin. "P-Please stop," he whispered hoarsely.

Jack moved his mouth away, leaning his head against Hiccup's back.
"I'm sorry, can I still hold you?" He tightened his arms momentarily.
I keep risking it.

"Yeah." There was a resounding quiet. "I'm sorry." _I always ruin these moments._

"Seriously, Hiccup, it's alright." Jack sighed as his head bowed. "I was being pushy. Don't worry."

"But I'm just not used to," Hiccup bit his lip, "_this_. I've never done any of this really. Have you?"

Jack held his breath and then responded quietly. "Yeah."

"All the way?"

"Hiccy, it doesn't matter okay. I'm not going to do anything you're uncomfortable with alright? If I ever push the boundaries just tell me and I won't get mad, I swear." Hiccup leaned back into him and he smiled. "I promise we'll only do what you want to do."

"What if I take too long and you get bored?"

Jack groaned loudly. "Hiccup. For the love of all that is Christmas, please believe me when I say I won't leave you because you won't have sex." He shook his head and moved so he was more comfortable. "Do you understand?"

"Okay."

"Good."

Hiccup turned so he was curled against Jack, his head resting against his shoulder. "So what's it like?"

"What?"

"Sex."

"Oh sweet baby Jesus on an animal farm. Hiccup, we're not talking about this until you're ready." _He must be really self-conscious about this._ Jack kissed his forehead, working his way down to the lips. "When we're ready, we're ready. As of right now, I'm perfectly happy with just this. I like holding you."

Hiccup kissed his jaw, trying to move closer than he already was. He was dizzy with Jack's scent and his heart was fluttering every time Jack pecked his lips. It was like a game. Jack would lean down and when Hiccup would try to kiss him, he'd pull away, only to come straight back again. Sometimes Hiccup would be able to catch him and kiss, other times he'd pout and wait for Jack to come down again. At one point Jack wouldn't come close to Hiccup, so the boy had to grab his face and kiss him by force. Though Jack wasn't about to complain about that.

"You're a cheater," Jack laughed. Hiccup had his hands on his cheeks, lips inches apart. "You can't grab my face, that's against the rules." They kissed anyways.

"I guess I'm just a bad boy who doesn't play by the rules," Hiccup said. His phone began to vibrate and he shimmied it out of his pocket, not getting off Jack. "Hello?"

"Hiccup, dinners almost ready. Will you be home in time to eat?" It was Val.

He looked at Jack who nodded, kissing his nose. "Yeah, I'll be home in a minute."

"Okay." They hung up but Hiccup didn't want to move from Jack's arms. He was so comfortable and content with the older teen's warmth surrounding him.

"I guess I have to take you home now?" Jack hugged him tightly. "I don't want to though."

Hiccup didn't want to either. "You sort of have to."

"Ugh, sweet Christmas tinsel I don't want to let you go."

He laughed, kissing Jack's cheek. "Are you going to use Christmas phrases for the whole month?"

Jack shrugged. "Just until Christmas is over." He kissed him hard, tongue sliding along his bottom lip. It was long and sweet, both of them practically melting against each other. By the time they pulled apart, Hiccup's face was red. "Since I know you're nervous if I try and kiss you in front of your house, I thought I should do it now."

"O-Okay," Hiccup whispered. They got back up in their seat in the front and buckled up. "Good luck with studying."

"You too." He parked in front of Hiccup's house and shook off his jacket. "So I'll talk to you later, alright?" Hiccup gave him a strange look but he just smirked. When he finally got it off, he put it up against Hiccup's window so it covered the entire thing. He leaned forward and kissed him, feeling his lips mold together with his like a perfect puzzle. "I appreciate your existence."

Hiccup lips moved against his but he didn't say anything out loud. He got out and waved, hurrying to the front door, cheeks red. Jack slipped his jacket back on and started the car, his mind suddenly a whirl wind. He ran a hand through his white hair, tugging at his roots. When Hiccup had mouthed his goodbye, Jack could have sworn it felt like he was saying something else. The way his lips moved, it wasn't hard to tell what it was exactly, but his heart stuttered just at the thought of it.

I love you Jack.

* * *

><p>So yeah. Now I have to get ready for a job interview... I will accomplish nothing in life. I swear this.

Kisses and unicorns

***~Shi**

33. Chapter 33

**I'M AN EMPLOYED WOMAN NOW! But that means less time for writing...
cries quietly in corner why can't I just get money for doing nothing?**

**And sorry for all the time jumping... it's the only way to move this plot along. Otherwise it would take forever and just be like

whaatt. so yeah... romance mushy stuff.**

* * *

><p>Hiccup rubbed his eyes and pulled his hat down tighter as a freezing cold blast of air blew past. He shivered, wiping his nose before he took a bite of the granola bar he grabbed on his way out. Astrid was waiting for him at their usual meet up place, protein shake in hand. She waved, completely energized while Hiccup was much more toned down (much, much more). It was Friday and the last day of midterms. And due to the busy schedule of studying, Hiccup only met up with Jack a minimum of three times, and each time they clung to each other. Jack was like an addiction that Hiccup just couldn't shake.

"Well don't you look bright and shiny this lovely morning," Astrid said.

For one thing Hiccup looked like he just rolled out of his dirty laundry pile and another thing, it wasn't a lovely morning. In fact it was so dark outside it could have been considered evening. He glared at her and took another bite of his granola, muttering a hello. She gave him a pitiful look and they started walking. "Why aren't you more excited? It's finally the last day of midterms and then we're free for two whole weeks! Christmas is only four days away and you, my friend, are being a Mr. Scrooge."

"Ba humbug," he mumbled. Crumpling up his empty wrapper, he shoved it into his coat pockets, keeping his hands in them for warmth. "I don't get why you're so energized, these tests are completely exhausting and I can barely stay awake, much less take a test and pass." He yawned, trying to focus on where he was going. "I am excited for Christmas, but I'm just too tired right now to care."

Astrid nodded, sipping her drink and sighing. "So did you get Jack anything yet? I know you were freaking out about it before. It can't be that bad, I'm sure anything shiny will distract that boy in an instant." He nodded and she gave a devious smile. "Please tell me it isn't one of those gifts where you wrap yourself in ribbon and sit on his bed. Then when he gets home you say 'Merry Christmas, this is my gift.' then have sex, is it? I don't very much approve of that if it is." He gave her a short glare and she laughed. "Alright then what is it?"

Hiccup rummaged around in his pocket (one without the wrapper) and pulled out a necklace. It was a silver chain and dangling from the bottom was a snowflake pendant. There were no jewels or anything fancy, it was just a simple and pure snowflake. He held it up so it reflected what little light was in the sky. "He likes winter so I thought it would fit him." Gently, he put it back. "You don't think it's too cheesy, right?"

"No, I think it's perfect and shiny." She smiled warmly at him. "But why are you carrying it around in your pocket?"

"He's coming over tonight to watch a movie with me. I thought I could give it to him then." He felt the snowflake in his palm and he squeezed, feeling the tips bite into his skin. "So that way if I don't get to see him before then, I can at least have already given it."

She frowned. "What about your family, won't they think it's a little weird you're exchanging gifts and being all close with Jack?" They were already across the school, Hiccup's pace slowing. "For someone who doesn't want to tell them, you sure are taking a big risk."

Hiccup rolled his shoulders as they crossed the street. "I can't just keep him away from the house, my mom will think we got into a fight and then she'll call Jack's mom and it'll just all blow up. At least this way they think we're just friends. And besides, Toothless is going to a friend's house for one last sleepover, my mom is working on a lot of jewelry orders since it's Christmas and my dad never leaves his room. It'll pretty much just be me and Jack the whole time."

"Oh, watch yourselves. Remember there are adults in the building and they can walk in at any time," she warned.

"Hey Astrid?" Hiccup stopped walking as soon as they got inside the building, peeling off his hat and shaking out his hair. "Do you think it's selfish to not have sex when you know the other person really wants it?" His cheeks were red from the cold, but they were heating up soon enough.

They continued down the hall, the only two people there. "Well, no. You need both people to be ready in order for it to work. If there's no consent there should be no sex. Why? Is Jack pressuring you?" Her voice took on a dangerous edge.

"No, of course not. Jack would never do that." He quickly explained, hoping she wouldn't murder him. "It's just whenever things get," he searched for a word, "close, I always panic and he takes it really well, but I know eventually he's going to get sick of me making excuses."

"Knowing Jack, I don't think he would. He seems to really like you and it seems to me he's not going to hurt you over something as trivial as sex." She paused and looked at Hiccup carefully. "How do you have sex if your two guys?"

Hiccup raised both eyebrows and opened his mouth, then closed it. "I've read things," he said.

"What kind of things?" Astrid was trying to hold back her laughter.

He gave a sly smile. "Things I probably shouldn't be reading."

She smirked. "Sounds about right."

* * *

><p>Jamie trudged down another aisle of construction paper and was about to scream. He had been trailing Jack the entire time they were in the store. It was some old art supply store that Tooth went to. Jack was trying to find a gift (very unsuccessfully) for Hiccup, but it seemed everything was too plain to even bother looking at. At first it was fun looking at some of the stuff. After the twentieth time, Jamie was done.</p>

"Why can't you just get him a paint brush or something?" He whined, looking at a bottle of paint. "Seriously, I'm sure he'll be happy with whatever supplies you get him. He'll probably know how to use it."

Jack shook his head, biting down on his thumb as he looked over the sketch books in front of him. They were all different shapes and sizes, different covers, different paper types. He didn't know what to do. "I know that, butâ€œ it's justâ€œ" He pinched the bridge of his nose and shook his head. "Dude can I talk to you seriously?"

"And here I thought we were just joking around," Jamie said, "sure, shoot."

"A few weeks ago when I dropped Hiccup off at his house, we were saying goodbye." Jack scuffed his shoe along the worn out tile floor. "And when he left, I could have sworn he was saying he loved me." Turning to Jamie he gave a pleading look.

"So, he said he loved you," he repeated.

"Yes," Jack mumbled. "We've clarified that but this isn't about that."

"Then what is this about, I mean, do you love him? Like fully love?" Jamie picked up another bottle of paint, rolling it around in his hand.

He bit his lip and paced up and down the aisle, muttering under his breath. "I think I do, but I don't know what to say. I can't just go up to him and suddenly be like 'Oh hey, I love you, did I forget to mention that?' that would just seem like a stupid thing to do."

"Didn't you two just start dating, like, maybe three weeks ago? Isn't this all a little too soon, or maybe it's just the worrying mother inside me that needs to watch out for you."

Jack threw his hands up in the air. "But we've known each other close to three months Jamie! For some reason I feel like ever since we first met there was always something there. Sure, maybe I didn't notice it at first but now it's all kind of hit me and I don't know what to do." He shouted, then quickly quieted as an elderly woman passed by (they knew everything).

Jamie pretended to be preoccupied with his nails. "You're just admitting all this now? Seriously, after all that denying and the trials, you finally admit that you thought there was something there from the beginning?" He looked at Jack who looked like he was about ready to scream. "Look, if that's how you truly feel and you know he feels the same way. Tell him. It's that simple, just tell him and things can move forward." He leaned against the shelves and tilted his head. "You're seeing him tonight, right?" Jack nodded. "Then tell him tonight. It'll be fine."

"But how?" Jack clenched his hands in frustration.

Jamie rolled his eyes. "Figure it out for yourself; I'm not going to

be your love coach." Jack made a noise of annoyance and he laughed. "Not to mention you still need to find a gift." Now Jack just crouched down on the floor and covered his face with his hands. Jamie came over and pat his head. "It's alright, don't cry."

"You're the worst friend ever," Jack muttered.

Since Jack wasn't moving, Jamie came over and crouched down next to him, practically throwing himself on top of Jack. "Shhh, I good friend."

"The worst."

He hugged Jack and tried to climb on him. "I good."

"Get off me," he was laughing. Jamie didn't budge so Jack had to shove him off, both laughing at each other. "Now at least help me think of a gift."

"Alright, alright," Jamie sighed. "Let's get this over with."

* * *

><p>Hiccup finished helping Val clear the table, jumping when he heard the doorbell ring. "Must be Jack," she laughed. He nodded and hurried to the door, trying not to seem so excited. Biting his lip he opened the door slowly and his eyes met Jack's.</p>

"Hey there, I'm looking for a cute little guy who should be around here somewhere. Have you seen him?" He asked, pushing Hiccup out of the way so he could step inside. "I haven't seen him in so long I forgot what he looks like."

"So funny Jack," Hiccup muttered happily. They moved close to each other, hands reaching out to touch but were quickly pulled apart as Val came in. "Jack's here."

"Ah Jack, welcome, do you want anything to eat, we just finished dinner but I can make something if you want." She smiled and Jack shook his head. "Alright. What's that under your arm?" She pointed to the rectangular shape he was trying to hide. It was covered with wrapping paper and tied off with a bow.

Jack shrugged. "I thought since I keep eating Hiccup's food I might as well give him something to compensate." Val laughed and patted his shoulder. "Merry early Christmas! And might I say your decorating skills are wonderful."

It was true, everything was wrapped with tinsel and red ornaments. Christmas decorations hanging everywhere and the large tree was set up in the living room, presents already underneath. It was warm and inviting in the house, even Hiccup felt more relaxed with everything so happy. He loved the Christmas season for that reason exactly.

Val smiled to them and clapped her hands together. "Well I'm going to go work on these jewelry orders before I get backed up like last year. You two have fun and you know where I am if you need anything." They both nodded and she left to go to her work room.

They were alone and again the space in between them suddenly too far.

Jack looked around fast, making sure there would be no interruptions. He bent down and kissed Hiccup quickly, brushing his fingers through his hair. "Merry Christmas."

"Merry Christmas," Hiccup whispered. He wanted to kiss again but knew that he shouldn't push his limits. So instead, he grabbed his wrist (the hand was too risky) and pulled him gently to the living room. "Come on, the movie is going to be starting soon."

Jack smiled, tilting his head slightly. "Is it March of The Penguins again?"

"Pft, as if I would let you ruin that movie a second time." They sat down, a good foot between them, and Hiccup turned on the television flipping until he got to the right station. "We're watching The Year Without a Santa Claus."

"Way to keep the mood light and cheery Hiccy, great movie choice." Jack smirked as the younger boy frowned, turning up the volume. He brought his arm up and over Hiccup's shoulder, bringing him close. "I've missed you these past few weeks," he said quietly.

Hiccup flushed and squirmed, trying to pull away. "Jack, my parents," he warned. Jack sighed and let him go, crossing his arms. "I'm sorry, butâ€|"

"I know."

"Jackâ€|"

"I know Hiccup."

The movie started and Hiccup suddenly wasn't in the mood to watch. Instead, he curled his legs up to his chest, wrapping his arms around them. He felt horrible for not being able to have Jack touch him. _Now he's mad and this is probably going to keep happening all because I'm such a coward_. Sighing inwardly, he shifted and felt something jab him in his thigh. He pulled out the snowflake necklace from his pocket and bit his lip, wondering if Jack would still accept it.

"Ja—" He looked over but found Jack was already too into the movie to grab his attention. So instead, Hiccup curled the chain into his palm and held it against his chest as he watched the movie. _I'll give it to him later_, he thought.

When the commercials came on, Jack stretched and got into a more comfortable position. Hiccup peeked at him and then down to the necklace in his hand, throat suddenly dry. "Uhm, Jack," he called. The older teen made a noise but didn't look over, eyes on the screen. "I, uhm, well I know we probably won't be able to see each other until Christmas is over." _Just please look at me at least. _Jack nodded absently. _Say anything!_ "S-So, I gotâ€|" He jingled the chain in his hand. _Don't be mad. Please don't be mad._ "I got you something, b-but it's stupid and it's nothing special andâ€|"

Now Jack's eyes were on him, blue especially illuminating in the light of the TV. His cheek bones looked higher and his features softer as he looked down. Hiccup's breath was stolen instantly and he could only gape, fingers still curled around the necklace as he held

it out. Jack's hands cupped around his, a slight chill but soft and comforting as they wrapped in a perfect fit. He managed to wrestle the necklace from Hiccup's grip.

"Like I said it's stupid and nothing special b-but," he lowered his voice, "it reminded me of you." He couldn't bring himself to look at Jack, eyes glued to the floor.

Jack held up the chain, watching the snowflake twirl and twist. He expected it to be cold considering it was a snowflake, but it was warm like Hiccup's skin. _He must have been holding onto it for a while. _The movie came back on but he was too busy being mesmerized by the sparkle of the metal as he unclasped it. _He really did think about me, didn't he? _He put it around his neck and felt the weight of the snowflake against his chest. _It's perfect._

"Hiccup."

"Hm?" He didn't dare look away from the TV.

"Look at me," he said softly. Hiccup didn't budge and he narrowed his eyes. "Hiccup, just look at me for a second." His head turned slightly and Jack kissed him quickly, making sure no one was around. "Thank you, it's absolutely perfect." He smiled as Hiccup flushed, beginning to hide himself again. "I guess it's my turn to hand over my gift." Smiling, he passed over the package. "It's not shiny or fancy like the necklace, but I thought you would like it." _God I hope he likes it!_

Hiccup tore open the wrapping paper gently, taking his time. It was a simple black sketch book, brand new and clean. "I think the paper is for sketching with pencils and charcoal. I didn't know if you sketched with anything else so I just got that." Jack explained, rubbing the back of his head. "I can always return it if you don't like it, well, I don't think I can after what I didâ€!" He trailed off, cheeks heating.

"What are you talking about, it's amazing. I've needed a new sketch book." He flipped through the pages, finding they were sturdy. At one point he thought there was something written on one of them and Jack hadn't noticed. Hiccup couldn't tell you how many times he went searching through sketch books and some idiot decided to write something within its pages. He flipped back to the middle and almost screamed.

He had to reread the big, shaky letters over again. Trying to make sure his eyes weren't playing tricks on him. He touched his fingers to the page, tracing over the black marker, heart pounding in his ears.

I love you. - Jack

"Jack you idiot," he murmured. Jack looked surprised, eyes wide with fear that he had done something wrong. But the way Hiccup looked at him, eyes bright and cheeks red, he decided he was in the clear. Hiccup could barely keep himself from shaking as he laughed weakly. "This paper is for pencil and charcoal only, you wrote in marker," he whispered.

"So I can't return it?" He gave a small smile.

Hiccup shook his head, trying to find his voice. "I won't let you." They both looked away and then back at each other, unsure what to do. After checking to make sure no one was coming, Hiccup practically lunged at Jack, grabbing his face and kissing him hard. Jack fell back on the couch, pulling Hiccup closer, running his hands along his spine and neck. "Thank you Jack," he said breathlessly, "thank you."

Jack kissed him, mouths open and tongues clashing. "Say it," he demanded gently.

"I love you," Hiccup gasped.

"Again."

He smiled against Jack's lips. "I love you."

"I love you too." They were kissing again, bodies writhing together as they clawed and groped. Jack moved his hands slowly down Hiccup's back, taking their time to see if the young boy would protest. Hiccup felt his hands, of course he did, they were like fire! He knew what Jack was doing, but it felt like nothing he had ever felt before and he was willing to let Jack go this time. Eventually they got to his ass and Jack cupped him gently, biting down on his lip at the same time. "You're amazing," he laughed. I love this feeling. I love you. I love this.

Hiccup's face was aflame. Jack was touching him in a whole new way (well, more than before) and it felt absolutely exhilarating. He didn't care that they were in his house. He didn't care his parents could walk in at any moment. He could only focus on Jack. He could only feel Jack's hands and breath on him. "You're the amazing one," he sighed. So amazing I can hardly stand it.

"All right. What are you up to?" A voice called out.

They both jumped apart and started laughing when they realized it was only the movie. Jack smiled at Hiccup who smiled back, their hands intertwined between them. "I guess we should be more careful," he said with amusement.

With his heart almost leaping into his throat, Hiccup nodded. "Yeah," he croaked. "That was close." Close to what? He wondered. Close toâ€¦ "Want to finish the movie?"

Jack fiddled with his necklace, trying to set it right. "Yeah, might cool me off a bit." He blushed when he realized what he said. Hiccup knew it was the same for him. Never when they had kissed, did he feel like he just did. His head was still buzzing from Jack's kissing and the movement of his hands.

So they watched the movie, no one coming to bother them so they continued to hold hands. Whenever commercials came on Jack would take the time to kiss Hiccup's fingers, loving the rough feeling of his fingertips against his lips. He worked so much with his hands that they had become calloused and hard, but it was still the most beautiful feeling to the older teen. At one point he bit down lightly on Hiccup's pointer finger, earning a squeak. "Sorry," he said, "I couldn't help myself."

"And I won't help myself if I push you off this couch and make you watch the rest of the movie on the floor," Hiccup replied. He was smiling though, ducking his head so Jack could only see part of his profile in the dim light.

"I'll take my chances." He bit down again, feeling Hiccup's hand twitch. The movie came back on so he decided to let Hiccup take a break, though he still had a death grip on his hand. When the movie was over, he pressed his lips to Hiccup's palm. "I guess I better head home for tonight."

Hiccup's voice seemed quiet. "I guess so."

"You don't want me to go home?"

"No, not really."

Jack smiled and stood, touching the necklace. "I'll come back don't worry. We'll see each other right after Christmas, I promise." Hiccup got up and grabbed his new sketch book, holding it to his chest. "So don't look so sad okay."

The brunette teen gave a small smile and they wandered over to the front door, taking their time. When Jack had his coat and shoes on, he looked down to Hiccup and smiled. "Merry Christmas." He leaned and their lips met softly. "Thank you for the necklace."

Hiccup kissed him once more. "Merry Christmas and thank you for the sketch book. Andâ€œ for what was written in it." He ran his fingers through his hair, watching Jack reach for the doorknob. "W-Wait." Jack turned slightly and Hiccup stood on his toes, reaching his lips for one last kiss. "I told you there was no need for the mistletoe."

They bumped noses and Jack grinned. "Yeah, I suppose you're right." He opened the door and stepped out onto the porch. Lowering his voice, he gripped Hiccup's hand for the last time. "I love you Hiccup."

"I love you too," he whispered. Jack's hand slipped away and he felt something stir in his stomach. He watched him get in his car and pull away. It wasn't until his lights were completely out of sight did he walk back into the house. The sketch book was still against his chest and when he tightened his grip, the corners dug into his skin. But he didn't mind. He didn't mind one bit.

* * *

><p>Wow... fictional characters have a better love life than me *cries more* So yeah. just more romance. I don't know...

Kisses and unicorns

~Shi

So everything is actually working out for Hiccup. :D yay

* * *

><p>It was snowing out when Hiccup woke up late Saturday. He yawned and stretched, not getting out of bed. Instead, he wrapped himself up in his blanket and buried his face in his pillow, smiling. His brand new sketch book was on his dresser and inside the front cover was Jack's drawing. It was so blissful to just lay there and think about Jack, wondering if he was doing the same for Hiccup.</p>

After a half an hour he decided he should at least go downstairs. So he gathered himself up and padded down the hall, scratching his stomach. He was about to step down the stairs when Stoick's voice called to him. "Hiccup."

"Yeah Dad?" He turned; finding the door to his office was open slightly.

"Come here for a moment." Hiccup narrowed his eyes and moved slowly towards the room, finding it was strange to have Stoick ask for him so early. It was strange to have Stoick call him at all. When he was finally in the door way, he could see him hunched over in his chair, laptop glowing in front of him.

The office was a small place with two shelves of books on each side. It was usually relatively dark since there was no need for an actual light; only a small desk lamp sitting at Stoick's left side. Hiccup crossed his arms and came in slowly, tilting his head. "You wanted something?"

"Yes." He took off his glasses and rubbed his eyes, trying to focus on Hiccup. He could see the dark circles under his eyes and the sagging in his face he had never noticed before. How long had it been since he really looked at his dad? Since when did he look so old? Hiccup thought, uncrossing his arms, not sure what to do.

"So what is it?" He asked, looking around them uncomfortably. I haven't been in here in a long time. Was it always this bleak?

Stoick brought his fingers together under his nose in a steeple. "You plan to get married one day, right?" Hiccup stared at him for a moment before nodding slowly. "And you plan on starting a family?" Another hesitant nod, this time with a shoulder shrug. "You want me and your mother to happy, correct?"

Hiccup raised his eyebrows. "What, exactly, are you trying to get at here? If this is a test, I didn't study." He got a stern gaze and he shrank back. "Alright I get it, no jokes for right now." Now he folded his arms against his stomach not sure how he should stand. There weren't any chairs for him to sit in, though he was probably fidgeting too much to even sit still. "So, what's the point of this?"

He watched as Stoick brought his hands down flat against his desk. "I know," was all he said. Hiccup opened his mouth but didn't speak, not sure what he was referring to. He had an idea of what it was. But he was hoping it was all just in his head. He's just going to ask about Christmas or grades or something. Stoick cleared his throat, trying

to keep his voice low. "I know about Jack."

Hiccup froze for a moment quickly recovering. "What about Jack? I mean—"

"I saw you two yesterday night! Don't give me that crap about denying it! I saw it with my own eyes Hamish!" He stood suddenly, his stature hovering over Hiccup, even if they were feet apart. "You two were kissing and you even said you—I don't even know what to make of this!"

"Dad I—" Oh no. It wasn't supposed to happen like this. _Everything was going so well._

"My own son!" He roared, hands flying in the air. "My own son one of," his eyes practically rolled into the back of his head, "_them_! I thought I raised you better than this Hamish!"

Hiccup finally felt something snap. I'm tired of hearing this. I'm tired of him blaming something or someone. I'm just tired. He pinched the bridge of his nose. "You didn't raise me," he said in a low voice. "You didn't raise me because all you ever cared about is your damn job! You've never once actually taken the time to show you care about my well being!" He swung his arms out, motioning to nothing. "I'm surprised you actually called me in here right now to talk about this instead of ignoring it and just going on about. Your. Damn. Job!"

Stoick sputtered but gained his authority again by slamming his hands against his desk loudly. "How dare you talk to me like that? I am your father and you should treat me with respect! No son of mine is going to act like a rebellious homosexual under my roof." Hiccup let out a bitter laugh and they both locked eyes. "Jack is just influencing you into being something you're not. I knew he was horrible when I first met him, but I didn't think he was this terrible on you."

Don't bring Jack into this. It was never Jack's fault. "You think I have a choice in this?" Hiccup pointed to himself. "You think I can choose to be gay? Dad where are you getting your facts from?! I didn't choose to be this way. I didn't choose to be gay!" Stoick was about ready to argue but Hiccup held up a hand. "And even if I did have a choice, you know what? I wouldn't change who I am. For once I am happy with someone who loves me for who I am."

Instead of shouting back, Stoick was staring past Hiccup and at the door. The teen turned, his throat closing when he found Toothless in the doorway, eyes large as he gazed at the two of them. His raven hair was a mess and he was still in his pajamas. "W-What are you guys fighting about?" His hands were shaking as he stepped closer.

"Toothless just go back to your room," Hiccup said gently. I don't want you to be in this. Go to where you'll be safe. When he didn't move Hiccup raised his voice slightly. "Go to your room Toothless."

Their father nodded slowly. "Listen to your brother Furvus and go."

Toothless shook his head and ran forward, wrapping his arms tightly around Hiccup's waist. "No! Stop yelling at him!" Hiccup didn't know what to say as Toothless glared at Stoick, fingers digging into the teen's sides. "He said it's not his fault so leave him alone!" The older teen touched his head lightly, running his fingers over his hair. "Please stop yelling at each other," he finally quieted.

"Furvus, we're trying to have a conversation here-"

Hiccup snorted looking away. "Some conversation."

"And you need to go to your room." Stoick pointed to the door. "Now Furvus, I will not ask again."

Toothless let go of Hiccup but didn't make a move to leave. "Then stop fighting and I will."

Stoick raised his voice. "Furvus I am your father and you will listen to me."

"Yeah, well guess what?" Toothless backed up to the door, throwing his head from one side to the other. "You aren't my real father!" He pushed past Val as he ran out, screaming at the top of his lungs. "I hate this!"

Val looked around the room and her eyebrows furrowed. "What is going on in here? All I hear is screaming and Toothless is upset-" She caught Hiccup's distressed gaze and she pursed her lips. "Stoick, what is going on?"

"Absolutely nothing." Hiccup gave one last look to Stoick and walked around Val to leave.

He ignored her calls and went to his room slamming the door shut and locking it. Immediately he had his phone out and dialed Jack, sitting on his bed with his back turned to the door. Jack didn't pick up and he clenched his hand in his lap. The answering machine came on and he sighed, trying to keep his voice steady. "Hey, uhm, so, well," he gave a dying laugh, "m-my dad knows. So I guess we don't have to hide it anymore. B-But, you know, I just wanted to say, uhm, I love you. No matter what, I love youâ€| so, yeah. Bye. Oh, please call me back tooâ€| so bye." He hung up and laid down, holding his phone to his heart.

* * *

><p>North was in the living room, feet propped up and Emma curled next to him fast asleep. They had been watching a Christmas special since he was home for work due to the holidays. He enjoyed Christmas more than the average man, usually going as far as to dress up like Santa during dinner. When Jack came into the room, the large man gave a wave.</p>

"I see she's enjoying the show," he laughed.

Emma moved closer to North and he put an arm around her. "Must be tired from all the excitement with Christmas." He smiled and Jack took a seat in the recliner. "So how was the movie night with Hiccup? You two keep it pg?" Watching his son blush he grinned slightly.

"Pg-13?"

"Dad," he groaned. "Trust me; we won't be doing anything bad. Hiccup isn't like that." They both shared a laugh. "So, I have something to ask you."

The older man stroked his beard and looked at Jack with those light blue eyes. "No you may not run away and elope with him." Jack quirked his lips and leaned forward, the snowflake pendant swinging out and coming back to smack his chest. "Alright, then what would your question be?"

Jack rested his head back. "How did you know you loved Mom?" He asked, eyeing the ceiling. "Like, how did you know you wanted to just be with her and love her no matter what?"

"Well," North started, "I probably knew from the first moment I saw her. She was reading a book about teeth and we bumped into each other. Strange woman she is, always fascinated by teeth. I guess that's one of the things I really love about her. Once I got to know her, I started to fall deeper in love." He smoothed out Emma's hair and smiled to himself. "The way she smiled or the way she would light up when she finished a project." Sighing he chuckled and winked at Jack. "I just couldn't explain it any other way. She just stole my heart."

"That sounds nice," Jack said absently_. I guess, in a way, Hiccup stole my heart from the beginning as well. Neither of us realized it until now though. What a pair of idiots_. He laughed quietly.

"And I am taking one giant guess here to assume you're asking this about Hiccup?"

He smiled. "And what if it is?"

North just laughed and waved his hand through the air. "Then I say just take care of the boy. It's obvious you two seem happy together and as long as there isn't a problem, I can see things running smoothly for you two in the future."

Jack tilted his head slightly. "You really think so?"

"I do." Emma woke up, rubbing her eyes and blinking at Jack. "Well hello there, you have a good nap?"

"What are we talking about?" She continued to rest her head against North, wrapping his arm tighter around herself as if it was a blanket. They both smiled at her, though she was too groggy to notice.

"Nothing," Jack stood, going to leave, "just the future."

* * *

><p>A light knock on his door stirred Hiccup from his trance. Jack still hadn't called him back and he was beginning to feel heavy in his chest. It was becoming uncomfortable. He sat up and waited, not wanting to unlock the door. "Hiccup, it's me." Val said quietly, knocking again. "Open the door so I can talk to you face to face."</p>

Getting up slowly, he trudged over to the door and unlocked it, going straight back to his bed as she stepped in. "I need to go get some more wire from the craft store; you want to come with me and look at some stuff?" She sat down on the edge of the bed, petting his hair down. He said something into his pillow that she couldn't understand. "Look, why don't we go for a ride and talk this out. Your father is cooling down in his office so why don't you cool down with me?"

"Sure," he mumbled. She smiled and stood, grabbing some of his clothes off the floor and tossed them to him. He watched her leave and he sighed. I suppose this is better than just moping in bed all day. Maybe Jack will call later and we can talk about it then. He got dressed and grabbed his phone, tucking it into his pocket. On second thought. He put his phone back on his dresser, knowing he probably wouldn't be able to answer with Val near. I'd rather not have her question Jack either.

Hiccup stepped out into the hall and Val pushed off the wall she was leaning on. "You all ready?" He just headed down the stairs without a word, hearing her trail behind. He shook on his coat and slid on his shoes, out the door before Val could even grab her purse and keys.

Halfway to the car he stopped and turned to the house, Val already walking towards him. "Is it alright to leave Toothless alone?"

She took out her car keys. "Your father is—" Pausing, she licked her lips. "They'll be fine Hiccup. Toothless is in his room playing video games right now. We just all need a little space to take this all in."

They got in the car and Val turned off the radio, pulling out into the street. It was still snowing and it was starting to pile up on the sides of the streets and the grass. When they were a good minute or two away from the house she finally spoke, her voice calm.
"Hiccup, I want to know, are you gay?"

He brought his knees up to his chin, trying to become as small as possible in his seat. "Yeah. I'm sorry." I'm sorry I'm not the son you've always wanted.

"Don't apologize." Her face didn't show any sign of emotion, as if she was waiting for the right time to cry or laugh. "And are you dating Jack?" She peered out the window, turning on the windshield wipers.

"Yeah." Is she going to blame him too?

Tapping her fingers against the steering wheel she made a noise in the back of her throat. "Okay. So you're gay and you're dating Jack. How long has this been going on?"

Hiccup tried for a joke but his voice fell flat. "The being gay or dating Jack?"

"Mmm how about both?"

"When I was twelve I knew it," he said. "I've only been dating Jack

for three weeks. So it's not his fault."

Val kept her tone up. "I never said it was Hiccup. So you've kept this a secret from everyone for three years?" She looked over to him and he was staring out the front window, watching as they pulled up to a stop sign.

"Astrid was the first person I told. Fishlegs knows and a few others. They don't say anything though." He shrugged and wrapped his arms around his legs, sighing. "The only reason I never told you guys was because I would always hear what Dad says and I would chicken out. I was going to wait till I moved out or sometime close to that in case you guys ever decided to throw me out."

"We would never throw you out, not matter what. So, do you think you plan on being with Jack permanently or is it just more of a fling?" Her voice wasn't harsh and it wasn't like she was interrogating him, but Hiccup really didn't want to talk about Jack so soon. "He's a nice boy. I never knew he was gay."

Ducking his head, Hiccup smiled a little. "I love him," he said simply. "I really do and I would love to be with him permanently, but I don't know what the future is going to be like." He lifted his hand to draw a snowflake and a heart in the fog that had blanketed itself over his window. "Now that Dad hates me and everything, I'm just worried."

"Hiccup, believe me when I say your father loves you. It's just," she sighed, "he needs to take time on things like this." Looking over to her son again she tried to smile, but seeing how he was curled into the seat, it fell quickly. "Hamish please just understand where he's coming from. This is a shock to him."

Hiccup scoffed and looked out his window, shaking his head. The snow was beginning to pile up on the edge of the door. "It wouldn't be if he would just listen to me for once. All he ever does is ignore me and then just gives his opinion of anything he wants. Never once has he asked me what I wanted to do with my life." He ran a hand through his hair, trying not to scream.

Val reached over, one hand still on the steering wheel, and patted his leg. "Then what do you want to do with your life?" He shifted under her touch. "How are we supposed to know what you feel if you don't tell us?"

"I don't know what I want to do!" He finally said, leaning forward. "All I've ever done is paint and read! Dad hates when I do that and he obviously won't like anything else I do because I'll be doing it gay." His jaw hurt from clenching it so much but it wouldn't seem to unlock. "He hates me now. He hates me because I can't be the perfect son he's always wanted." He lowered his voice until it sounded like he was breaking down. But he wasn't going to cry. No. He felt numb and angry, but he wasn't going to cry.

They pulled up to a red light and Val took the time to tuck a loose strand of hair behind his ear. "Hamish, your father could never hate you and I'm sure he's never asked you to be perfect. We love you too much. Sure, he's confused, but it'll pass and you two can talk this out." He made a tsking noise and she lowered her shoulders. "He comes from a strict background, things like this, well; he'll just have to

adjust." She looked out to the windshield wipers pushing away the snow, her pale eyes sad.

"And what about you?" Hiccup muttered. "Is having a gay son disgusting?"

The light turned green and Val drove forward. "I can't say that I'm overjoyed to hear about it." He shrank in his seat and she smiled. "But I still love you just as much as I did before I knew. Hamish, you were a gift to us. I could never love you any less over something as trivial as this."

Hiccup pursed his lips. "If it's so trivial then why is Dad making such a big deal out of it?"

"Well, why don't you ask him? I'm sure he wants to discuss this with you just as much as I do. How about when we're done shopping we can all sit down and talk about this together." Val pulled up to another red light, looking over to Hiccup. "We'll talk this out and you can see that he loves you no matter what happens."

He rolled his tongue along his teeth and crossed his arms. "I guess we can try, but you know he's not going to listen."

She smiled gently. "Then you just need to speak a little louder." The light changed and she moved forward slowly. "We love you Hamish. Always remember that."

Hiccup didn't see the car coming. Neither did Val though. Its tires couldn't seem to catch the ground as the slush and snow made it lose traction. The brakes failed and it slide across the street and straight into the driver's side of the car. They flipped and before Hiccup's eyes a rain of glass and blood showered before him. He couldn't remember thinking much aside from the fact that he needed to save his mother. Reaching out blindly, he groped for her hand as they tumbled down the street, his body slamming into the door. When his head hit the plastic siding his vision began to blur, losing consciousness before he knew it.

He could hear Val's screams through the darkness, their hands never finding each other.

* * *

><p>*throws glitter* I lied!

**I'm sorry if this Stoick was all "neglectful father" and Hiccup was all "snotty teenager"... It had to happen eventually, I just didn't know how to do it. Okay I'm done for tonight. **

Kisses and unicorns

~Shi

35. Chapter 35

so, uhm, I'm sorry for making ya'll cry in the last chapter *kicks floor halfheartedly* I didn't mean to....

* * *

><p>Two days, twenty voicemails, and thirty text messages after Hiccup's call, Jack was beginning to worry. When he had first heard the voicemail, Hiccup sounded like something was obviously wrong. Did his dad say something? Could he have possibly hit Hiccup? The college student was pacing around the basement, shaking his head as he tried to come up with a reasonable explanation for Hiccup not calling him back. "He could just be busy with Christmas plans," he said to himself. It was Christmas Eve but Jack was restless, trying to sit down on the couch then standing back up.

He called Jamie, not knowing what else to do. "Hey Jamie, I have a favor to ask."

"Well Merry Christmas to you too," Jamie laughed. "What's up?" There was a shriek of a child in the background and laughter afterwards. "Sorry, with the family for Christmas Eve."

Jack nodded, biting down on his lip hard. "Can I have Astrid's number?"

"Well I usually don't let my gay best friend try and make a move on my girlfriend but I suppose I can give it to you. Why do you need it?"

"I'm just worried about Hiccup is all; I thought she might know something." Jamie read off the number while Jack wrote it down on a scrap of paper he found on the floor. "Thanks Jamie, Merry Christmas."

"Same to you. I hope you find out whatever you need to find out." Jamie hung up as another scream came from the background.

Jack started walking around the basement again, rubbing his forehead as he dialed Astrid. Pressing the phone to his ear, he waited. After three rings, she picked up, her voice low. "Hello?" It didn't sound good from what he could tell.

"Astrid?"

"Oh Jack, oh no," she quickly muttered. His stomach immediately dropped. "Jack I am so sorry."

He gripped the phone tighter. "Astrid, what's going on? Hiccup hasn't called me or texted me since Saturday. I don't know what's going." There was a shaky breath on the other end and he tilted his head back, trying to remain calm. "I want to know what's going on with him. Astrid, you obviously know something. Please just tell me."

She swallowed and tried to talk quietly. "Jack, H-Hiccup and his mom were in a car accident and he's in the hospital."

His eyes widened and he sank down onto the couch, hanging his head. "W-What?" His hand went for the necklace against his chest, fingering the warm metal.

"His dad called us Saturday and we've been getting updates butâ€œ he hasn't woken up yet from surgery the last we heard." Jack stood,

running upstairs and through the kitchen. "Jack I am so sorry. I meant to call you but with everythingâ€!"

"No, thank you for telling me. Which hospital is he at?" She gave the name and he typed it into his phone, hurrying past his parents. "Thanks Astrid." He hung up right as Tooth caught his arm, stopping him. "I need to go," he said.

Tooth shook her head. "You're not going anywhere, it's Christmas Eve and we're getting ready for dinner." She jerked her thumb to the kitchen and he just let out a growl. "Jack, what is going on with you?"

"Hiccup is in the hospital. There was an accident and I need to go see him." Jack didn't wait for her response. Instead, shaking out of her grip he grabbed his keys and slid on some shoes, not caring which ones. He didn't try and put on a coat, out the door within minutes.

Getting into his car he paused, slamming his fists against the steering wheel angrily. "Damn it!" He put his head down and tried to take even breaths, but no matter what he still felt sick. "Damn it Hiccup you better be alright," he muttered. Starting the car, he drove with one hand on the wheel and the other wrapped around his necklace.

* * *

><p>Mom? Mom what happened? Hiccup flexed his fingers, finding he was still able to move them. _Mom you were talking about Dad?_ He tilted his head but it hurt too much to go far. _You said you loved me right?_ His body suddenly was struck with more pain than he had ever felt before. Screaming he opened his eyes, blinded for a moment by the lights around him. "Mom!"

"Hamish," Stoick said gently. Hiccup looked up, not sure what to do, his body paralyzed with fear and pain. He could feel his father's large hand on his forehead, pushing his hair away. "Hamish calm down. You're alright. You're alright now." He called for a nurse and told her Hiccup was awake. She nodded and went to go get a doctor, leaving them alone.

Hiccup tried to lift his arm but it was tied down with tubes and wires. It hurt too much to really do anything. He looked up at his Dad and saw he had been crying, he was crying right then actually. Tears spilling over his cheeks and disappearing into his unusually messy beard. For someone who had such a clean image, he looked disheveled and dirty. "Where is she?" He asked, mouth dry. _I don't like this. Something is wrong. _

Stoick just shook his head, continuing to brush his hair from his face. "Hamish just sleep for right now," he coaxed. "You need to rest." The small teen shook his head and looked around, feeling like he hadn't been awake for weeks. "You're in the hospital," Stoick explained. "You were in an accident."

"Where is she? She was with me in the car." He looked down at his side and found Toothless pressed up against him, sleeping soundly. His black hair was spilled over the sheets, one arm gently thrown over Hiccup's stomach. "Where did they take her?" His head was

spinning; he needed to make sure Val was alright. _She was with me. I heard her. She was with me. _

"Just tell the boy Stoick! He's going to find out eventually. Just stop this and tell him the truth!" Old Wrinkly's voice came from the corner of the room. He was sitting in a chair, hunched over with his hands folded on his lap. Hiccup noticed he looked much older than he ever had with his eyes tired and red. The corners of his mouth turned down and his eyebrows together. "Just tell the poor child."

Hiccup licked his lips, wishing he had some water or something to drink. "Tell me what? Dad, what's going on?" Stoick seemed to literally crumble under the pressure, his shoulders dropping, then his head. Soon he was leaning over Hiccup, holding him close as he could without tangling himself. They stayed close together, Stoick shaking as he listened to his son's heartbeat.

"She's gone Hamish. Your mother has passed on."

"What no-"

"Hamish Haddock?" A doctor knocked on the wall, catching his attention, though his mind was still miles away. Stoick moved away from him to go stand next to the doctor. "Hello, I'm Dr. Mulch, I operated on you." He was a large man with a pair of light blue scrubs on. There was a smile on his face but it was fake, just like the sympathy in his voice. Hiccup shook his head, not understanding anything. He wanted to scream. He wanted to run. He wanted Val. "I heard you're awake, is there any pain."

Hiccup opened his mouth, no sound coming out. The only thing on his mind was Val. _She couldn't be dead. No, she was right next to me. She couldn't have died like that. She wouldn't have let it happen. No. No. She's notâ€¦ She'sâ€¦ No. _A nurse came in with a tray of medical tape and gauze, setting it at the bedside. She went to lift the blanket from Hiccup legs and he made a noise. "Does it hurt at all?" She asked.

Of course it hurt. What didn't hurt? His legs felt like they were bruised and broken, his head was throbbing and his chestâ€¦ his chest felt his heart had shattered and every last piece embedded itself into his ribs, lungs and heart. Toothless stirred next to him, hand gripping the blanket as he made a face in his sleep. _Does he know about Mom?_ _Could he be hearing all this?_ He swallowed and she took the blanket off entirely. "Tell me if it hurts at all, I can give you some pain killers to help with that."

Stoick looked away at that moment, fresh tears falling. Old Wrinkly even averted his eyes, turning his face away from Hiccup. Dr. Mulch came over and looked down at his legs, making a humming noise under his breath. "It should heal up just fine once the stitches are taken out and the skin repairs itself, but we should keep an eye out for infection."

With everything the doctor was saying, Hiccup finally leaned forward slightly, throat closing. His right leg looked perfectly fine aside from the cuts and bruises all over. His left legâ€¦ well what was left of his left leg, it was truthfully disgusting even to himself. He watched the nurse unwind the bandage around it, showing the red, sensitive mass of skin underneath. There were stitches right at the

stump, showing where his ankle and foot had been. The pain was strange, it was as if his foot was still there, but it was just an aching feeling. He continued to stare, his gut wrenching so hard he thought he was going to vomit.

Dr. Mulch nodded with his eyes on his leg. "Looks clean for now. We should change the bandage at least every day and we can teach you how to do that when you get discharged. Once that happens though, it should be to the point where you can change it every other day or so. You'll also need to take some medication to help prevent infection and of course for painâ€|"

Hiccup just laid back down and closed his eyes. The doctor's voice drifting away as he tried to focus on something. He couldn't seem to get a grasp on anything, like he was slipping away from everyone His motherâ€| _No. They're lying. She's waiting outside for me. She'll hug me and kiss my head and worry. Then we'll all just go home and she'll make an amazing meal and Toothless will eat too much and she'll scold him. Yeah. It'll be just like always._ His head was pounding and he felt nauseous, but there was nothing in his stomach to vomit. He could feel the nurse wrapping his leg, her hands gentle as she made sure to cover it all. _And after eating I'll call Jack and he'll come over and kiss me. He'll laugh and kiss me again. Everything will be like it was. Like it is._

The nurse finished and left. Dr. Mulch turned to Stoick and started talking. Hiccup could see their mouths moving, but no noise ever registered in his ears. It was like he was underwater, body feeling the pressure of the water against him, adding to the pain of his injuries. Old Wrinkly watched him, sadness and pain etched into his features. Hiccup could feel their eyes on him every now and then, knowing he was the center of their attention. He was numb though. They were probably waiting for him to break down and cry, but he just feltâ€| nothing. It was as if someone had taken all logical emotions from him and left him an empty shell. There was nothing inside him except the pain of his body and the knowledge that his mother was now gone forever. But even then he couldn't accept it. There was no way he ever could.

Could things have really turned out like this? He reached out and took Toothless's hand in his, feeling how warm he was. The younger boy's fingers instantly curled around his, squeezing tightly. _Could she really have left us just like that? I would have taken her place_, he thought, _I should have taken her place. She should be the one alive. She deserves it. I don't belong here._ Toothless squeezed again he squeezed back. _He needs her more than me. Dad needs her more than me. They all do._ The doctor gave Stoick a sympathetic pat on the shoulder and walked out, the room becoming increasingly silent aside from the machines Hiccup was connected to.

Old Wrinkly stood with his eyes empty. "I'll be heading to your house now. I'll leave the door open if you come home at all Stoick."

"Take Furvus with you," he said quietly. Old Wrinkly came over to Toothless, shaking him gently so he woke up, eyes puffy and red. "Furvus, go with your grandfather for right now."

Toothless shook his head. "No I want to stay with Hiccup," he whispered. Tears were starting to form again and he wiped his nose with the back of his hand. "I want to stay here with him." Old

Wrinkly murmured something to him and he hiccupped, climbing off the bed. He still had Hiccup's hand in his and he tried his best at holding back his tears but he just ended up making it worse. "I'll come back tomorrow. Okay? I-I'll bring your presents and we canâ€œ!" He was shaking, voice wavering. "We can all open them hereâ€œ!" He was trying to skirt around the fact that Val wouldn't be able to open her presents. "Okay. So I'll be b-back tomorrow."

Hiccup felt his hand slip away as Old Wrinkly led him out of the room. His chest tightened and he felt like he couldn't breathe. Stoick sat down in one of the chairs along the wall, head in his hands. It was a while before he started talking softly. "Hamish," he said, "Hamish I am so sorry. If onlyâ€œ! If only I hadn't snapped at you and listened to youâ€œ!" His shoulder shook, large frame like an earthquake. "It's all my fault and she's gone now. My Vahallarama—" He choked for a moment. "And you. Oh Hamish if I could take this is all back I would. I would." Hiccup listened, realizing everyone was blaming themselves. Toothless for not behaving enough. Hiccup for being him. Stoick for his ignorance. They all wanted to blame someone but they wouldn't-_couldn't_ blame each other.

"Dad," he called out quietly. Stoick looked up, blue eyes wrung red and watery. "Please stop. It wasn't your fault." He turned over his left hand, heart monitor on his finger and waited for Stoick to take it. When he did they gripped each other tightly, both trying to hold onto what was left of them. "Please. Mom wouldn't want you to blame yourself. Please stop." His throat was closing and he felt like crying, but for some reason just couldn't.

We love you Hamish. Always remember that._

"I love you Dad. I love you."

Stoick coughed and tried his best to hug him, though they just ended up in a tangled mess. "I love you too Hamish. I know I may seem like I don't, but I love you." Hiccup held him even though the pain in his body told him to stop. He didn't let go until finally his limbs gave out on him and he fell back to the bed exhausted. "Just rest for right now," he sighed. Hiccup nodded, closing his eyes and listened to the sounds of his Dad moving around the room.

* * *

><p>Old Wrinkly was going past the front desk when there was a commotion. "What do you mean I can't see him? He's my boyfriend?! Let me just talk to him so I can make sure he's okay!" Someone was yelling and Toothless was out of Old Wrinkly's sight before he knew it. "Damn it just let me talk to someone and visit him for a minute!" The teen was almost on top of the counter, yelling at the young nurse behind it. A few other people were staring and whispering, but the white haired teen didn't seem to care.

"I-I'm sorry but only relatives are allowed at this time," she squeaked.

Toothless ran up to the counter and tugged on the teen's shirt, grabbing his attention. "Toothless! Oh Jesus, Toothless!" He bent down and grabbed the boy's face in his hands. "Where is Hiccup is he alright? I need to see him." Toothless began to start sniffling

again, throwing his arms around Jack and holding onto him tightly. "Toothless what's wrong?" Jack hugged him back, fear gripping his heart. "Shh, Toothless, tell me what's wrong." But the boy didn't say anything, he only cried.

"Excuse me," Old Wrinkly approached the counter. The nurse looked at him and he pointed to Jack. "I'm Hamish Haddock's grandfather and I would like you to let this young man into my grandson's room." Jack looked at him with respect and continued to hold Toothless who was sobbing into his shoulder.

The nurse began to riffle through her papers. "B-But sir only-

Old Wrinkly pursed his lips. "I heard what you said earlier and I don't give a damn. There is a boy in that room that is in desperate need of something safe to hold onto and only this man can give that to him. Now I suggest you let him through before I start causing a riot." He tilted his head up slightly and the nurse looked around and bit her nail.

She lowered her voice and glanced around them. "Alright, b-but you cannot tell anyone of this." After a few seconds she whispered the room number and left them, looking nervous.

Jack looked at him and held out a hand. "How did you know I was here for Hiccup?"

They shook and Old Wrinkly just winked at him, trying to pry Toothless away. "I just had to pay attention," he said.

"Toothless, buddy, hey, I'm going to go talk to Hiccup okay? I'll see you later." He touched his face one last time before almost sprinting through the halls. He looked at every door and number until he came to the right one. A few passing nurses and doctors looked at him and he just ignored them.

He went into the room without even knocking, his legs almost collapsing underneath him. "Oh Hiccup, oh, oh no." Without even a glance at Stoick he was by Hiccup's side, touching his face and kissing his eyes. "Hiccup, hey, it's me. Jack. Hiccup." He kissed his lips, feeling him stir under his hands.

Hiccup opened his eyes and let out a gasp. "Jack, why are you here?" Jack kissed him again, trying to see past his tears. "Jack," he whispered.

"I was so worried. Damn it Hiccup. Just damn it." Stoick coughed and he spun around, hands still on Hiccup's cheeks. "Hello Sir," he said stiffly.

Stoick nodded back, standing and going to the door. "I'll-I'll leave you two alone for right now. You probably need to talk." He went out into the hall and neither of them knew what to say.

Jack wordlessly climbed onto the bed, taking time and effort to make sure he didn't hurt Hiccup. Lying on his side, he used his right arm as a pillow for the smaller teen while his left curled around his waist, bringing them close together. They didn't say anything and he pressed his lips to Hiccup's forehead, just leaving them there as he closed his eyes. Hiccup let himself be taken over by Jack's scent,

feeling his warmth surround him. It seemed to take away the pain as they held each other, hearts beating in sync.

"Hiccup," Jack finally murmured.

Hiccup buried his face in his chest, feeling the snowflake dig into his cheek. "She's gone Jackâ€| She's gone." Was all he could say.

Instead of Hiccup being the one to cry, Jack did it for him. It started out as small tears and soon his whole body was shaking. Hiccup felt him tremble and he shook as well, not sure what else he could possibly say. Jack kissed his face over and over again, running his fingers over his cheeks and neck. He could map out Hiccup's entire face with just his palms and fingertips, counting every freckle with his eyes closed. "I love you Hiccup. I love you." When they kissed Hiccup could taste tears on his lips.

"I love you too," he said quietly. "I love you too."

Jack kissed him repeatedly. "I love you," he whispered. "I love you so much." He cradled Hiccup and continued to say he loved him until Hiccup fell asleep to the mantra. Even when he was snoring softly he kept saying it. Stoick eventually came back in and sat down silently, watching Jack hold his son as if he was something precious. "I love you Hiccup," he continued, "I love you." At some point Jack fell asleep as well, body curled protectively around Hiccup. Stoick stood and grabbed one of the extra blankets the nurses had left. He went over to them and watched them sleep for a moment, hoping his crying wouldn't wake them. Jack nuzzled Hiccup out of instinct and Stoick threw the blanket over them both, making sure they were warm enough for the night before he, himself, fell asleep in his chair.

* * *

><p>*wraps everyone in a blanket* I'm sorry *hands hot chocolate* I'm horrible *pats heads* don't hate me.

Kisses and unicorns

~Shi

36. Chapter 36

**I understand that this is fanfiction, but if you feel awkward reading for certain reasons then please don't read this or wait till you feel better to read it. I'm worried about you guys and I don't want my writing to make anyone feel bad. So only read if you feel you are content with this. Or go read some fluffy fanfiction. **

**I'm sorry if that sounds weird but I don't like making people cry so much... I'm sorry. **

**Alright I'm done I'm done being weird. **

* * *

><p>Jack's subtle movements woke Hiccup as he tried to slip off the bed. He turned around and tucked the blanket around Hiccup gently,

kissing his forehead. "Hey, I have to go but I promise I'll be back, alright? I won't miss a day. I promise." His fingers were cool against Hiccup's lips as he traced his mouth lightly. "So just get some rest and I'll be back as soon as I can Hiccup. Okay?"<p>

"Okay," Hiccup whispered. "I love you."

"I love you too. Hiccup I love you." Jack kissed him and kept looking over his shoulder as he left. With one final wave, he was gone.

Curling up tighter in the blanket, he struggled with cuts and bruises. Mainly it was the pain in his leg that was bothering him. _That's right. I'll never be able to walk like before._ He pulled the blankets over his head. _I'm going to be an even bigger freak than I was._ Val flashed before his eyes and he felt a tug at his chest. _Nothing is like it was. Everything is breaking apart._

"Hiccup?" He stirred at his name, peeking out from the blankets to look at his dad. "Is everything alright? Does it hurt anywhere or should I call a nurse?" Stoick was awake, looking like he hadn't slept at all. Knowing him, he probably didn't.

Rolling painfully onto his back, Hiccup stared at the ceiling. "I'm okay," he lied. _There's no need to worry anyone._ He closed his eyes trying to fall back asleep, but found he couldn't without Jack around him. Suddenly feeling cold and unprotected he stayed awake, eyes closed but conscious of everything. There was a profound sense of loss both because of Val and his leg. He knew they were missing, but it just wasn't registering in his head and he couldn't fathom an emotion. Eventually he just drifted off into a sort of half-sleep half-awake state, trying to figure everything out in his mind.

There was a knock on the door and for a split-second he thought it was Val. His heart thumping in his chest until he looked and saw Old Wrinkly with Toothless in the doorway. They had grocery bags of gifts, the plastic straining under some of the weight. "We brought all the gifts aside from—" He stopped and coughed putting the bags down on a chair. "I don't know what you want to do with them."

Stoick leaned his elbows on his knees and ran a through his hair. "I'll have to figure something out," he muttered. "Furvs?" Toothless looked at him, his usual cheery eyes hollow. "Did you sleep well?" Nodding he went over to Hiccup and without a word laid down next to him, pressing against his side lightly. "Thank you for watching him," Stoick said as he watched him.

"It was fine." Old Wrinkle waved him off, going to sit down. "He slept in your bed; I didn't think you would mind." Hiccup looked down at Toothless and saw his eyes water as he moved closer to him. _No wonder he smells like Mom's perfume, he slept on her side!_ didn't he?_ He lifted his hand and found Toothless's fingers, holding on tightly. "Hiccup, how do you feel?"

He thought of all the possible things he could say. All the possible lies he could tell to make them believe he was fine. Old Wrinkly would know. He would always know. So instead of lying, he cleared his throat and kept his eyes on the ceiling. "My leg hurts." Toothless

seemed to shrink from his legs, giving a worried look. "You're okay," he insisted, "it's just—" _Just what? Just the fact that right now I have a stump where my foot should be? Merry Christmas to me._ He quickly yelled at himself internally and shifted. Val would be telling him how lucky he was to be aliveâ€œ if she was alive. _She would be making everyone laugh and smile, trying to cheer up the room._ He felt sick and made a gurgling noise in the back of his throat.

"Hamish, if you're in pain just tell us and we can call the doctors." Stoick stood and left the room, calling out for a nurse before Hiccup could stop him. He came back in with a male nurse and motioned to his son with a sweep of his arm. "His leg is in pain, is there anything you can give him?"

The nurse went over to the clipboard hanging on the edge of the bed and read through it, clicking his tongue every now and then. "I should be able to give him something, just give me a minute and I'll be right back." He gave Hiccup a once over and left the room.

Is there medicine for not being able to feel anything? Hiccup brushed his thumb over Toothless's knuckles, feeling how rough they were from him running around. _Is there a pill to make you feel something aside from pain?_ He tried to make patterns in the ceiling, finding there weren't any that could tell him what he needed to know. Old Wrinkly moved one of the bags. "Why don't we open presents? Maybe that will help." _Help what?_ Hiccup pursed his lips. He could understand where his grandfather was coming from, but it seemed like nothing was going to help him.

"Toothless," he said, "go open your presents it's okay." _I can at least try to be okay._

Toothless crawled off the bed and went to Old Wrinkly. He got handed all his gifts and was back by Hiccup's side. The nurse came in with a tray. Two little pills in a cup and some water to wash them down. He took them without a second thought and everyone's attention was turned back to Toothless. He tore into Hiccup's present slowly. It was a sleek black dragon he had crafted out of clay. "Thank you," he said quietly.

"It was nothing." Hiccup watched him pick up another present, a slim, rectangular one. It was a video game but it was the tag that made Toothless stop mid-rip. It was from Val, hearts written by his name. He put it down and stared at it, unsure what to do with it. "Don't you want to see what it is?" He asked, though his own voice felt monotone.

"I already know what it is," he whispered.

Stoick looked like he was on the brink of tears once more. "Furvus, what are you talking about?"

Toothless moved the present farther away, making a face that seemed like he was the one in need of pain medicine. "She always gets me what I want," he explained. "But I don't want that anymore." There was the question going around through everyone's head. Hiccup felt as if his lungs suddenly shrunk when his brother spoke, voice unusually small. "I want her back."

After a good minute of silence, Stoick stood and left the room, covering his forehead with his hand. Hiccup lowered his eyes so they were on his hands he had folded in front of him. He dug his nails into his skin and tried to think of anything else aside from Val.
Since when did we become so broken?

Old Wrinkly came over to Toothless and cupped his face in his frail hands. "Furvis, now you hear me, alright? Your mother is gone but she will always be in our hearts. You remember that young man. She will _always_ be with us no matter where we go." He shook him a little and they were in a staring match. "She may not be able to come back but she will always watch over you. So you behave for her.
Understood?"

Hiccup looked away as Toothless nodded, lowering his head. He picked up another present, one from Stoick and began to open it, acting as if nothing ever happened. But the small tears in the corner of his eyes showed everything.

* * *

><p>Tooth was busy talking with Bunnymund in the living room, waving her hand in the air as Jack came in, face pale. "What's wrong?" She asked, going over to him and checking his eyes. "Is Hiccup alright?"</p>

Jack made a noise that sounded like he was in pain and rubbed his eyes, turning away for a moment. "He's pretty banged up andâ€œ| His stomach rolled at the memory of what he felt under the blanket. During the night when he shifted his legs, he expected to hit Hiccup's foot, but there wasn't one. It was just empty space and while both Hiccup and Stoick were sleeping he brushed his fingers over the blanket, feeling the stump. _It must have been horrible._

"That's terrible," Tooth whispered. Bunnymund looked between them and she touched his shoulder. "Hiccup was in an accident over the weekend, but it seems he'll be alright."

Jack tried to speak again but his voice caught in his throat. "V-Valâ€œ| He started and lost courage when Tooth looked at him. "Sheâ€œ| she didn'tâ€œ| He just shook his head and Tooth covered her mouth with both hands, eyes over flowing instantly. "I'm sorry Mom." _They had become so close and nowâ€œ|_

Bunnymund quickly took his sister into his arms and held her as she cried into his shoulder. "Retina, shh. Just calm down now." He looked at Jack with sympathy in his pale eyes. "I'm sorry Jack," he said kindly, "I truly am sorry to hear all this. I hope Hiccup is alright."

"I hope so too," Jack murmured. He fingers wrapped around the snowflake out of habit and he felt a fresh wave of emotions roll through him. "He seemed so distant when I visited," he admitted. "I'm worried." _What if he's never the same old Hiccup again? I can't lose him now._

"Well, we're all here if you need us. Hiccup too." The large man rocked Tooth slowly, her cries stifling down to sniffles every now and then.

Emma came into the room slowly, as if approaching a wild animal. She saw Tooth crying and her brown eyes went wide, looking at Jack. He closed his eyes for a moment and then faced her, trying to smile but it crumbled quickly, eyes burning with more tears. "Hey Squirt. Listen, I'm going to be at the hospital a lot with Hiccup so you can keep yourself occupied, right? You can play video games down stairs anytime you want while I'm away." She nodded and he knelt down so they were eye level. "Hiccup is going to be okay, it's just going to be a while before he's completely healed. So when he comes back we're going to have to make him happy again."

"But what about you?" Bunnymund caught Jack's eye. "Are you going to be alright?"

He hugged Emma since she was starting to cry. The Overlands were more emotional than other families he guessed. All they seemed to do was cry. What else can we do though? "I'll be alright," he said. Emma was shaking in his arms and he kissed the top of her head. "Hey, why don't you show me all the presents you got today? Maybe I can even open mine and we can see who got the better gifts." She rested her head against his chest and muttered in agreement before walking off.

Bunnymund finally got Tooth to calm down. "Are you going back to the hospital later?"

"Yeah, I promised I would visit him every day," he said simply. "I'm not going to break that promise." Looking to where Emma walked off, he sighed. "Is Dad around?"

Tooth wiped her eyes and took in a shuddering breath. "He was upstairs putting something away last time I saw him." Bunnymund rubbed her back and she coughed, pushing her hair from her face. "I'm alright Ester, I just need a moment."

Jack left the room and went upstairs, trying to find Emma. He checked in her room and then their parents, finding her enclosed in North's arms, holding her tightly. "Dad?" He walked over to them, realizing how their family was affected by Val's death. They had barely known each other yet the car accident was making a bigger impact than he thought.

"Jack," North called. "I just heard from Emma. I'm sorry."

"Yeah." He said since he couldn't think of anything else to say. All he wanted to do was shower, eat and then get back to Hiccup. He knew his family was probably with him, but that didn't mean everything was alright. There was something wrong with Hiccup, like he was suppressing his feelings or something and Jack wanted to make sure everything was alright. Or at least as right as they could be.

And he would stay with Hiccup until he was sure of it.

* * *

><p>When most of the presents had been open, the Haddock family sat in the carnage of what was left. Torn wrapping paper was everywhere and gifts lay all over the bed. There wasn't a smile on anyone's face as they exchanged thanks and began to clean up. The doctors had came

in again and changed the bandaging around Hiccup's leg. They also said that since he was showing signs of improvement so quickly, he could be moved into another room. He was hefted into a wheel chair and wheeled to another section of the hospital that was meant for recovery. There were others he saw that were in worse condition than him, but he didn't know their stories and they didn't know his.<p>

He was finally settled when they brought him lunch and he ate until he felt sick. It wasn't much really to get him there. After they took away what was left of his food, Spitelout and Snoutlout actually came to visit. They looked uncomfortable as they spotted Hiccup and then Stoick. The two brothers went out into the hall to talk while Old Wrinkly kept an eye on the children, mainly Snoutlout as he approached his cousins.

"Uhm," he stuttered, "hey."

Hiccup looked at him. "Hi." Toothless looked like a cat backed into a corner, his back hunched and defensive. "Merry Christmas." There was no joy in either of their tones.

"Yeah," Snoutlout said. "I'm sorry about your mom and yourâ€|" His eyes fell on Hiccup's legs and the room swelled with silence. "My dad brought your gifts here so you could open them."

"Okay." He tried to calm Toothless down, shifting so they both fit side by side. "Your gifts are here to. You can open them whenever." Snoutlout nodded and walked to the chairs that were sitting along the wall. They weren't the hard plastic kind like in the other room; instead they were cushioned and big.

Stoick came back in with Spitelout trailing him, both of them looking tired. "I am sorry Hiccup," Spitelout said, "I hope you recover quickly."

"Thank you." He shrugged and Toothless leaned against him. The dark haired boy seemed to be sticking closer to him than usual and he just assumed it was because he was grieving for their mom. He never really wanted to ask seeing as Toothless was already in such a fragile state.

"So what are you going—" Spitelout started to speak but someone pushed past him to get into the room. "Excuse me?" He snapped, watching the stranger go straight to Hiccup.

"Hiccup," Jack murmured. "Hey, how are you." Ignoring everyone in the room, he kissed him gently, taking his face into his hands and bringing their lips together. "I'm sorry I'm so late, I couldn't find your room and then I was running around. But I'm here now." They kissed again and broke apart when Stoick made a noise. "Hello Mr. Haddock," he greeted.

Spitelout grabbed his brother's arm and squeezed it tightly. "What is going on here?" Snoutlout was just as shocked, mouth open and his eyes wide as stared at Jack. He made a babbling noise and moved in his seat, not sure what to do. Old Wrinkly didn't seem surprised in the least, folding his hands on top of his lap. Jack gave a small smile when he winked, finding he was the man who had helped him the day before. Hiccup was more worried about Toothless and what he would

think. But when he looked at the boy, there didn't seem to be any confusion passing through his features.

"Everyone, this is Jack," Stoick announced. He cleared his throat multiple times before speaking again, motioning to Jack. "He is Hamish'sâ€| They areâ€| His hand fell back to his side.

"I'm his boyfriend," Jack clarified. Hiccup looked up at him and relaxed when their eyes met. Spitelout dragged his brother outside once more, their voices clashing in the hallway. Jack started taking off his jacket and threw the bag he brought to the floor. "I missed you. Are you alright? Did you eat anything yet?" Hiccup nodded. "Are you feeling better then?"

Toothless climbed off the bed and went to sit next to Old Wrinkly. Hiccup moved over and Jack sat next to him, both of them leaning back against the pillows. Their hands found each other and they weaved their fingers together. "You didn't have to come," Hiccup said, "it's Christmas. You probably had things to do with your family." He was arguing but his grip on Jack's hand said otherwise.

Jack kissed him for what seemed like the hundredth time, but for Hiccup there would never be enough. "No, my family understands and they send their love. Even Bunnymund." He smiled, blue eyes shining. "Besides, I said I would come every day. I'm not going to back out on a promise." Bringing their intertwined hands up, he pressed his lips to Hiccup's knuckles. "I love you."

Snoutlout was sitting a few feet from them, still like a statue. All those years he had made fun of Hiccup for being gay and now he was witnessing it for himself. Old Wrinkly and Toothless were in the room as well and Hiccup could have shied away and played dumb. He could have laughed it off and pretend to sleep. He could deny everything he was since he had been doing that for almost three years. Instead, he fit his head against the curve in Jack's throat, nuzzling him. "I love you too," he whispered.

"I can call Astrid later and tell her you're okay, but I think your dad has been contacting them. Is there anything you want me to tell her?" Jack kissed the top of his head, burying his nose in his brunette hair. I'll do anything you want Hiccup, just tell me and I'll do it. I won't hesitate.

Hiccup tried to think of something. He knew she was probably panicking over everything. She was the perfect friend to him. "Just tell her I love her and I'll call her as soon as I get out." Jack made a slight face and he narrowed his eyes. "What?"

The white haired teen looked away for a moment, lowering his voice. "I don't know. I just don't like you saying that to anyone outside of your family and me," he muttered. Hiccup felt a rush of blood to his face and wondered when did it feel so nice to have someone get jealous over you. "But it's alright. I'll call her and tell her. Don't worry." He gave that warm smile. "Is there anything you want? I can buy you something if they'll let me bring it in."

"You don't have to," Hiccup said. "You probably have school work to do and other things. Isn't Jamie worried about you?" I want you to stay here. I don't want you to leave. "You should really just go do the things you need to do. I'll be fine." I'm lying. Please don't

listen to me._

"No," Jack said flatly. "I said I'm not going to leave and that is a promise. I'll just bring my school work here and you can help me. Jamie knows what's going on and understands that I need to be here." His smile widened and Hiccup felt like things were almost back to normal. "So don't worry about me. Just lean on me and we'll get through this." _Hiccup you don't have to worry._

Snoutlout made a noise and stood. "I-I'm just going to go find my dad and umâ€œ!" He disappeared without another word and Jack pursed his lips. He left their gifts behind in his hurry to get out.

Hiccup had completely forgotten others were there. It had just felt like it was him and Jack alone. _I shouldn't feel this happy_, he thought angrily, _I should be crying. I should be screaming or something. I can't be happy now. Not with everything like thisâ€œ! No._ He closed his eyes and Jack let go of his hand so he could slip his arm around Hiccup's waist. _Why do you make me feel like this?_ Jack's body was warm and he leaned into it, jaw clenched. _Why can't I just cry like everyone else?_

Stoick came in and looked at them, catching Jack's eye. "Your uncle and Snoutlout went home, but they hope you recover." Hiccup muttered something to Jack who whispered something back, gliding his fingers over his freckled cheeks. Stoick pursed his lips and turned to Old Wrinkly. "Why don't we go get lunch in the hospital cafeteria? Furvus, I'm sure you're hungry."

Toothless stood and grabbed Old Wrinkly's hand. They looked at Hiccup. "He just needs to rest, come along Furvus." He wheezed, pulling the boy to the door gently.

"When will he be better?" Toothless asked softly.

Old Wrinkly bent down so they could look at each other properly. "His body will heal fast, but his heart will take some time." His clear, marble-like eyes flicked to Jack. "But there will be people to help him with that." He stood up straight and gave a small smile. "We'll all take some time to heal. It's like our hearts got small tears in them, but Val is in there, sewing us back up." Toothless blinked at him and he tilted his head to the door. "Well let's go get something to eat."

They left and Hiccup nudged Jack. "Go get something to eat with them," he said.

"No," Jack replied quickly. _I'm not going to leave you._

Hiccup frowned, moving so he could look at him straight on. "Go eat. You probably haven't eaten anything healthy. So go and get something now."

The older teen shook his head and grabbed the remote that moved the bed up and down. He reclined it so they were on their backs and he rolled onto his side. "I told you, I'm not going to leave you. I'll eat later, but for right now," he smiled, "I'm right here."

With a small sigh, Hiccup came into his arms and they held each other. "Thank you Jack." _For not leaving_. Jack just kissed him,

first his eyes, then his nose. He moved down to his lips slowly, taking his time. Hiccup dug his fingers into his back, afraid that if he let go something would happen. "I love you."

Jack kissed him, breathtakingly sweet reminding Hiccup that he wasn't alone. "I love you too."

* * *

><p>So, uhm, yeah...

Kisses and unicorns

~Shi

37. Chapter 37

Okay so I'm not a doctor, nor do I know anything about amputations. I did some research, but I don't fully know the procedure of it. So whatever medical stuff I write, is legit just me writing whatever I can to make it sound like the real deal. I am not medically trained and I never will be. Trust me. You don't want me as your doctor.

* * *

><p>The doctor was talking with Hiccup. After three days they said he could go home, but it was going to be hard. Though his leg was healing exceptionally well, it was going to take some time to get used to it. A nurse taught him how to change the bandages and the hospital even gave him a pair of crutches since he said wouldn't be stuck in a chair. Now he sat on the edge of his bed, dressed in his clothes Old Wrinkly had brought from home.</p>

"So you'll have to go to a specialist so they can measure everything and then they can start making a prosthetic." Dr. Mulch handed Stoick a list of different specialists. "Therapy is also something he should do if he wants full use of his leg again." Hiccup listened to them as he put on his shoe, tying it up. He went to put on his left one and stopped, fingers shaking slightly. "He'll have to get used to walking around on a prosthetic since it will be a different feeling than walking on a foot. It might hurt a little at first but with therapy and practice he should be fine."

Stoick nodded, glancing at Hiccup. "Is there anything else you suggest?"

Dr. Mulch moved his jaw around, running a hand through his hair. "I highly suggest therapy, not just for his body, but for his psychological trauma. You have a younger son as well if I remember correctly; both of them should at least try and see one. They can go together or separately. I can give you the names of some wonderful family therapists if you'd like." Stoick nodded and the doctor wrote down some names. "Give these guys a call or you can search for one on your own if you'd like."

"Thank you," he said. "Hamish, are you ready to go then?"

Hiccup looked at his left shoe and the fact that his pants were hanging limply off his leg. "Yeah," he muttered, "ready." He grabbed

his crutches and stood, not sure what to make of the feeling. His left leg twitched and he wanted to stomp down and feel his foot connect with the ground, but he could only swing his leg uselessly. Slowly, he managed to make his way to the wheel chair the doctor had brought in. It was standard procedure that every patient, no matter what, be taken out in a wheel chair.

Dr. Mulch called in a nurse to push him out while Stoick held onto his crutches and whatever they had left in the room. Hiccup sat with a completely blank face, only moving when the nurse started pushing. Jack had left early to go home and eat something fast. Old Wrinkly took Toothless home so they could greet Hiccup there. There was no doubt in his mind that Astrid was probably waiting for him to call her. He watched the halls blur by, not really aware of where he was. Everyone was so emotional and trying to help each other while he didn't seem to feel anything. It continued to bother him that he wasn't crying or even trying to cry. He just couldn't.

"I'll bring the car around." Stoick went into the parking lot of cars and Hiccup finally noticed they were outside. The cold air felt good at first but before he knew it he was shivering, teeth chattering against each other. He didn't know it had snow so much since the accident. Some cars were completely blanketed in snow and their car must have been too because it took a while before Stoick pulled up. He helped Hiccup into the passenger seat, making sure he was completely buckled in before going to the doctor to thank him.

Hiccup looked around the car and felt sick. It wasn't his mother's car, but it was certainly just as terrifying. What if we get into another accident? His hands gripping the armrest and the door handle. I can't do this. He bit down on his lip hard, tasting blood as he tried to figure something out. No I need to stay calm. As Stoick got in the car, he relaxed his arms and wiped his mouth, finding blood on his hands.

"Hamish," he sighed. Going through the glove box he pulled out some paper towels and wiped his son's face and hands off. He ripped off a clean piece and pressed it to his lip. "Hold it there," he instructed. Hiccup did as he was told and looked out the window, watching a couple walking into the building. "So when we get home you'll get to shower. Do you need any help doing that?"

"No Dad, I'll be fine." Hiccup folded the paper towel to a clean section and reapplied it to his lip. "I can take a shower by myself." He really just wanted to be alone for a moment. Since he was in the hospital there was no time be alone. There was always someone there to watch over him and he was beginning to get sick of it. Leaning his head against the window, he tried to calm down and close his eyes. When he opened them they were sitting in the drive way, engine off. "Did I fall asleep?"

Stoick looked at him and stepped out. "You did and I didn't want to wake you. The pain killers are going to make you sleepy, the doctor warned you about that." He got the crutches from the back and came around to Hiccup. He opened the door and held up the crutches, letting Hiccup take them. "Now go slow, we don't want you to fall." Hiccup ignored his comment and brought his good leg down, wobbling for a moment before straightening. "Can you make it up the front steps?"

Hiccup rolled his eyes and made his way over to the porch. Stoick was right behind him, hands out just for safety. He brought his leg up and stepped down, bringing his crutches over to the next step. His arms were aching by the time he made it to the top, but he made it by himself. Stoick opened the door and he stumbled into the house. He made it to the kitchen and took a moment to catch his breath, looking up to find everyone standing around the counter.

Astrid pushed away from the group and Hiccup was in her arms. She gripped him tightly but then remembered he had been in the hospital, loosening her arms. "Hiccup you made me worry so much. Damn it!" She shook her head and looked him in the eye. "I'm sorry though, Hiccup, I really am. You know I'm always here." He watched her smile past the small tears in her eyes and he hugged her, missing the feeling of it.

"Careful with him Astrid." Stoick put down his stuff on the counter and took note that Jack was sitting with Toothless. "Hamish, why don't you go take a shower and then you can go lay down." He nodded and Astrid let go of him reluctantly. "Are you sure you don't need help?" He asked again.

Hiccup flattened his lips. "I'm fine." He went over to the stairs and Jack trailed behind, a worried look on his face. "Jack, didn't you just hear me? I said I was fine." I don't want anyone to worry about me anymore.

Jack just continued to stay next to him, watching him carefully as he took one step at a time. It was a slow and painful process but eventually Hiccup got to the top of the stairs. "I'll get you some clothes okay?" He walked past him before he could protest.

"Jack," he growled. He went to the bathroom and started the shower. Stopping he looked down at his leg, wondering if he should cover it when he was in the water considering the bandages. He never asked the doctor what he was supposed to do. Or if he did explain it, he wasn't listening. Jack came in with clothes and a fresh towel.

"What's the matter?" He asked, noticing Hiccup's confused gaze.

"I don't know if I should cover it or not." Hiccup knew that everyone was aware he had lost a leg, but it was still too hard to say out loud. Jack lifted a hand and went out of the room and the brunette teen raised an eyebrow not sure what to do. When he came back in with a plastic bag and tape they stared at each other. "You can't be serious?"

Jack put it down next to his clothes. "Just do it in case. I'll be outside if you need anything, okay?"

"I don't need help—" Hiccup started but Jack was gone. The door was shut and he pursed his lips, starting to undress. He put down the toilet seat lid and stripped off his shirt and managed to take off his pants and boxers. With the help of his crutches he made it to the sink and grabbed the plastic bag and tape. He sat down once more and wrapped up the bandages, making sure it was watertight. I don't need help. I can take care of myself just fine.

Putting the crutches against the wall, he stood, pressing one hand

against the wall as well. He figured if he jumped he could get to the shower and finish up quickly. Moving as carefully as he could he thrusted his weight forward, only to lose balance. He crumpled to the floor and tried to hold back the screams as he checked his bad leg, finding no damage as far as he could see. "Damn it." Crap what do I do now? Pushing himself back up on his foot he quickly dropped again, not used to the uneven balance.

The door opened and Hiccup glared, wondering if Stoick had ignored his comments from earlier. Jack had the door closed and was by Hiccup's side in less than five seconds. His hands were on Hiccup's shoulders and arms, their eyes meeting. "I told you to call me if you needed help," he muttered.

"And I told you I was fine," Hiccup replied hastily. He tried to cover himself to the best of his ability, face turning red. "Just leave me alone; I can stand by myself-

"Would you just shut up for a damn minute?" Jack shouted. Hiccup stared at him as he lowered his voice. "Look Hiccup, I understand you're trying to be strong and show everyone you can take care of yourself. But you need to face it. Sometimes you just need to rely on others." He slipped an arm around his waist, hoisted him up, averting his eyes. Together they made it to the shower and Hiccup got in, hand pressed against the tiled walls to stay up. Jack took notice of how much of a struggle it was going to be if he needed his hands to stay standing. "Hold on for a second." He disappeared out of view.

Hiccup's cheeks were burning and he clenched his hands. He practically fell again when Jack got in the shower with him completely naked as well, closing the glass door so they were both incased in the steam. "J-Jack what are you doing?" He tried to claw the door open but Jack slapped the back of his head.

"I'm helping you. Now this can either go the easy way or the hard way. Your choice." He waited for Hiccup to argue again. When he didn't, he grabbed the shampoo and began to wash his hair. "Close your eyes so the soap doesn't get in them." Hiccup did as he was told and tried to keep his heart from racing. "Step under the water." Jack's hands were around his waist as he hopped forward, letting the shampoo rinse out of his hair.

"You didn't need to do this," Hiccup sputtered. Jack silently pulled him back out from the water and grabbed the wash cloth from the small hooks they had hanging from the wall. "My dad could have done this. You don'tâ€|" He trailed off when he noticed the look he was getting.

While rubbing the soap into the cloth Jack shook his head. "I didn't think you'd want your dad in here washing you." I didn't think you'd want anyone else to see you like this. "Besides, if you really get nervous then I'll step out and wait outside the shower for you."

Hiccup watched him and felt his eyes lower slowly before closing them. "No. It's okay." Jack smiled and started scrubbing his neck and chest. "Ow, you don't need to rub so hard," he complained.

"You were in the hospital close to a week, you probably smell

horrible. And I can bet any money when they offered a sponge bath you passed it up without a second thought." Jack moved to his arms and the back of his shoulders. "Besides, I just want to make sure you're clean."

He worked quietly the rest of the time, only really making a noise when he reached the end of his stomach. Hiccup flushed and dug his nails into his palms. _This is so embarrassing. I can't handle this right now. Not at this moment._ Both of them held their breaths and he scrubbed as quickly as he possibly could, going to the legs right after. "What about you?" Hiccup asked, hoping their uncomfortable positions wouldn't be the only thing on their minds. "Aren't you going to wash up?"

"I will, once you're done," he said simply. When he finished he stood, their eyes meeting. "Hiccup, listen," he whispered, "I know things are difficult and it's going to be hard. But I want you to know that you can call me any time and I will be here as soon as I can." His hand slipped over Hiccup's chest and throat so it cupped the back of his head. "I'm always there. I understand you have your family and you have Astrid, but I'll be right here. No matter what." Hiccup bent his head to his touch and closed his eyes. "I just want to make sure you're okay."

"I know Jack," he said. "I know that but I also know there are more important things that you need to do. I mean, we've only been dating for about a month and even then, it's still awkward. I understand you'll be too busy for me sometimes because of school or family." He reached out away from the wall and grabbed Jack's waist, pulling him close. "I don't want to bother you just because I can't take a shower." _I would want you next to me forever if you kept doing this. I don't want to be so dependent on you_.

Jack traced his lips with his thumb over and over again. "Well I'll still be here anyways. Every day." Hiccup opened his eyes and for a moment felt completely at peace, wrapped in the warmth of the steam and being so close to Jack regardless of clothing. "What did you do to your lip?" He asked, going over scab that had formed once it stopped bleeding. "I don't remember you having that at the hospital."

"I bit it driving here," he explained. "I'll be okay." Jack kissed him softly. "Was that supposed to make it feel better?"

"If any little bit helps, yes. Why? Did it work?" He grinned and Hiccup felt something shift inside him.

"I guess a small amount." He shrugged and Jack kissed him again. He moved down to the cuts and bruises, already healing. To each one he pressed his lips against them. Slipping out of Hiccup's grip he bent down once more and kissed his leg, even the plastic bag. Hiccup tried to move away, making a noise. "J-Jack don't-"

Standing Jack cupped his face. "You said it helped. I'm just doing what I know." He gave a sad smile and dropped his hands so they were settled on Hiccup's shoulders. "So I covered all the external wounds, now for the internal." He lowered his head and pressed his lips to his chest, right above his heart. He could feel the small fluttering behind his ribs, trying his best to mend it. "Better?"

Hiccup pursed his lips and actually felt his eyes burn, but he blamed it on the steam. "Yeah," he croaked, "better." After a moment he smiled a little. "I'm just surprised you knew the difference between internal and external considering what an idiot you are."

Jack broke out into a smile and hugged him tightly. "There's my Hiccy," he murmured. It didn't matter that they were naked in the shower. Both of them knew nothing was going to happen. So they just held onto each other, water thrumming against their skin in a rhythm.

Digging his nails into Jack's skin, Hiccup closed his eyes to keep them from burning even more. Unbalanced and uncoordinated, he leaned against Jack, letting the older boy hold him up just like he wanted to. "Here I am," he whispered, "here I am."

* * *

><p>While Toothless watched TV and the other kids were upstairs with Hiccup, Stoick sat down with Old Wrinkly in the dining room. Both of them looked tired and disheveled as they began to talk. Stoick rubbed his eyes, blinking multiple times before he would stop. "I wanted to talk about funeral plans. Knowing Val she wouldn't want a huge one." </p>

Old Wrinkly nodded, tapping his bony knuckles against the table top. "Yes, she wasn't a very showy sort of girl." He thought back to when she was younger and smiled slightly. "She would want it to be small and comfortable."

"So I'll make it only family and close friends," Stoick said. He hesitated before speaking. "They said there was too much damage done to her body for them to have her prepared for a funeral. So we're just going to have her cremated. I hope that's alright with you."

"Well, I can't say that I'm happy to burying ashes of my daughter, but as long as she rests in peace I'm sure she'll be happy wherever she is." Old Wrinkly waved his hand through the air.

Stoick looked at him and cleared his throat. "You don't think she's in heaven?"

The older man shrugged. "She can be wherever she wants to be. She's not bound by earthly rules any more. Val could be watching over us right now since she always was a worrier. You know how she is; always wanting to make sure others are alright before herself. That girl," he sighed, "I swore she was the most selfless daughter a man could ever ask for."

"She was the best and only wife I could ever have." Stoick ran a hand over his beard. "I just wish I could have spent more time with her. Everything, now that it's gone, is just so empty. I should have changed many things about myself now that I see it."

Old Wrinkly put a hand over his. "Then why not start now? Val is probably waiting for you to start and she just needs to see you try." He winked and Stoick even smiled a little. "Don't worry Stoick, it'll get better. I promise."

"How did you do it? How did you make it through losing your wife?"

They looked each other straight in the eye and he just laughed. "I just kept listening to her," he tapped his chest, "and she kept talking."

* * *

><p>After finally rinsing off and drying each other's hair, they got dressed. Hiccup waited for Jack to open the door and they walked over to Hiccup's room where Astrid was waiting. She stood immediately and hugged Hiccup again, running her fingers through his hair. "Well at least you smell a lot better," she joked.</p>

They all laughed but Hiccup's seemed forced. "I guess so." He sat down on his bed and Jack sat next to him without a second thought. "So how was Christmas?"

Astrid explained the details of her holiday and they listened, sometimes inputting a joke. Hiccup stayed quiet for the most part, just listening to her talk about her normal family gathering. He needed a dose of something as calm and as normal as that, reminding him that the world would still turn no matter what happened in his life.

"That sounds like a fun time," Jack laughed.

She nodded and looked up at them since she was sitting on the floor, legs crossed. "And what about you Jack, what'd you do?"

He lost his smile for a moment and quickly brought it back. "I spent it with Hiccup for the most part. We just hung out and talked or slept. Whatever Hiccup felt like doing." Hiccup frowned, realizing he had been keeping Jack from his family the entire time. I kept telling him to go, he thought, he wouldn't listen. Jack must have noticed the look on his face because he brushed his hair. "But I enjoyed it and I got to spend the whole time with Hiccy, so there's nothing to worry about. It was nice." It was obvious he was trying to cheer him up.

"Sounds like a usual time with you guys anyways. All you two ever do is talk." Astrid tilted her head in hopes Hiccup would pick up his mood. "Unless of course you guys are kissing which is really uncomfortable by the way."

"I can't help it; Hiccup is just too adorable not to kiss." Jack snickered and Hiccup glanced at him. "What? Why are you making that face? Does your leg hurt?" He had gone from flirting to worried in under a second. "Do you want me to get your medicine from your dad?" Going to stand his arm was caught by Hiccup's hand. "Hiccup?"

He looked at Jack and his fingers tightened their grip. "I'm alright I was just thinking about how much of a dork you are for calling someone as manly as me adorable." With a crooked, somewhat broken smile, he laughed. Or, tried to at least. "Sit down, nothing hurts for right now." Nothing you can see anyways._

"Ugh, you guys are flirting again." Astrid rolled her eyes. "And I thought before was bad but now Jack is in full on boyfriend mode and

it's almost sickening how sweet it is." Hiccup raised an eyebrow and she smiled. "Please, don't act like you don't like it. You probably loved getting smothered by him." They were all trying to ignore the giant elephant in the room and for a moment it seemed like it was working.

"Well if he doesn't then he must be suffering." Jack kissed his cheek. "But you like it, right?" He pouted and Hiccup blinked slowly.

"I'm sure getting chewed on by a lion would probably be worse. So I guess it's not bad." Jack fell back with a groan, throwing his arm over his eyes in a dramatic act. "Oh calm down, I said it's not that bad." Another groan and he smiled. "Okay, okay. You're tolerable." Now a cry and arm flailing.

Astrid stood and dusted off her pants. "Alright love birds, I have to get back home but I'll keep my phone near me at all times." Hiccup got up and hugged her awkwardly, crutches jabbing her sides. "You better talk to me alright? Even if it's just something stupid." He nodded against her shoulder and she sighed. "I love you Hiccup, so you better get well soon."

"Love you too Astrid," he said. She left and went down stairs. He turned and faced Jack who was frowning, eyes focused on the ceiling. "You can't be jealous of Astrid."

Jack sat up. "I just don't like hearing you say that to others. It feels weird. I don't know." Hiccup scoffed and he got off the bed, throwing the covers back. "Can we just lay down? I like when we do that." He climbed under the covers and patted the empty, narrow space next to him. "Please? Don't make me beg, I'll do it." Hiccup propped his crutches near his bed and slid under the blankets so he was next to Jack. He was jostled and bumped until Jack was holding him, satisfied with their position. "Are you doing okay?"

"I'm doing fine Jack," he said calmly.

"You suck at lying," he moaned.

"I don't because I'm not." Stop seeing through me so easily.

"Liar." Just talk to me.

"Jack." I don't want anyone to see this.

"Stop lying then." Just tell me what's wrong.

"I'm not though!" He pursed his lips and tried to wiggle his way out of Jack's arms but the older teen wasn't budging. "Let me go."

"So you can do what? Try and walk away from me?" He raised his voice slightly. "We both know I'm going to catch you no matter what at this point so don't even try to move." Hiccup fell slack in his grip and Jack was panicking. "Damn it Hiccup." He brought the younger boy closer, kissing his face. "Damn it just please talk to me."

Hiccup looked at Jack square on. "I don't know what to say," he admitted. "I don't know what to feel. I don't know what to do period."

Everything inside me is just this-this mess of nothing and I don't know what to do. I want to feel something, but it's just like my body won't let me." When he finished he felt like some weight was lifted off his chest, but not all of it. "I'm sorry."

Jack curled around him. "Stop apologizing," he ordered. "Is there anything I can do?"

Deciding it was better to finally tell the truth than to lie to Jack, Hiccup nodded. Jack waited patiently, blue eyes searching his face. "Can you just hold me? Like this?"

His cheeks were burning but Jack just smiled and nuzzled him. "I'd be glad to oblige."

"Thank you." He ducked his head so it was just under Jack's chin, his arms curled between them. "Can you stay like this for a while?" Jack's hands started rubbing up and down his back in a soothing motion, giving him his answer. "Thank you," he said, starting to nod off. "I love you." Falling asleep quickly, he didn't hear Jack's response.

But he already knew it by heart anyways.

* * *

><p>Yay heartfelt shower scenes~ (REMEMBER I AM NOT A DOCTOR SO I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'M DOING)

Kisses and unicorns

~Shi

38. Chapter 38

I was supposed to be cleaning but I HiJacked instead... oops

* * *

><p>It was January third when Hiccup rolled over in bed and looked at his suit that was laid out. Val's funeral was going to be in a few hours and he needed to get dressed. Jack was at home and since Hiccup found a way to shower without his help, they decided Jack could take a break. They would see each other at the funeral anyways. So getting out of bed, he sighed and grabbed his crutches, standing slowly.</p>

Down stairs he could hear the phone ring and his dad pick up. They had been getting angry phone calls from customers who didn't get their jewelry orders for Christmas. Stoick had to inform them that Val had passed away and that their orders weren't coming. Needless to say this ended with a lot of apologies and even a few condolence baskets of foods and gifts. It was a strange feeling for the family.

Showered and dressed, he met with the rest of his family downstairs. It was going to be a small ceremony with only close friends and family. Uncle Spitelout and Snoutlout were waiting outside in their own car. It seemed something had transpired between the two brothers

and Stoick wasn't about to say anything. Instead he brought Hiccup into a hug, flowers in his hands. "Are you ready to leave?"

"Yeah," Hiccup said. Toothless was dressed in a button down shirt and nice pants, his eyes already puffy. "Hey buddy." The younger boy looked at him and wiped his face. "You going to be okay?"

Toothless scoffed but it came out like a gurgle. "I'm fine," he muttered. Hiccup held out his hand regardless and he took it. "Are you going to be okay?"

"I don't know," he said truthfully. "I hope so." Ever since he confessed to Jack that he couldn't feel anything, he wondered if there was something wrong with him. Jack soothed him and just said he was in shock. Eventually Hiccup would be back to normal and it would all be fine. "But hey, you want to come with me when I start my therapy? You can help move my leg around and stuff." He had gotten the measurements taken and they were working on his prosthetic. It would be done a little after school started.

"Is it all gross looking and mutated?" Toothless seemed to perk up a little, a usual twelve year old attention span at work.

Hiccup grinned slightly. "Yeah and sometimes when I move it, you can see the mutated bugs crawling under my skin." He wiggled his leg in the air and laughed when Toothless moved away. "Relax; the bugs can't escape because the doctors sewed them in there." I just need to keep my mind off everything today. After the funeral I'll just relax and it'll be okay.

Stoick clapped a hand on his shoulder. "Let's get going boys. It's time." Old Wrinkly walked ahead of them and they all piled into the car. It was tough fitting Toothless and Hiccup in the back seat with his crutches. They made it work, pulling out of the drive and making their way to the church. The Haddock family wasn't a very religious one. The only time Hiccup could really remember being in a church was during his grandmother's funeral, so obviously, he didn't have a good track record with them.

He looked out his window and saw the orange sticker that read in black letters: FUNERAL. It was going to be on all their cars as they made their way through town. Just another way to tell people without actually saying anything. As they pulled into the parking lot he noticed Jack's car was already there and his stomach warmed. At least he made it.

"Remember we sit in the front pews," Stoick said as he got out. Hiccup jumped out and followed his family into the church, finding the large building to be a little menacing. When he walked in it smelled of old women and dust, his mouth suddenly dry. There was a bowl of holy water waiting for incoming guests and his father and grandfather both dipped their fingers in it, doing the cross over their bodies. Hiccup stared into the water and moved past it, finding there was no need.

Jack was sitting near the middle with his family. Tooth was wiping her eyes every other second, talking with North. He stood and came over to Hiccup without a word to anyone else. "Hey," he whispered since their voices echoed. "You look good." Hiccup looked down at his suit that was too small for him and shrugged. Jack was dressed much

better than him, a dark navy suit that hugged his features nicely. And of course, his hair was doing that swoopy thing. "Are you feeling alright?" His hand cupped his cheek, fingers cool against his skin.

Hiccup smiled, jolting slightly from a loud cough. He turned and found Spitelout and Snoutlout taking their seats in the back, staring at the two of them. "I'm going to be fine, don't worry." But the way his lungs seemed to contract told him differently. "I'll talk you once everything is done and over with." Jack nodded and, due to being in such a public space, kissed his forehead and made his way back to his seat. Emma wasn't there and Hiccup could understand why, if he had a choice, he wouldn't have brought Toothless.

Continuing down the aisle, Hiccup got to the front pews and sat between his father and Toothless. Up on the stage, Hiccup guessed, was a podium and on top of that was an urn, beautifully decorated. Flowers of all sorts were scatter around it and a picture of Val with her sons was next to it. The way the light filtered through the stain glass windows set a wave of color over everything. It was almost perfect.

Hiccup felt something was off though. He understood that her body couldn't be recovered but she deserved such a better burial. She deserved to have her gorgeous wild hair set about her face with flowers ensnared in the tangles. Her face pale and lovely as he remembered. He would have had her dressed in the best dress she had with no makeup since she didn't need any. All in his head, he planned a picture of how she would look and he almost bolted out of the room. It was a sudden urge. He needed to get the image down before he would forget, but there was no way he was going to leave the funeral.

So he waited. Soon the rest of the guests came in and they could barely fill one side of the pews. The Hoffersons came and Astrid waved to Hiccup who nodded back, good leg bouncing erratically. And so the service began, a priest speaking at first. When they asked for everyone to rise, Stoick had to hold him up since it took a while with his crutches. There was a moment of silence and Stoick went up to speak, halfway through his speech he was blubbering. It was horrible to sit there and watch his father struggle with his words as he motioned to the urn. At some point Toothless started crying again, hiccupping and sniffling all over the place.

Hiccup wrapped an arm around his shoulder and pressed his face into his chest. He didn't care if his suit got dirty, he never liked it anyways. Stoick came back down and Old Wrinkly went up, gripping the sides of the podium with his thin fingers.

"Now you all listen to me," he started off. "Val wouldn't want any of you crying at this thing so I want everyone to dry their faces off and put on a smile." He waited a moment and a few people actually wiped their faces clean. "Good, now I'm not going to stand here and say what a lovely daughter I had. No. I am not going to refer to her in past tense because she is still here." He waved his arms through the air and Hiccup almost thought it was comical. "Her body may be gone but her soul, what her being was made of, is still here around us. She is watching us right now probably saying to herself how dreadful this place looks. It would need a lot more color and flowers." This got a few laughs and he smiled. "Val is standing with us all and trying to tell us that she's here. So everyone, listen to

her and make sure you notice, this girl has a temper when she gets angry. And you don't want her mad at you now." He walked off and Hiccup started clapping. A few others joined in and soon everyone was cheering. Not just for Old Wrinkly, but for Val, trying to show her they were all still listening.

Once everyone quieted and the rest of the ceremony went on, they all stood and went to their cars. It was time to go bury Val in the nearby cemetery, right next to her mother. Old Wrinkly was going to drive them since Stoick was going to be with the urn. It was a jerky and bumpy ride on the way there, but things seemed lighter after Old Wrinkly's speech, and even Hiccup was beginning to feel better. He still wanted to leave though, there was going to be a small lunch afterwards but he was actually thinking of skipping it so he could finally get the image out of his head. They pulled into the cemetery and drove down the thin lanes to the grave. He hobbled out and struggled due to the uneven grass. When he did make it, the others were gathered around the small hole in the ground.

The skies were a little clear and patches of sunlight were filtering through. It seemed like the perfect weather for Val considering her personality. The air was cold and bitter but it didn't seem to be bothering anyone since they stuck so close together. Stoick put the urn in the ground and grabbed the shovel; putting some of the dirt on top. Old Wrinkly went next, shoveling another scoop of dirt on. Hiccup went next with a small struggle and then Toothless who was shaking so hard most of the dirt fell off before he made it over the hole. Everyone else went next until the whole thing was covered and prayers were said again. Some people left flowers and others hugged each other.

Astrid came over and hugged him. "How are you feeling?" She smoothed out his hair and made a noise. "You look sick?" He shook his head.

"No, there's just something I need to do. Like, right now." He went over to Jack, tugging on his sleeve since he was discussing something with North. When he got his attention he nodded towards his car. "Can you take me home?"

"You mean right now? What about the lunch?" Jack gave him a worried look. "Don't you want to stay with your family?"

Hiccup bit his lip and looked around. "I just really need to get something out of my head. It's fine if you can't. I just needed a ride home." He glanced over at his dad and wondered if he would give him a ride home.

Jack shook his head, kissing his cheek. "No, it's alright, I'll drive you. But I'll have to make a stop at home and change first." Hiccup smiled and he just wagged a finger in his face. "But you should tell your dad. I don't want them thinking I kidnapped you or anything."

Stoick was with Old Wrinkly when Hiccup came over. "Dad, Jack is going to take me home. Is that okay?"

"Why? Is something wrong? Hamish if there is something wrong-"

"No, no, I just really want to do something right now before I

forget." He waited for Stoick to finish thinking. His emerald eyes flicked over to Jack who was going to his car, starting the engine. "It's for Mom," he said quietly.

"And Jack is going to be with you?" He eyed him carefully.

"Yeah."

"And he's not going to leave you alone?"

"Dad I'm not suicidal I just want to paint," he sighed.

Stoick pursed his lips. "Alright, just keep in touch if anything happens." Hiccup hugged him briefly. "I love you."

"Love you too Dad." He limped off to Jack's car. In his hurry he almost fell since one of his crutches got caught in a hole in the ground. Luckily he stayed up and managed to pull himself into Jack's passenger seat.

Jack started to drive. "Alright?"

Hiccup nodded. "Alright."

* * *

><p>With a quick stop at Jack's house and a less than ten minute drive, Hiccup was in his room, throwing off his suit. He pulled on some boxers and a t-shirt, not caring what he looked like since he was probably going to make a mess anyways. Jack dropped his stuff on his floor; he brought a bag with him packed with clothes since he knew there was something going on. He trailed behind Hiccup as he maneuvered down the stairs and into Val's work room.</p>

It was dark and almost suffocating as Hiccup moved through it. Unfinished jewelry was spread on her desk, her tools right where she left them. Everything about it made his heart hurt but there was something he needed to get. He pointed to the storage closet and Jack opened it. "Can you grab the large canvas in there? It's should be almost to your stomach." There was a crashing noise and multiple grunts before Jack came out with a blank canvas, exactly the height he had described it as. "Now can you please bring it upstairs?"

Without a word Jack went upstairs. Hiccup took some time to look around the work room, his chest constricting. _She'll never be able to work in here again._ The image flashed through his head and he grit his teeth. _I'll make sure she gets the proper image she deserves to be seen in_. He went back out of the room and shut the door tightly. Going upstairs, he found Jack had leaned the canvas against his bed and he thanked him. "You can go home now; I just needed someone to carry this for me." Jack didn't move from where he was standing. "What?"

"I'm going to stay here. Until this—" He motioned to Hiccup. "-is all over." He took a seat on the bed and watched as Hiccup just shrugged, taking out a painting tarp from his art supplies. Laying it out on the floor, he took the canvas and propped it against the wall, making sure the tarp was underneath so there wouldn't be a mess. "Do you

need anything else?"

"No, I got the rest." Hiccup stuck his tongue out as he gathered all the rest of his supplies. He set out his oil paints and cloth to wipe his brushes with. He looked around and finally settled himself on the floor, picking up his brush and tapping it against his knee for a moment. "Actually, can you play some music?"

Jack took out his phone. "What kind?"

He shook his head, not even looking. "Whatever is fine."

"Roger that." Jack flipped through his playlist and pressed shuffle. Some generic song came on but Hiccup wasn't paying attention to the lyrics, he just needed a rhythm to paint to. He took a tube of paint and squirted some onto his pallet, spreading it around before adding some other colors. After a while of mixing and staring, he finally began to paint, stretching his body.

Jack watched in utter fascination. He leaned forward at one point, eyes glued to Hiccup's body as he moved. His languid movements and simple brush strokes were like something out of a ballet. It was so enticing to watch his back stretch and his muscles work under his freckled skin, showing he wasn't as weak as everyone thought. Jack had to keep back all the guttural noises that were trying to break out from his throat. Never in his life would he have thought that just watching someone paint would turn him on so much. Damn, he thought, it's completely different than how he usually is. This Hiccup was sexy just by doing something he loved. His movements were sensual; his delicate fingers working were eye candy. And it wasn't even a completely sexual attraction; it was like an intellectual discovery. Oh hey, guess what, your boyfriend is hotter than you ever thought he was. Look at him paint. —

All in all, it was pretty much breathtaking.

The only thing to break Hiccup's concentration was when Taylor Swift suddenly started playing. His brush stuttered and he turned to Jack, cracking a small smile. "Really? Love Story?"

"Don't judge my music," he said defensively.

Hiccup raised an eyebrow, laughing. He had some paint splatter across his cheeks and over the ridge of his nose. His fingers were completely stained but he didn't see the need to clean them just yet. "You can listen to whatever sappy love songs you want," he said, "I just can't let anyone know I'm dating a Taylor Swift fan."

Jack faked like he was hurt. "Well I never_!" They both laughed and he looked at the time, surprised to find that three hours had passed without even feeling like it. "Hey, are you hungry? You haven't eaten anything all day."

"No, I'm fine." He went back to working and Jack stood, coming up behind him. "Jack, you're blocking my light," he complained.

"I'll make you some soup, how about that?" He bent over so their faces were close together when Hiccup looked up. "You need to eat something," he pointed out.

"Chicken noodle."

He smiled. "Chicken noodle it is." They kissed and he went down stairs and into the kitchen. He fumbled around until he found a pot and then he hunted some more until he found the soup. Somehow he figured out how to turn the stove top on while pushing random buttons. But when he was opening the can he managed to spill some soup on the counter. Cursing he dumped the rest into the pot, putting it on the stove as he groped around for a towel or anything to clean up.

The front door opened and the Haddock family came in, all looking tired, but better than they did in the morning. Toothless came up to Jack and he smiled, ruffling his hair. "Hey there Toothless how was lunch?"

"I had a sandwich," he said with a shrug. "What are you doing?" Glancing behind Jack, he looked to the pot.

"Making soup for your brother since he's busy." Stoick came in, loosening his tie. "I hope you don't mind Mr. Haddock."

"No, not at all." He pulled the tie off and threw it on the counter, sitting down. "Furvus, why don't you go keep your grandfather busy, I think he might have had a little too much to drink." Toothless made a snorting noise and went to go find Old Wrinkly. Now it was only the two of them and Jack crossed his arms, trying to look anywhere else. "So Hamish is doing alright?"

"Yup, just painting."

"That's good."

"Yeah."

Stoick cleared his throat and folded his hands on the counter top, playing with his thumbs like a child. "Might I ask," he coughed, "how exactly your parents deal withâ€|" Now he closed his mouth and tried to think of what to say. "How to deal with you beingâ€|" He stopped again, jaw tight.

Jack leaned against the counter next to the stove. "You mean me being gay?"

"Yes, yes, that's what I meant." He nodded rapidly. "How do they deal with it?"

He tilted his head, roots showing under his white hair. "Well Mr. Haddock, for one thing, they don't 'deal with it' they accept it." Stoick flushed slightly and averted his eyes. Jack softened his voice and tapped his foot. "Listen, my mom sometimes goes to this LGBT support group for parents, if you want you're welcome to come."

"But, I'm not-" Stoick furrowed his eyebrows. "I don't think they would allow me there. Isn't it already parents who understand this-this sort of thing?"

"No see, new people come in and they learn. That's why they make these groups, so that parents like-well, parents like you can learn."

Jack shrugged. "I'll ask my mom for the meeting schedule and I'll give it to you if you'd like. I'm not saying it's going to make everything sunshine and rainbows, but it can help a lot."

Stoick paused then slowly, he nodded. "Yes, that'd be nice." Jack smiled brightly and Stoick frowned at him. For a moment he thought he was going to change his mind but he just pointed to the stove, soup boiling over. "Jack, you're burning it."

"Damn it!"

* * *

><p>"I can't believe you managed to burn soup," Hiccup snorted. They were sitting on the floor, facing each other as they ate. "You would at least think you of all people would be able to make soup without messing it up." He took another spoonful of soup into his mouth (a whole new can Stoick made).</p>

"Shut up, it was a romantic gesture." Jack flushed slightly and ate his food hunched over. "So what exactly are you painting?" He looked over to the canvas, a face coming into form in the center. Most of the details hadn't been painted on yet, but Hiccup was getting there slowly, he wanted it to be perfect.

He glanced at the canvas as well. "You'll find out when I'm done." Jack groaned and he only laughed some more.

Jack put down his bowl for a moment and really looked at Hiccup. "You know," he said quietly, "I'm happy you're getting better."

"The doctors said I was healing perfectly fine-

"No, like, you're being you," he murmured. "I really missed you." Hiccup squinted at him, trying not to blush. "I think this whole painting thing is just your way of getting your emotions out. Instead of crying or being overly emotional, you need to get it out like this." He pointed to the canvas. "You need to show your emotions through art."

Hiccup tilted his head. "Well thank you for that diagnosis Dr. Overland."

"I'm not kidding Hiccup," he said seriously. "It's really beautiful and I think it's really helping you. I've seen you smile more and more since you've started this painting, so don't tell me it's not helping you."

Hiccup finished off the rest of his soup and sighed. "I'm sorry I'm so emotionally constipated."

Jack chuckled now. "Does that mean I'm your laxative?"

"Can we stop referring to our relationship with crap jokes? I just finished eating." He smiled and Jack kissed him softly. "You taste like sodium saturated chicken byproduct. Yummy."

"And you taste like a snarky little asshole, delicious." He grinned and kissed him again. "You going to keep painting?"

"Mmhmm." He stacked their bowls and moved back over to his work area. "I hope you don't mind. I'm sorry if this is super boring."

"Nope not one bit. I think you're sexy when you paint," he said. Hiccup gave him a doubtful look and he held up his hands. "Fine don't believe me. But I'll be staring at your sexy ass paint so watch yourself." Now he got a pout and he laughed, climbing on the bed. "Alright fine, I'll do some homework."

He turned the music back on and Hiccup went back into his trance-like state. Jack tried to concentrate on his work since he did bring it to actually do it. It was too bad Hiccup was so distracting that every minute or so his eyes would flick to the younger boy and trace his shape. Eventually he just gave up and watched him completely, chin propped on his hand.

Hiccup was too focused to notice Jack coming from behind. He jumped when the blue eyed teen sat down, pulling him into his lap. "Jack, what are you doing? I thought you were studying?"

"Can't pay attention with you being this cute," he mumbled into his shoulder so he blushed. "Can I help you paint?" His fingers crawled over Hiccup's hands, rolling over his skin gently. "Or am I not allowed to?"

"No, it's alright. Here." He put the paint brush in Jack's hand and switched so his was on top, holding Jack's. He brought it up to the canvas and moved both of their hands. Jack was grinning, one arm wrapped around Hiccup's waist as he let his hand be controlled. They painted together for a while until Jack was becoming tired, leaning his head against the back of Hiccup's neck. It was already close to twelve at night. "Go to sleep if you're tired, I'm not going to drown in paint if you close your eyes."

"But what about you?" Jack yawned and nuzzled him.

"I'll be fine. I really just want to finish this now."

"And you promise you'll wake me up if anything happens?"

"Promise."

"Can I get a goodnight kiss?"

"You're so needy." But he shifted so their lips met. "All good now?"

"All good." He stood and went over to Hiccup's bed, spreading himself out. "Goodnight Hiccy."

"Goodnight Jack."

He closed his eyes and fell asleep almost instantly. The only thing that woke him was Hiccup shaking his shoulder. Groaning he opened his eyes and looked at the clock, finding it was now eight the next morning. "Holy shit, I slept for that long?" But it felt like he had only closed his eyes for a second. He sat up and Hiccup was standing with his crutches, eagerly waiting for Jack to look at his finished work. "Did you really stay up the whole night finishing this

thing?"

"Just shut up and tell me what you think!" Hiccup moved out his way so his painting was fully visible.

Jack opened his mouth, unable to speak. It was absolutely gorgeous. Val was lying with her hair splayed out around her, curling around her temple and jaw. It was only a head shot but there was a small portion of a beautiful white dress wrapping around her shoulders. Somehow Hiccup had managed to get her freckles almost seemingly perfectly, her eyes closed in a peaceful sleep. In her tangled hair were the flowers Jack had given him. They had long since dried out and he cut the stems off, gluing them down in her fiery red hair. There was no other way to describe it but as the most angelic picture Jack had ever seen.

"Crap Hiccup," he stood going to get a better look, "it's perfect." He wanted to touch it to see if the hair felt real but obviously the paint was still wet. "Damn, how are you this amazing?"

Now Hiccup was suddenly modest, looking away. "I'm not amazing," he mumbled.

Jack took him into his arms and their lips were together instantly. "No, you're amazing," he insisted. "Now let's get you to sleep. I don't think staying up all night like this is healthy." They both fell into the bed and Hiccup put his crutches down on the floor.

"What about the paint? I'm covered in it." He looked at his hands and shirt; it was going to get on his bed and on Jack.

"Shower later, sleep now." Jack tugged his arm so he was lying with his face pressed against Jack's chest. "I'll buy you rocket ship bed sheets if you get these dirty, how about that?"

"Make it cowboys and we got a deal." He didn't realize how tired he was until he was nestled in Jack's arms, eyes heavy with exhaustion. Within minutes he was snoring.

"Darn," Jack whispered, kissing his head, "and I didn't even get the chance to make a Brokeback Mountain joke." Somehow he also managed to fall back asleep, both of them holding each other peacefully. Hiccup seemed to sleep easier with Jack around him, but it was also the fact that his finished painting was still leaning against the wall. Val was still watching over him it seemed. Just like Old Wrinkly had said.

* * *

><p>Yay for emotional outlets.

Kisses and unicorns

~Shi

39. Chapter 39

One more week till college. I'm going to vomit.

* * *

><p>"So remember, after school today I'll pick you up and we'll go to physical therapy. They said your leg (Prosthetic of course) should be done within the week and they'll train you how to put it on." Stoick pulled out of the driveway with Hiccup in the passenger seat. There was no way he was going to let his son walk to school anymore it seemed. It was only Stoick's car now since Old Wrinkly had gone home, though it pained Hiccup to see him go. "Maybe this weekend we'll go to that craft store and ask about framing." Hiccup was at least glad his dad loved the painted. He actually started crying when he saw it and demanded that it be framed and hung in the living room. "And make sure to give the school all the medical papers to make sure they understand everything."</p>

"Yes, I get it Dad." Hiccup rolled his eyes but he was smiling slightly. They drove past Astrid and he waved but she didn't see. Once he pulled up to the school, Hiccup unbuckled himself. Stoick seemed nervous and went to reach for him. "Relax; it's only a few steps to the school doors. I'm not going to fall." Although I can't promise anything. "I'll see you after school Dad."

Stoick nodded stiffly. "I love you Hamish."

Hiccup waved, getting adjusted before taking a step away from the car. "Love you too Dad." He slammed the door shut and hobbled off a few feet to prove he was perfectly safe. Stoick drove away slowly, honking as he passed Astrid. She waved and hurried to Hiccup, tilting her head. "He's all emotional still and thinks if I take one step without him looking I'll lose another leg."

"Seems about right," she laughed. "So you're sure you're going to last through today? You know how mean the other children are?" They got up the stairs and through the doors. She was keeping an eye on Hiccup to make sure he was alright. It wasn't like Jack had called her and begged her to, no of course not.

"I highly doubt if Snoutlout didn't have the guts to pick on me then others are going to." He pointed to the office where most of the business was taken care of. "I need to drop off some paper work and pick something up."

Astrid nodded and held the door for him as he came through. The secretary lady, or whatever title she had, looked stricken when Hiccup limped over to the desk. "Hello Ma'am, I'm here to give you some papers." He gave Astrid his crutches to hold as he leaned against the counter and managed to unzip his bag, pulling out the papers. The woman was still gaping as he slid them across the desk. "And I should be getting the keys to the elevator, or at least that's what the school said when my dad called." Wow, if this how the teachers are going to stare at me, I can't wait for the other kids.

"R-Right of course. We're very sorry for your loss." She fumbled around her desk, stuff falling over. When she finally got the keys, she cleared her throat, seeming to have calmed down. "Remember, you are responsible for these and will be punished if you use them for misconduct." Taking the papers she glanced at him. "If there is anything else the school can help you with, please feel free to

contact me or any other employee."

"Thanks." He smiled and Astrid took his bag so it would be easier for him to walk out. The door closed and he held up the keys. "Guess who's the only kid with access to the school roof now?" He asked with a low voice in case a teacher would pass by.

She smirked and narrowed her eyes. "Hiccup you little deviant."

He shrugged. "I try." _It feels great to be back at school and to have a â€œer well almost normal day again. At least now things can get back on track._ "So shall we glide along to our lockers?"

"For someone with one leg, you sure seem to be making the best out of it." She shifted his bag on her shoulder as they started forward. "I mean, I thought you'd be totally depressed considering everything that's happened." Her voice was soft and when Hiccup looked at her, he saw she was serious.

He came up to his locker and spun in his combination. "I guess Jack was right about me. He said I was different from everyone else. Like how they cry over this stuff and become all emotional." He moved his books around reaching into his bag that Astrid was still holding. "I needed to get everything out with painting and after that, I felt a whole lot better. Exhausted but better."

"Well look at Jack figuring you out." She smiled as he flushed. "I'm surprised he wasn't the one to drive you into school today. Every time I called you he was always there, or on his way there." She left out the part where he told her to watch him. Hiccup didn't need to know that. "He's really great for sticking with you like this. I may not have liked him a whole lot when we first met, but I think he's grown on me."

Hiccup gasped. "Astrid? Approving of my boyfriend? But I thought he was just some creepy college student who was going to use me for my innocent cute face?" She smacked his arm gently. He was still kind of buzzing from being able to say Jack was his boyfriend so he didn't mind.

"I never said you were cute."

"Ouch, thanks." Some students were filtering into school and just catching a glimpse of Hiccup. Their eyes fell on him instantly since no one else in school had an injury of late. Immediately their gaze fell to his pants where he had tied off the bottoms since the cold air was bothering him. He knew what was going through their heads. _There's Hiccup. His mom is dead and he lost a leg. Poor little Hiccup. Let's stare and when he looks over give him a sympathy wave._ "And let's start the freak show," he muttered.

Astrid stepped in front of him slightly as if to block their view. He put a hand on her shoulder, motioning down the hall. "You going to be okay?"

He shrugged and swung his leg lazily. "Yeah. I know you'll murder anyone who bothers me so there's no worry." They both smiled at each other and walked towards Hiccup's first class, ready to start the day.

* * *

><p>The morning was filled with ogling stares and overly emphasized apologies for nothing. Hiccup was getting irritated by lunch time since it seemed everyone in the school felt sorry for him, even the kids he never talked to. It was like suddenly he was the hero for something he never did. So with a heavy frown he made his way through the lunch line and to their table, ignoring the stares he got. Astrid had to carry his tray since he kind of needed both hands for his crutches.</p>

With a little fumbling and leg maneuvering he managed to sit next to Tuffnut, letting out a sigh. "I swear, if another stranger comes up and tells me how sorry they are I'm going to jam my crutches up their-"

"So guys, how's it going?" Astrid quickly cut him off and he only shrugged. Everyone seemed to be quiet as they glanced at Hiccup. "Hiccup, at least let them say something, they're your friends."

Fishlegs sat up a little straighter, Sophie by his side like usual. "I'm really sorry to hear about your mother Hiccup, Astrid told me over break but I didn't think it would be right to just call you." He gave a sheepish smile and even Hiccup had the heart to smile back. "So I wish you the best of luck from now on."

"Thanks Fishlegs," he laughed lightly.

Tuffnut coughed and kept his eyes on the table. "I heard about it, but, you know, I didn't want to bother youâ€!"

"Are you kidding, he stared at his phone almost every day deciding if he should." Ruffnut rolled her eyes and her brother glared at her. "What? Like I didn't see you?" With a flip of her hair, she raised her shoulders. "Anyways, I'm sorry to hear about everything Hiccup, but at least now you have a cool scar to show the ladies." She grinned and there was a collective laugh.

Sophie played with her napkin, ripping the edges. "My brother sends his regards as well. Jack was practically in hysterics when he called him. But now everything seems to be okay. So, keep doing your best." She smiled so her eyes crinkled.

Astrid raised her water bottle. "To Hiccup's mom, she was an awesome lady."

Everyone raised their drinks. "To Hiccup's mom."

"Alright, alright, enough about me." Though Hiccup was grateful he had such wonderful friends. "So what did you guys accomplish during break?" He started to eat his food, some kind of soup, and waited for someone to speak up.

"Wait, Tuff, you had a date right?" Astrid pointed her fork at the boy whose cheeks turned pink. "How did it go?"

Tuffnut licked his lips and pretended to think, taking his time to answer. "I-I'm seeing him next Friday again." Everyone gasped with excitement and he only seemed to scowl more. "It's not like it's a

big deal you freaks." Ruffnut punched his arm not so lightly and he smacked her back. "It's just a date now leave me alone!" He was laughing through the frown though, trying to hold it back.

Hiccup looked to Fishlegs. "What about you? Did you do anything exciting?"

The boy shook his head. "No, not really. Just family stuff. I spent a few days with Sophie though." She nodded as if to confirm what he was saying.

"Wait," Astrid said, "let me guess. All you two did was sit on the couch and read?"

Fishlegs gave her a look and crossed his arms. "No we did not. For your information we went to the movies and had a wonderful time." Sophie laughed behind her hand, touching his arm. "What about you Astrid?"

She shrugged and picked at her food. "Nothing much, mainly worried about Hiccup, met up with Jamie once or twice." With a hum she waved her hand through the air. "It was pretty much like a regular week only no school to worry about. What about you Ruffnut? We haven't heard what you've done."

Ruffnut sighed and leaned her elbows on the table. "Nothing. I did nothing."

"That's not true," Tuffnut said. "You did come into my room and start beating me for no reason."

She stuck her tongue out. "Please, I don't even need a reason to beat you anymore."

"Oh yeah?" He kicked her.

"Yeah." She punched him.

They started fighting and Hiccup just smiled, relaxing in his seat until his phone began to vibrate. He pulled it out and picked up, putting his spoon down. "Hello?"

"Hamish, how's everything at school?"

"Dad? Seriously, you really had to call me during lunch?" Hiccup blushed slightly and shrank away from the table since it seemed like everyone was watching him. "I keep telling you I'll be fine."

"I know, I know." A pause. "So everything is going fine?"

He groaned. "Yes Dad. I haven't fallen down. I haven't gotten kidnapped. All in all I think it's been a pretty successful day." Astrid raised an eyebrow and he shook his head. "I'll see you after school alright? I'll be in one piece-for the most part-and waiting."

"Hamish." There was a warning in his tone.

"Sorry, okay I'll see you after school."

Another pause. "Alright. I love you."

Hiccup flushed and quieted his voice. "Love you too." He hung up and shoved his phone back into his pocket, only to have it vibrate again. He growled and held it to his ear. "You can't just keep calling me, I'm not that helpless," he said tightly.

"Uhm, well alright then. I see I called at a bad time. Sorry about that Hiccy."

"No, no, Jack sorry. I thought you were my dad." Hiccup blushed and covered his eyes. "I'm sorry."

"Oh, well I was just calling to check in. I guess your dad already did that though." He laughed and Hiccup felt his stomach stir. "I'm supposing you're busy so I'll just call you later."

"Wait, uhm, actually after school I have my physical therapy so I don't know if I can pick up my phone."

"Where?"

"That one place actually near the skating rink, it's supposed to be really good." Hiccup rubbed the back of his neck and Astrid watched him (along with everyone else at the table). "I don't know the exact name, but we're going there right after school, so I'll have to call you afterwards."

"Or," Jack sang, "I could meet you there."

"No don't do that. You have stuff to do and probably catching up with Jamie-"

"I already caught up with Jamie this morning, right Jamie?" There was the sound of the phone moving and Jamie's voice filled his ear for a moment. "Yes, he did." More rustling and it was back to Jack. "I know what place you're talking about so I can just come and help or something. I don't know, maybe bond with your dad."

Hiccup bit his lip. "But-"

"I'm going to be there anyways so there's no point in arguing." He could hear the smile in his voice and his heart stuttered. "So I'll see you later Hiccup. I love you."

He closed his eyes. "I love you too," he whispered. When he hung up and looked around, everyone's eyes were on him. "What?" He asked, eyebrows furrowing.

Astrid smiled and shook her head. "Nothing, just amazed at how natural your and Jack's relationship has become. It's quite amazing." He made a face and they laughed.

The bell rang and Hiccup struggled to spin around and stand with his crutches. Astrid took his tray and grabbed his bag to throw over her shoulder. "That's right my man-slave, do my bidding," he said. She gave him a dark look over her shoulder and he smiled. "Alright, sorry. How about a free elevator ride on me?" He jingled the keys in his hands.

"Seems about right." They walked together and said goodbye to everyone else. "But you're still going to owe me," she reminded as they approached the elevator.

"When don't I owe you?" He put in the code and used the keys, the doors opening.

Astrid stepped inside, head tilted and eyes narrowed playfully. "Good point."

* * *

><p>Hiccup yawned as they pulled into the parking lot of the physical therapy place. Toothless was in the back seat playing a game that apparently involved screaming and grunting just as much as button pressing. Looking around, he saw Jack's car immediately and he sighed, knowing he shouldn't have doubted Jack for saying he would show up. Stoick didn't seem to notice and got out of the car, looking at the building with pain passing through his features.</p>

"Come on Dad, let's get this over with." Hiccup was already ahead of him slightly, Toothless muttering something next to him.

"Yes," Stoick said. "Let's go." They walked through the automatic doors and into the reception area. There was a guy who looked like he was in his mid-twenties, right arm gone. He was alone, flipping through a magazine, not even bothering to look up as they passed through.

And then there was Jack, sticking out like a sore thumb since he had re-dyed his hair to a pearly white once more. He was up and Hiccup was in his arms without a single word being said. "Hey, how was school?" He kissed the top of his head and now the man looked up for a second before going back to the magazine. Toothless ambled over to a chair and sat down, eyes never leaving his video game.

"The usual, getting stared at because of how amazingly hot I am." Jack laughed and his fingers dug deeper into Hiccup's sides. "You seriously didn't have to come Jack. You have a family that has probably been missing you."

"Nope. My mom is actually happy that I'm getting out of the house more." He pecked his forehead and turned to Stoick. "Hello Mr. Haddock, did you get the email from my mom?"

Stoick nodded and Hiccup looked between the two, confused. "Yes, thank you for that."

Jack waved him off. "No, it was nothing. She can't wait for you to come; she's even making my uncle bake something."

"Ah, well thank her again for me." He went up to the desk and told them Hiccup was there.

Hiccup glanced at Jack. "So what exactly are you two talking about?"

Jack kissed his nose and shook his head. "Nothing. Don't worry about it."

"I have to worry about it when you're involved." He noticed the glint of Jack's necklace and smiled slightly, finding comfort. "So how was school? Boring?"

"Pretty much, I missed you." He brushed his thumb over Hiccup's cheek. "I kept thinking about you."

He snorted. "We just saw each other yesterday; you can't miss me that much."

"Well did you miss me?"

"I-You, well yeah. So?"

Jack grinned and kissed him. "Then don't yell at me you hypocrite." The man coughed and they stepped apart for a moment, both becoming shy it seemed. So Jack took his hand instead, finding Hiccup's fingers were colder than his. "Is it really cold outside?"

Hiccup shrugged. "More than it was a week ago. But there's not a lot of snow this year." He looked out the glass doors and frowned. But apparently enough to cause an accident. He felt Jack's hand tighten around his and he brushed it off. "Shame though, it would be pretty with more."

"Yeah." They seemed to quiet and just hold each other's hand, looking out through the doors. Hiccup began to zone out and just watch the clouds, knowing Jack was right beside him and it felt great. At some point someone was talking and it took a tap of his shoulder to bring him back. "Hey, Hiccy, the doctor is ready to see you."

"Oh, okay." His dad was waiting with a doctor and he looked at Jack. "Are you coming?"

"No," he smiled, "I'll stay out here and watch Toothless. I'll be right outside when you're done." He kissed him gently and nudged him towards the doctor. "Now go and work extra hard for me."

Hiccup rolled his eyes. "Yeah, sure thing." They grinned at each other and he followed the doctor into a private office. Stoick went to sit next to Toothless, flipping through a magazine like he was interested.

When Hiccup entered the small room, there was a table for him to lie on and mats all over the floor. Not to mention a bunch of work out equipment that didn't seem like he would even know how to hold. The doctor motioned to the table and Hiccup pulled himself up with the help of the small stepping stool at the base.

The doctor was an aging woman but she seemed nice enough. "Hello there Hamish, I'm Dr. Katherine."

"You can just call me Hiccup, it's alright." He watched her go through a folder and nod.

"So you're on mild pain killers now? Does your leg hurt at all?" She flicked her eyes to him and he found them to be a grey color.

"Sometimes it'll just hurt randomly. I just thought it was normal."

He looked down at his pants tied into a knot. "Although sometimes I feel like my foot is still there and it hurts as well. Now that's probably not normal."

"No," Dr. Katherine shook her head. "You'd be surprised how many amputees have that happen to them. It's not as strange as you think. It's a phantom limb. You still feel your foot there, but obviously it's not." She put the folder down and put her hands on her hips. "Alright, now I'm going to have to ask you to take off your pants."

Hiccup raised an eyebrow. "Well I never thought I would hear those words," he joked before he could stop.

She seemed to roll with it and smirked. "Pants off now funny boy, we have a lot to get done. And I'm sure you don't want to keep that cute guy out there waiting." She jerked her thumb to the door and Hiccup flushed. "No need to be so flustered, he looks like a lovely young man. Wouldn't leave the waiting room until you came here."

He groaned. "I told him he didn't have to."

"Well," she laughed, "that's how you know he's a keeper."

* * *

><p>So after different stretches and exercises that left Hiccup sweaty and weak, he dragged himself out of the office, leaning on his crutches for support. He never expected physical therapy to hurt so much for just one leg. It turns out there was a lot of things he didn't know about rebuilding muscle and nerves being damaged. And it was only the beginning.</p>

Stoick stood when he came into the waiting area. "I'm done," Hiccup gasped.

Dr. Katherine chuckled next to him and patted his back. "He did a very good job and I instructed him on some things he can do at home to help." Stoick nodded and they shook hands. "I can't wait to see him next time."

"Yes, thank you very much."

As they discussed other things Hiccup went over to Jack who took him into his arms. He leaned against him for support and sighed. "I never want to come here again," he groaned. "That was more work than gym ever was." Jack ran his fingers through his hair and over his spine in a comforting motion. "Now I'm all sweaty and gross," he mumbled. "Probably smell like a burrito."

Jack pretended to sniff him. "You know, I really like burritos."

"Jack," he warned half-heartedly.

"I actually love them." He bit the tip of Hiccup's ear, getting a small noise in return. "You're the tastiest burrito I've ever had."

"Dad!" Toothless shouted, pointing to them. "They're being all gross

and kissing. Make them stop!" Hiccup, mortified, buried his face in Jack's shoulder as the older teen laughed. "You guys are gross always kissing and stuff." Toothless was just being a twelve year old boy, saying that anyone that kissed was gross. He didn't care that Hiccup was being held by another boy right there, he only cared that they stopped distracting him from his game.

"Sorry," Jack said. "I can't help it."

Stoick just looked at them for a moment before turning back to the doctor, ignoring Toothless's cries for them to stop. Hiccup peeked up and Jack pressed his lips to his forehead, rocking him gently back and forth. "Better watch it, you might make Toothless vomit," he said quietly, closing his eyes.

"I'll take my chances."

When everything was settled and Stoick came over. He clapped a hand on Jack's shoulder. "Time to take him home Jack, you can talk to each other later." Hiccup was let go, much to his disappointment, and Jack grabbed his coat off the one of the chairs. "You should head home too; you're family's probably forgetting what you look like by now."

"Nah, I'm sure they're fine. But I do need to go finish something up for class. So I'll see you later." Jack grabbed Hiccup by the waist and kissed him hard. "I'll call you later tonight if you want." He winked and walked through the automatic doors, leaving Hiccup breathless.

Stoick cleared his throat. "We should be heading home too. Dinner and all."

Hiccup ran a hand through his hair and looked at his shoe. "R-Right," he mumbled, "dinner."

* * *

><p>Toothless ran into the house, throwing his coat near the coat rack and not on it. He went to the kitchen, eyes alight for a moment. "Mom what'd you make for—" You could hear the exact moment he realized what he was saying, the way his voice just dropped. Hiccup found him standing aimlessly in the kitchen, head bowed.</p>

"Hey, come on; let's go watch some TV and stay out of Dad's way so he can cook." Toothless followed him to the living room and they both perched themselves on the couch.

Stoick went to work with what he could in the kitchen, usually not one to cook. And when he did cook, it was simple. So he put together some grilled cheese sandwiches and called the boys to the table. Toothless had a habit of drowning his grilled cheese in ketchup which he was doing right away. Hiccup tore his sandwich apart slowly, eating at a small pace. He missed his mom's cooking. He missed her. But Stoick was trying and he could at least appreciate that.

"So you both finished your homework for tonight?" He asked, eating his sandwich at a slow pace as well. It was weird to hear Stoick asking about their school work; for the most part he would grunt something and go off to work in his room. Val was usually the one to

ask and listen, so it took a while before it registered to Hiccup to answer.

"Yeah, I finished most of it but I still have to do something for math before I go to sleep." He finished off his food.

"Don't stay up too late," Stoick said. "I want you to rest."

Hiccup nodded. "Alright."

"And Furvus, what about you?" He turned to the black haired boy, ketchup smeared across his lips and chin.

"I finished it before we left for the doctor," he announced.

"Good." They all looked at each other and Hiccup excused himself, going up to his room.

Val's painting was still against his wall, paint finally drying. He smiled at it and pressed his fingers against her serene mouth. "Hey Mom," he whispered. "I went to therapy today." He knew it was probably really creepy to talk to a painting of his mom, but it was really the only thing that it made it feel like he was talking to her. "It was nice, Jack came with too." He sat down on his bed and put his crutches down, sighing. "I wish you were here Mom, you'd have so much fun with Jack."

His phone vibrated and he could swear Jack had some sort of telepathy. "Hey," he said quietly.

"Hey, did I interrupt something?"

"No, not really." He rolled onto his side so he could look at the painting.

There was silence for a moment and then Jack's voice came back.
"Talking to your mom?"

Hiccup smiled into the phone, loving how Jack understood him without even trying. "Yeah."

"Tell her I said hello and that I miss her lovely face."

"I'm sure she knows that already."

Jack laughed. "So do you still smell like a burrito?"

Hiccup sniffed his shirt and winced. "I think I evolved into a whole Taco Bell restaurant." He sat up and shook out his hair. "I'm going to take a shower."

"Need help?" A grin in his voice.

"Not any more, sorry."

"Well then, have fun and make sure to dream of me."

Hiccup rolled his eyes. "Only in nightmares."

"Love you too."

"Goodnight." He bit his lip.

"Goodnight Hiccy."

They hung up and he fell back onto his bed once more. "Mom, I really love him," he muttered after a while. "Like, really, _really_ love him." Sighing he sniffed his shirt again and gagged, realizing he also really, _really_ needed that shower.

* * *

><p>I've never actually been to physical therapy or anything like that and I just hate doctors' offices period so if anything is off or completely wrong I apologize now. I'm sorry. I truthfully have no idea what I'm doing.

**I also hate smelling like Taco Bell. That's why I limit my physical movement. If I can't move then I can't smell (or do anything else) it all works out. **

Kisses and unicorns

~Shi

40. Chapter 40

Yay fortieth chapter and you can all find out who Tuffnut's date is~

***whispers* it's Snoutlout but you all probably know I'm lying by now~**

* * *

><p>"Jamie, this is getting ridiculous," Jack whined. "Do you seriously need me to come with you every time you work out?" He slouched in the passenger seat of Jamie's car and played with his phone, knowing Hiccup was in therapy again. He said it was getting easier but he still sounded out of breath when they called each other. "And besides, it's after school. A time where I could be at home relaxing." Though that's about to change once I tell Hiccup my surprise.

"Or a time to be with Hiccup," Jamie added. Jack flushed and he smirked. "Please, it's just one night out of the week. Now that I've been working out Monday morning it's been getting easier. I have to keep adding on days in order to stay in shape."

Jack rolled his eyes and sat up as they pulled into the student parking lot. "I haven't seen a difference at all with your muscles."

Jamie looked at him from the corner of his eye. "That's because you only look at Hiccup." He got a dark look and he shrugged turning off the car. "You know it's true. All you ever do is talk about him and think about him when you guys are apart. When we're with him it's like only he exists."

"Is someone getting jealous?" Jack batted his eye lashes and stepped out of the car.

"Oh yes Jack. Because really I love you." He locked his car and continued off without waiting for the white haired teen. "You better hurry up," he called, "I think you might be the one who needs to work out."

Jack jogged slowly to catch up with him. "I'm perfectly healthy thank you very much. Besides, I won't have time to work out now that I've got a job." He grinned and Jamie laughed.

"So when exactly did you find this job?" He asked, pulling his hat down over his ears.

"At the skating rink a few days ago, since I usually go there a lot, I thought, hey, why not? They said I could work behind the counter and help with children's parties." He gave a thumbs up, proud of himself.

Jamie nodded, breathing out slowly to watch his breath cloud and disappear. "So when are you going to tell Hiccup? I'm sure he would like to know. Not to mention you've been spending all this time with him, is he going to go into withdrawal if you're gone for too long."

"No, Hiccup will understand. I'll tell him tonight when we talk if he isn't too tired. I need money for college and to help with my parents, not to mention for myself. Maybe I can save up enough for something on Valentine's day." He shrugged and they continued to argue and mess with each other as they got into the building. "I'll be waiting upstairs, don't get lost."

Jamie smirked. "Yes mother." He went into the locker rooms while Jack went to go linger by the track up the stairs.

He looked around and found only a few people working out after classes. He went over to the machines where he usually sat and was deeply surprised to find Tuffnut using an arm press of some sorts. He was sweating like crazy and his pale hair was pulled back into a tight bun as he did another set. Jack decided it would probably be better to approach him than stand around and stare like an idiot. So he walked up slowly, raising a hand. "Hey there," he called.

Tuffnut seemed a little wary when Jack came up, his dark blue eyes narrowing. "Hey." He stopped working out and leaned forward, using the gray tank he had on to wipe his forehead. "What are you doing here? I thought you would be with Hiccup or something."

Jack sat down on a machine opposite of him. "He's in physical therapy right now so I can't bother him. I'm here with Jamie; he's trying to become strong." There was a beat of silence and Jack tapped his foot.

"So how is he? Is he really alright?" Tuffnut asked quietly.

For a moment Jack thought he was talking about Jamie. Finally he got it was Hiccup he was asking about. "Uhm, yeah, you know he's doing better than I thought. I'm just glad he's healing fast." He ran hand through his white hair. "So yeah, he's alright."

"Good."

"Yup." Jack looked away and pursed his lips. I am not getting jealous. Hiccup said Tuffnut was over him and there is nothing to worry about. He grabbed his snowflake and squeezed. Believe in your adorable boyfriend. Believe. He decided to change the subject. "So I see you're working out here too. You come here often? Not as a creepy pick up line or anything," he added.

Tuffnut let out a small, breathy laugh. "I come here after school sometimes to work out. It's usually pretty quiet when I come here so I like it." He shrugged while rubbing his hands together. Jack could see his muscles move under his skin, clearly toned. "Working out helps me clear my mind."

"Yeah, I get you." Jack nodded, leaning his elbows on his knees. "So how are those classes going? The ones you take here?"

"Ah," he said, "they're going fine. I like them."

Jack didn't know what to say and luckily Jamie came up from behind, tapping his shoulder. "Hey Jamie," he sighed happily. Distraction time.

"Hey, I see you're making friends." He nodded to Tuffnut who nodded back. "I'm going to go run, try not to mess things up." He patted Jack's shoulder roughly and started off on the track.

Distraction time over. Another echoing silence ensued and Jack coughed, shifting on his machine. Right as he was about to speak someone moved past him to get to Tuffnut. "S-Sorry for taking so long," they said, "there was a long line at the vending machine and they were out of your favorite flavor so I had to get another one."

"Its fine," Tuffnut laughed. Jack narrowed his eyes for a moment. He had never really heard Tuffnut laugh before, but then again they hadn't hung out much. "So what flavor did you get?" He grabbed the sports drink bottle from the other guy and looked at the label. "Raspberry? That's fine, don't worry."

"Are you sure? I can always get another flavor or something." Jack finally got a good look at the kid when he turned around to stare back at him. He was smaller than Tuffnut and skinnier in frame. He reminded him of a very pale and nerdy Hiccup, obviously not the same though. This kid had golden blonde hair with bangs that fell on both sides. Large, red framed glasses surround his giant blue eyes, making them seem bigger compared to the rest of his face. "Oh, hello," he mumbled.

"Hi. I'm Jack." He held out a hand and the kid shook it reluctantly, seeming to shy away.

"Monty, it's nice to meet you." He smiled and his whole face was turning pink. "Do you two know each other then?" Jack gave a sort of nod/shrug and Tuffnut just grunted. "I'm sorry if I just ran into your conversation. I can leave if you want."

"No," Tuffnut said sternly. "It's alright, stay." Jack chewed on the

inside of his cheek, trying to figure something out. "Monty is from my class here, he comes to work out with me. I guess I'm sort of his trainer."

By the way Monty was dressed, it didn't seem like he was going to work out any time soon. He had a large, knitted sweater over a button down shirt. His pants were baggy but seemed to stay up. There is no way he was going sweat in those, Jack thought. Monty averted his eyes from them both and pushed up his glasses. Or is Tuffnut training him for something else? He smiled to himself and covered it with a cough. "Well, I wish you both the best of luck. I don't have that kind of endurance."

Tuffnut glanced at Monty before opening his drink and taking a big gulp. "Thanks," he muttered. "So you're just going to sit here until Jamie is done?" His eyes went to Jamie as he passed by them, too focused to notice the three of them staring.

"Usually, yeah. I think he's a little nervous to be here alone so he brings me along to share his pain." Jack raised his shoulders and looked up at the ceiling. "I don't mind it; it gets me away from everything for a while. Distracts me from Hiccup because I know I'm going to be calling him every ten minutes."

"Hiccup?" Monty piped in softly. He looked at Tuffnut, eyes wide. "You mean Hiccup from your school who got into the accident?"

"Yeah," Tuffnut motioned to Jack, "they're dating."

"Yup." Jack grinned. So Tuffnut can't get to him. Hiccup is mine. All mine. "So wait, you two don't go to the same school?" He ticked his head to the side.

Monty shook his head, fiddling with his hands. "No, I go to a private school. I go here for my college credits so I can use them later." He rocked back on his heels. "Tuffnut just tells me stories from his school; it seems a lot more exciting than mine." He pushed up his glasses again.

Jack smiled. "Cool." Monty and Tuffnut went off on their own conversation and he watched them, internally screaming. He wanted to call Hiccup and talk to him, seeing as he was now the giant third wheel of the group. Not to mention he had some great news to tell him. He was so used to having Hiccup near it was strange to be sitting alone and not have him make a snide remark about something. But Hiccup needed time to heal alone. He knew that. And so he restrained himself by pretending to be interested with the work out machine.

* * *

><p>Astrid threw Hiccup's bag to the floor and dropped his tray down in front of him. "How long until you can walk on your own?" She asked, going to sit on her side. Sophie and Fishlegs both shared a look of amusement.</p>

"Well the leg should be finished soon, but my therapist says I should at least wait another week or two before I try walking with it." He shrugged. "You know, to make sure my leg is completely healed."

Why?"

She started eating her salad, swallowing before talking. "Because I'm getting sick of carrying all your crap around. I feel like a pack mule." Her complaint was only half true though, she didn't mind helping him out.

Hiccup smiled. "Think of it as weight training." The twins came over, taking their usual seats. "Speaking of weight training, I heard from Jack that he saw you last night. Did you guys talk at all?"

Tuffnut took a bite of his sandwich, speaking between chewing. "Yeah a little," he said.

It seemed he didn't want to go deeper into the conversation but Hiccup smirked. "You know you're date next Friday, I'd really like to meet him," he sang, cutting up his soggy taco to eat. Now the older teen flushed but continued eating as if he hadn't heard anything. Hiccup hummed under his breath. "I'd love to talk to Monty and see what he's like." Now Tuffnut choked, banging on his chest as Ruffnut slapped his back (probably out of the chance to hit him than out of worry).

"Who's Monty?" Astrid asked, tone turning devious. "Tuff you better spill."

After he finally dislodged the sandwich chunk from his throat, Tuffnut covered his face with one hand, sighing. "I'm going to murder Jack," he muttered. "I am going to completely murder him."

"I won't allow that for one thing," Hiccup said flatly, "and for another, we were probably going to find out anyways." He crossed his arms. "So who is Monty exactly?"

Tuffnut pushed his hair from his face and scowled. "He's from my college class. We started talking about an assignmentâ€|" He explained his voice lowering with each word. "And we went on a date and that's it." Ruffnut reached into his pocket and pulled out his phone, waving it in the air. "Ruff! You ass! Give it back!"

"Not a chance," she laughed. Tossing it to Hiccup she smiled. "Look at his wallpaper."

Hiccup, ignoring Tuffnut's threats, opened the screen and was shocked. It was Tuffnut with his arm around a skinny blonde kid, both of them squinting up at the camera. The boy, Monty obviously, was laughing so his glasses fogged slightly. There was snow falling around them and it looked like a picture of happiness. "Wow Tuff, I never thought he would be your type." He handed him back his phone and he defensively shoved it back into his pocket. "He looks like a nice guy."

"He is," Tuffnut muttered into his hand. "Now can we lay off the subject?"

"Alright, let's leave him alone." Astrid called, grabbing their attention away from him. "I'm sure he just wants to sulk and think about his cute little Monty." He glared and she shrugged. She said something else but Hiccup's phone vibrated with a message. It was Jack thankfully and not his dad checking in again. Stoick had called

almost every day. It was a little overbearing.

Hey guess what?

Trying not to smile he texted back. _You're gay?_

_I am? Well won't my totally hot bombshell girlfriend will be surprised. But no, seriously, guess. _

I don't know, I can't read minds Jack. Especially for someone who doesn't think. He smirked.

_Ugh. Guess who's an employed man? Guess. _

Ruffnut said something and there was a shout from Tuffnut but Hiccup wasn't paying attention. _I'm going to go out on an amputated limb and say_ _you?_

_Yyyyyeeeeeee! _

_Congrats. I didn't even know you applied for a job. _He frowned slightly, not remembering Jack saying anything.

_I wanted it to be a surprise and I was supposed to tell you yesterday when I called but I forgot. I'm working at the ice rink now. Isn't that great? I mean I won't be able to hang out as much, but now your dad won't think I'm lazy! _

Hiccup stopped typing for a moment, trying to think of what to say. He didn't even know Jack was looking for a job. Sure it was great that he got one, but like he had texted, it would be harder to hang out. Now with Hiccup's therapy and school it was tough as is. But he needed to remain positive; he wasn't going to be those overly clingy people. No, he was going to be happy for Jack. _That's awesome. If I could ice skate I would visit but, you know, you kind of need two feet to do that._

_Doesn't mean you still can't visit. I'm going to leave you alone now. I just thought I should tell you your amazing boyfriend is now employed. _

_ Alright have fun being employed and tell that hot bombshell girlfriend I said hello. _

_ Love you._

Love you too. He put his phone back into his pocket and sighed. When he looked around everyone was looking at him. "What?" He asked.

"What's got you so down?" Astrid sipped her water, looking at him over the rim of her bottle. "Did Jack say something?"

Hiccup just shrugged. "He got a job at the ice rink."

She raised an eyebrow. "And you don't think that's good?"

"What? No, of course it's good. Why? Did I not look happy?" He started eating, taking his time chewing. "I am happy for him. Why wouldn't I be?" He smiled, hoping there wasn't any food between his

teeth.

Fishlegs played with the cover of his latest book. "I think its good Jack is getting a job. It'll give him more responsibility and he can earn his own money. I can't wait till I get my own job." He sighed and everyone was sure he was dreaming about a library.

Hiccup swallowed loudly and wiped his mouth with a crumpled napkin. "It is good. I hope it all goes well and he doesn't lose it within a week. That's all I'm worried about." He began to eat the rest of his lunch, the table becoming quiet. The bell rang and they all said their goodbyes though Tuffnut seemed to be eager to leave than the others. Astrid lugged Hiccup's backpack to the elevator and she nudged him. "Yeah?"

"You sure you're okay?" She asked, looking at him closely.

"I am," he sighed, "I just feel soâ€œ I don't know, immature compared to Jack."

She snorted. "Please, you are way more mature. The guy is like a giant kid." He nodded and she blew some hair out of her face. "Look, I'm sure you'll get job eventually too, knowing your dad he'll want you to get a good work ethic right away."

"I guess so. Who knows, once I turn sixteen I can apply for more jobs." He said and she smiled. "Although I don't know who would hire a one legged clumsy teenager but hey, I bet the circus is always hiring."

Astrid sighed and shook her head as they approached the elevator. "As always you look on the bright side."

He smirked, punching in the code and unlocking the doors. "Someone has to."

* * *

><p>Stoick was picking at the microwave meal he had sitting in front of him. He had finally gone shopping, but he had no idea what they ate or what the kids liked. It dawned on him in the middle of the store he really knew nothing of his family. So he finally just got some microwave trays to pull them through the week or until he learned what they actually ate.</p>

Hiccup shoveled some lukewarm macaroni into his mouth and chewed slowly, trying not to gag. He was so used to Val's cooking it was strange to taste something so artificial and processed. Even though it wasn't the best dinner, he wasn't going to complain. Stoick was trying his hardest while still balancing his work, the exhaustion settling in. "Hey Dad, I can make dinner and clean you know. You can work if you have to." He finally said, moving his unnatural orange macaroni around in its tray.

"No Hamish, you're still getting used to therapy and soon you'll have to learn how to walk with your new leg." Stoick shook his head, cutting into the rubbery steak. "I'm not going to have you take on this much right now. It'll take time. Relax."

While they were staring at each other Toothless was picking as his

spaghetti, though it was more just soppy noodles and a tomato sauce that had no taste. Out of everyone, he was hit the hardest by the lack of Val's cooking. It was one of the things he looked forward to every night and it was becoming a chore for the boy to eat. Hiccup hoped it would just pass through and he would soon be eating like he used to.

"But I can still just make dinner. It's not that hard Dad. I can make simple things." He put down his fork. "I know you have to work and I can take on small chores, even Toothless can too." The younger boy nodded, happy to get out of eating the tasteless food. "Let us at least help you out."

The large man rubbed a hand down his face and sighed. "Hamish, I understand you want to help but I just want to make sure you two are alright before anything else. Why are you so bent on working, you should be focusing on school and your therapy."

Hiccup didn't want to admit it was because Jack had gotten a job. I feel like he's so mature compared to me and I just-I'm just some kid who can't get his life together. He shrugged and sighed. "I don't know, I just want to help out because I know you have a lot to do." They caught each other's eye. "Since Mom is gone you've been doing all her work and yours. The least I can do is help out a little." I want to make things right and start getting everything together._

"Well how about we talk this over during the weekend and see what we come up with," Stoick suggested. Hiccup nodded and he smiled gently. "Alright. Then it's settled."

"I'm going to head upstairs, thanks for dinner Dad." He moved his tray away quickly so Stoick wouldn't see he barely touched it. Throwing it away he cleaned off his fork and went up to his room. When he checked his phone there was one missed called from Jack and he smiled, lying on his bed as he dialed him back. It took one ring and he picked up. "Hey, you called."

"Yup, sorry about that, I just wanted to see how everything was." Jack laughed and Hiccup closed his eyes.

"Everything is fine."

"I figured. So how was therapy, you do anymore stuff?"

He rolled onto his side and cradled the phone against his ear. "Yeah, just a bunch of exercises that apparently help my leg but it seems more like to deteriorate my body." Another laugh. "So when do you start work?"

"Next Monday. I'll be working only three days a week though, so we might still get to meet up." He lowered his voice and Hiccup bit his lip at the familiar sound. "I promise I'll see you whenever I can, okay, so don't give up on me just yet. You hear me?"

"I heard you," he said quietly. "I can't give up on you now stupid; I've invested too much time in making you mine. I'm not letting you go just yet."

"Oh good and here I was worried. For added effect I'm wiping my

forehead dramatically right now." They both snickered and he was quiet, softly talking. "I love you. I want to kiss you right now."

"I do too," he admitted. "To both, that is."

"Can you kiss the phone for me? Please?" Jack begged and he pursed his lips.

Flushing he scoffed. "No, that's just weird and I'll look stupid." Jack made a whining noise and he mumbled. "I'm not going to do it!"

"Please! No one will see you and it's only me on the phone. Come on Hiccy for me?" Hiccup didn't reply and he pretended to cry into the phone. "Please I swear I won't tell anyone please just for me. Pleeeeasssee?"

"Alright alright," he muttered, "just stop complaining, My eardrums are bleeding." With a regretful sigh he pressed his lips to his phone and quickly brought it back to his ear, face red. "That does not leave between us."

Jack was gasping for breath. "I can't believe you actually did it!"

"Jack you ass! You wanted me to do it! Don't make fun of me!" Hiccup frowned as Jack still wheezed, trying to respond. "You're such an asshole," he murmured.

When he finally got his breath back, he sighed. "I love you too."

"I never said that." He was smiling despite the anger in his voice.

"I read between the lines."

"So I'm a book now?" Rolling onto his back, he looked at the ceiling. "Since when did you read?"

Jack laughed, but it was soft. "When I found an interesting story."

He was holding his breath, lips tight as he spoke. His head was a mess of Jack and his alluring voice. He could barely concentrate. "And when did that happen?"

"When I met you."

* * *

><p>Urgh only a few more days till I start college and I'm going to have some major anxiety. But yeah... fortieth chapter hizzah

Kisses and unicorns

~Shi

41. Chapter 41

**Ugh this chapter... I just wanna punch it in the face. It took forever and it has nothing. *crawls under covers* stupid college messing with me. I'm sorry. ugh. **

* * *

><p>Stoick patted Hiccup on the shoulder when they got into the car. "So today you finally get to try and walk with your new leg?" All three of them were slightly excited that Hiccup was going to start walking by himself now. It would be a whole lot easier than dragging his crutches everywhere. "It's a shame I can't be there," he sighed. He was going to his first meeting with the LGBT parents meeting and Tooth had invited him especially. "Remember, your uncle will be waiting outside the school for you so don't keep him waiting."</p>

"Yeah," Hiccup muttered, "can't wait for that." He was really dreading having to sit with his uncle and cousin in a car and then at therapy. He was at least glad his dad was actually going to a meeting for parents with gay teens; it was a huge step for him. "Isn't there someone else who can take me?" He was going to suggest Jack, but he was working, his second day on the job and he most likely couldn't miss it. "Anyone at all?"

"Hamish, I asked your uncle and he said he would take you. Just take the ride and it'll be over before you know it." They pulled out of the drive way and Hiccup scowled, leaning his elbow against the window. "Just call me once you're done so I can know how you do. You know therapist said it's going to--"

He waved his free hand through the air. "I know, I know. It's going to be hard and it might take me while so I shouldn't expect a miracle." She had warned him countless times not to get his hopes up, but he couldn't help it. Finally he was going to be able to feel the ground with both feet- in a sense that is. "I'll just have to practice. Don't worry." They pulled into the school and he unbuckled himself, slipping out with his crutches. "I'll talk you later Dad, see you."

"W-Wait Hamish," Stoick called. Hiccup turned slightly, looking at him. "Remember to call me once therapy is done," he repeated.

Hiccup smiled, knowing what he was trying to do. "I know. I love you Dad, calm down."

"I love you too," he said. When the door was shut he readjusted himself and drove off.

Smiling and shaking his head, Hiccup waited for Astrid, swinging his left leg around. He couldn't wait to get his new prosthetic on. Maybe it would make him feel whole again. Just maybe.

* * *

><p>Hiccup looked like he was about ready to punch someone as he stood outside the school with Astrid. She patted his shoulder. "It's not going to be that bad Hiccup and if they do say anything just ignore them. They can't bully you, Stoick wouldn't let them." He made

a noise and she sighed. "It's just one car ride, right? It'll be over before you know it."<p>

Shifting his back pack he nodded slowly. "Yeah, you're right. It's just I know they both disapprove of me so it's going to be one big 'let's stare at the relative we don't like' party time." The wind picked up slightly and his bangs fluttered across his forehead. "It looks like it's going to snow again," he said absently.

"Are you going to be okay," Astrid asked softly. They both knew Hiccup got nervous whenever it would start snowing heavy now. It always brought back the memories of driving with Val. He wasn't completely terrified, but it was enough to make him nervous whenever he got into the car for school.

He raised his shoulders. "Yeah, I'll be fine." Cars moved past them slowly, picking kids up and taking them off to their homes. Hiccup sort of missed walking home with Astrid, but hopefully soon he would be back by her side just like before. "I just want to start walking again," he said.

Astrid pinched his face and smiled. "You'll be walking soon enough, calm down." Spitelout pulled up, Snoutlout already in the front seat. "Well you have fun with them, I'll text you later." He muttered back a reply and managed to get himself in the backseat of the car. The scent of burnt cigarettes and fast food was strong and he gagged.

"Hello Hamish," Spitelout said tightly.

"Hey." He buckled up and ignored the stare from his uncle in the review mirror. They pulled out of the parking lot and Hiccup could see Astrid's figure growing smaller in the distance. _Well there goes my last savior._

When they were two minutes into the car ride Spitelout cleared his throat. "So Hamish, how are things at home?" He asked, large hands gripping the steering wheel tightly.

He pursed his lips, looking out the window. "Quiet." _I don't want to have a conversation. I don't want to chat. I just want to go to therapy then go home. It's that simple_. He tapped his fingers against his thigh, trying to occupy himself.

It seemed his uncle wasn't getting that. "Might I ask how your friend is doing?" Snoutlout looked just as uncomfortable, trying to cover his face with his hand as he leaned against the door.

"She's doing fine," Hiccup sighed. _Just leave me alone._

Spitelout's voice lowered. "No, I meant the boy. With the white hair."

Now he sat up straight and narrowed his green eyes. "You mean my _boyfriend_?" Snoutlout shrank in his seat, trying to stay out of the conversation. _Oh, so now you don't have a comment on my love life_, he thought angrily. _You were so tough in school, now look at you_.

The car became quiet and Hiccup crossed his arms, staring out at the other cars driving past. Spitelout kept his voice level, but it was obvious there was something else underneath. "You know there is therapy for you." Snoutlout looked at his dad quickly, face becoming pale. There was something obviously wrong but Hiccup couldn't pick it out.

"I'm going to my therapy," Hiccup reminded him. "I've been going."

"No, for your," he stopped, "_other_ problem."

Hiccup raised an eyebrow. "I don't have another problem." His cousin looked like he was mentally pleading with his dad to stop. "Uncle Spitelout, I don't get what you're trying to say."

He stared straight out the windshield, ignoring his son's gaze. "I'm saying for your friend and you. It can be cured. I read it online. Just a few therapy treatments and you can be a normal young man like Snoutlout."

"Dad," Snoutlout hissed. Hiccup didn't think he was trying to stick up for him; he was just probably trying to keep his dad from making embarrassing comments. He knew Snoutlout had a lot of pressure on him at home since he was his only son. He was probably used to his dad's rants, just not with other people around to hear.

"What? I'm just telling him he doesn't have to live like this. He can have a happier life." They pulled into the parking of the therapy place and Hiccup was ready to run. He knew his dad and uncle had been raised in a very strict household, but he never thought it was so bad that it would end up like this.

As he got out, he glared at his uncle, hands gripping his crutches painfully tight. "I didn't choose this and I wouldn't change for the world. You need to get your facts straight," he muttered. Before either of them could respond he was out and making his way dangerously fast to the automatic doors. Never again. He walked into the waiting room and hurried to the desk. "Hiccup Haddock, here for leg therapy," he said tightly. I will never ride with them again.

"Your doctor will be out here short, please wait a few minutes." The woman behind the counter smiled and he just moved away, going to look at one of the inspirational pictures on the walls as he dropped his back pack into a chair.

Dr. Katherine came out just as Spitelout and Snoutlout walked in. "Hiccup, we'll be in a different room today, alright?" He followed her wordlessly, not even bothering to look at his uncle. "So today is the day huh? You get to try your leg out." She smiled brightly and motioned to a room. It was larger than the usual office they worked in, different sorts of equipment around. There was a spot where it looked like there were two hand rails for someone to hold onto when they walked. "Alright so to get started, why don't you change into your shorts and we'll get your leg ready."

He went to go change, while she got his prosthetic. When he came back out, she was grinning, the leg next to her along with the rest of what they would need. It looked like most prosthetics he had seen

around TV and the internet. He would probably make adjustments to it later so it was his own. "Guess who has a new leg to stand on?" He couldn't help but smile back and come over. "Okay, so first, you'll have to learn how to put it on. This model is a simple pin model, so it should be easy." He nodded and sat down across from her, watching as she grabbed a silicone-like cover with a pin sticking out the bottom. "This goes on your leg first."

She handed it to Hiccup and he glanced at it doubtfully. "And how does that happen?" Dr. Katherine took it back and grabbed the pin to turn the entire thing inside out. "Well, that was not what I was expecting."

"What you do," she said, "is take the bottom part and place it against the bottom of your leg. You have to make sure the pin is straight so it will fit the rest of the prosthetic." Hiccup watched as she pressed the inverted slip onto his leg, rolling it on slowly so it covered most of his bottom leg. It felt like he was wearing a strange sort of boot. "Now, we put on these socks to make sure the leg won't bump around and it will fit you correctly."

He watched as she pulled out white, stocking things that looked more like pockets than anything. "I'm guessing you put them over the cover?" She nodded and he tugged one over the pin, getting it caught once or twice before he slipped it on completely. "How many should I put on?"

Dr. Katherine looked at his prosthetic and then his leg, rubbing her chin. "Hmm, I think one more might be enough. If anything we put another one on and try again." So he slipped on another sock and moved his leg around, excitement running through his veins. Though it felt heavy and uncomfortable, he would have to get used to it. "You ready to put the leg on?" She asked also sounding like she was having fun. That's one of the reasons Hiccup liked Dr. Katherine, she was also so nice and happy when he was with her.

He held out his leg and she brought the prosthetic underneath it. "Now, you have to get the pin the hole at the bottom. When you hear the click, that means it's locked and you can walk without it falling off. And," she bent down and pointed to a golden button, "this is for safety. If your leg is ever, let's say, stuck on a train track and there's a speeding train coming towards you, you press this button and it unlocks you from the leg. You can then hobble off to safety."

Hiccup laughed. "I don't think I'll be going near train tracks any time soon." She winked and motioned for him to put his leg down into the top of the prosthetic. "So I just put my leg down and it'll lock on the pin?"

"That is correct. Just slide on in there and it should fit." He pushed down slightly and felt the grip of the fake leg around him. Hearing a small click they both smiled at each other. "Sounds like it fits like a glove, or a boot, whichever you prefer." He shifted his leg around and felt the heavy weight. After getting used to nothing there, now he had to get used to the weight once more. "You want to try and take a few steps?"

"Yes," he said. She helped him stand and immediately it was clear walking wasn't going to be easy. Pain shot through his leg and he

made a noise. She stopped and looked at him with worry. "I'm fine," he lied quickly. "Let's walk."

She pursed her lips for a moment. "Hiccup, you shouldn't force yourself." Her hand on his arm tightened and he brought his right leg forward, pushing his weight onto his left leg. He grunted and nearly collapsed into her arms. "Your nerves and bones need to get used to this. You can't just suddenly push everything like this."

"No, no," he muttered. "I can do this." I need to do this. He tried stepping again and the pain was almost unbearable, jaw clenching. Dr. Katherine pushed him back down so he was sitting. "I said I could walk," he almost shouted. I need to do this so I won't bother anymore people. "Just let me try again."

"I highly advise against that. Hiccup, this is going to take time," she explained slowly. "You need to come back and work on this a little at a time. Are you doing the exercises at home?"

"Yes."

Dr. Katherine put a hand on his knee and for a moment he was reminded of his mother. "Then I'll give you some new ones to try and you can work on those. We need to strengthen your leg before we do anything drastic. So let's take off the leg and get you those exercises. You can go home and try them. I also want you to take home the leg socks and slip to practice putting them on by yourself." He nodded but it was obvious he was angry. They stripped off the leg and he grabbed his crutches, glaring down at the floor as they went back to the waiting room.

Well the doctor went to go get the things for Hiccup, Spitelout stood. Snoutlout was still there as well. He was surprised either of them stayed. But he didn't want to ride with them so he quickly tried to think of something. "You guys can leave; my dad said he'll pick me up since the meeting ended earlier." I can walk over to the ice rink and talk to Jack since he's working.

"I never heard of that," Spitelout looked at him carefully. "He called you?"

"Yeah, just a few minutes ago. He'll be here in a few minutes so it's fine." He held his stare and finally the larger man glanced away.

"Alright then, come along Snoutlout," he ordered. They both gathered their things and left, not even bothering to check if Hiccup was lying. It was fine that they left; his backpack was in the waiting room anyways since he didn't trust their car. At least in the building they could be monitored if they tried slipping a bible camp pamphlet into his bag. He quickly put the silicone and socks into it and zipped it up.

Dr. Katherine came back and handed him sheets of paper. She noticed the room was empty and touched his shoulder. "Where did your family go? Aren't they giving you a ride?"

He smiled. "Yeah, just going to heat the car up. I'm going to go meet them outside so I'll see you next time." She nodded reluctantly and

watched as he headed for the doors, shoving the paper into his pocket. He raised his shoulders as he stepped outside, the cold air hitting him quickly. The ice rink was a park lot away and it was already dark outside. "Good job Hiccup," he muttered to himself, "just make things worse for yourself."

By the time he got to the ice rink his nose was running and he couldn't wipe it since his hands were holding him up. He walked through the doors and ignored the stares the few people in the building gave him. Jack was behind the rental counter, writing something down.

Hiccup hobbled over, finally wiping his nose when he got there. "Hey," he said quietly.

Jack seemed startled and dropped his pen. "Hiccup? What are you doing here? Don't you have therapy?" His blue eyes widened as he took in the younger teen's frustrated gaze and tight lips. "What happened? You look horrible."

"Nothing, I just didn't want to go home with my uncle." He looked around them and his eyes fell on the counter. "So I just came here," he sighed.

"Where's your dad then? The meetings don't let out this early usually." Jack tapped his fingers against the counter. "Please tell me your dad is coming to pick you up?" Hiccup stayed quiet and he groaned. "Please tell me someone is driving you home right now?" More silence and he gave a loud sigh, rubbing his eyes. "Hiccup, you seriously came to me just for a ride?"

No of course not! You're the only one I could think to talk to! If you can't drive me then I'll just walk home." Hiccup shrugged and their eyes met. "I just didn't want to deal with them right now. Things just didn't go well," he whispered. "I thought you would at least listen to me."

Jack glanced around and ran his fingers through his hair. "Look, I get off in an hour. Just go find somewhere to sit and I'll find you when I'm done." Hiccup nodded and moved away. He shook his head and closed his eyes. "I can't believe this," he muttered. Hiccup must have heard him because his shoulders dropped and his head hung, going to sit at one of the empty tables in the corner.

* * *

><p>There really wasn't that much of a job to do since there were only a few people left. When they all finally went home Jack cleaned up, sweeping a few pieces of trash left and putting the rentals back to be cleansed. He was finished and had his jacket on when he approached Hiccup, nudging his good leg with his foot. "Hey, come on."</p>

Hiccup followed him silently out to his car. They both got in and Jack didn't even touch the ignition, simply folding his arms across his chest. "Alright, so you want to tell me what happened?" He sounded slightly annoyed and Hiccup figures that would've happened.

"I'm sorry for bothering you," he mumbled, "it's just I'm really, I

don't know, angry right now." Jack waited for him to go on. "When my uncle picked me up he kept talking to me about going in for therapy to cure me. It was just pissing me off and he wouldn't stop." He clenched his hands in his lap and glared at nothing. "Then in therapy I tried to walk with my prosthetic but I—" He cut himself off, after a while he regained his voice. "But I just couldn't do it."

"So," Jack began, "you thought it would be a good idea to strand yourself with no ride and then come to me because you knew I would give you one?" Hiccup rolled his eyes, turning his head away.

"Hiccup, what if I had gotten off early? You would have been stuck here until someone came to get you and even then something could have happened."

"I'm not helpless Jack, I can fend for myself." He didn't want to look at Jack because he could already see his face in the reflection of the window. His peppered eyebrows were together in confusion and annoyance, mouth tilted down. Hiccup didn't like him frowning. It ruined his good looks. "Besides, I just thought you would be the one person who would just listen to me and agree."

"Well I don't agree. Frankly this was pretty stupid of you." Jack's words hit him hard and he almost lost his breath. "So you're upset and a little angry because things aren't going your way today. That doesn't mean you can just run away from them. Hiccup, you would be the one person I would think that would stand up to their problems and fight back. Not give up and run to me because you need comfort." I know I sound harsh but eventually he's going to have to realize this.

Now Hiccup faced him. "Right because going to the one you love for comfort is a sign of weakness. Thank you for pointing that out Jack, I'm so glad you could see that I'm really trying, alright? I am," his voice shook but he just glared. "I lost my mom and my foot. My dad is trying to take everything on when he can't. My brother is having a hard time adjusting. I want to walk so I can finally take care of myself and not have to worry others. I am trying my best to keep it together but truthfully," he closed his eyes, "I just feel like falling apart sometimes." And I thought you would be the one to piece me back together.

Jack took in his tired eyes; dark half moons from staying up all night stretching for his leg and studying to keep up in school. He could see the paint and charcoal stains on his fingers from drawing out his emotions he just couldn't show. There was pain in his features that only in his drawings could he express to the ones he loved. And it seemed he was skinnier than before, his cheeks slimmer and his body a stick. Has he always looked like this? This broken down and tired? "Hiccup," he called softly. The younger boy opened his eyes and Jack's fingers trailed over his cheeks till he was cupping his face with his palm. "Why don't you say anything then? Couldn't you just talk about this with someone? A-A therapist maybe?"

"How could I? My dad already has enough to worry about, Toothless wouldn't understand, I don't want force my problems on my friends, and I already bother you enough as is." He leaned into Jack's touch, feeling how cold his fingers were.

"You never bother me."

Hiccup looked at him and almost laughed. "Then what about tonight?"

The white haired teen opened his mouth but it took a while before he spoke. "I guess I'm just tired and I was a little irritated. But Hiccup, I swear, you never bother me at all. Let's just say that cleaning up a five year old's puke isn't the best thing to pick up a mood." Hiccup snorted and even gave a half smile. "So, do you want to talk about it at all? I'll drive and listen if you're willing to talk."

"You sure?"

"Yes, completely." Jack unfortunately had to take his hand back to start the car, pulling out of the parking lot and into the street. "So start talking," he commanded gently.

Hiccup leaned back into his seat. "I already told you that my uncle tried to get me to go to therapy to cure me of my homosexuality. My mom said my dad came from a strict family but I didn't they were this strict. I can give my dad credit for at least working on accepting me, but I know the rest of my family is probably going to shun me." He pressed his fingers to the window, drawing small patterns. "I'm going to be the outcast in my own family and it just sucks."

Jack nodded, rubbing his chin. "So he actually told you that there is a cure for being gay?"

"That would be the short version, yes." He gave a sort of smirk. "Not like I would want it though," he whispered. "They can keep their therapy, I'm happy the way I am."

The older teen nudged him. "Also doesn't help you have an incredibly hot boyfriend."

"I suppose that could also be a contributing factor," he laughed. His smile fell for a moment. "But after that in therapy when I put on the leg and tried to walk, it was just too painful. Dr. Katherine said that I would need to keep practicing but I just really want to walk."

"So you can make sure everyone isn't worrying about you as much." Jack pulled up to a stoplight. "But you shouldn't push these things Hiccup; you could seriously hurt yourself or something." He glanced at the brunette boy out of the corner of his eye. "You know none of us want that to happen."

"I know," he groaned. "But I'm sick of everyone worrying about me. I'm not all sickly and weak as everyone thinks and I just want to show them that I am able to stand on my own-in a sense." They both laughed lightly and he tilted his head so it rested against the window. "I hate worrying you guys." I feel like a nuisance that no one wants.

Jack moved over since they were still at the red light and kissed his cheek. "Well you're going to have to let us take care of you for a while longer." He grinned when Hiccup looked at him. "So can you just hold back on the macho manly I-can-stand-by-myself-thinking? Sometimes it's good to let others take care of you." I'll take care

of you._

Hiccup made a face, but it was light-hearted. "I don't want to though. Eventually you're going to get sick of me and I will be left on the streets fending for myself." Jack kissed his cheek again and pulled up when the light turned green. "I'll have to eat my other leg off to survive in this wilderness."

"You're not going to eat your other leg," Jack chuckled.

"I'm going to have to dance for strange men in order to make money."

"Not going to let _that_ happen."

"And then when I'm sleeping at night I'll have to use the rabid cats around me for warmth as they chew on my frail body."

Jack had to hold back his laughter as he tried to focus on driving. "Hiccup I swear no one is going to dump you on the streets." He gave a devious smile. "And the only one you'll be dancing for is me."

"Too bad I have two left feet-oh wait, I don't even have _one_." They both snorted and nudged each other.

"You feeling better than I suppose?" Jack was getting close to the younger boy's house so he slowed down. Hiccup hummed, content. "Good, I don't like seeing you upset." They sat in silence and without looking over, Jack held out his hand. Hiccup took it and they squeezed. "So next time you're upset, please don't strand yourself in a parking lot then show up at my work"

"Sorry about that. I could only think of you and I just sort of moved without thinking." They pulled up to his house and he let go of Jack's hand to unbuckle himself. "I should probably go tell my dad that I'm okay. I called him back at the ice rink and he sounded upset that I wasn't with my uncle. Knowing him he's probably freaking right now." He put one hand on the door handle when Jack caught his sleeve. "Yeah?"

"You better remember what we talked about. I'm serious." Their eyes met and Jack flattened his mouth. "I'm not worried about you Hiccup but if you get lost in another parking lot I'm going to have to put a leash on you."

Hiccup moved back into the car to kiss him softly. "I never knew you were into bondage," he whispered. Jack flushed and they kissed again. "I know. Everything was just snowballing and it finally got to me. I'm alright now."

Jack's hand was in his hair and brushing it from his face. "Okay. Wait, have you used the sketch book I got you?" Hiccup shook his head. "What? Why not?"

"I don't want to use it just yet. I want to make sure whatever I draw in it is my best work," he admitted. _That probably sounds really stupid._

"No, that will not do." _At least he's really thinking about my

gift._ "From now on, every time you get frustrated or sad, I want you to use the sketch book I got you. It doesn't have to be perfect, Hiccy, it's your sketch book. Draw whatever you feel if it'll help. Well, anything you draw is perfect so it shouldn't matter."

Hiccup smiled. "You're worrying me with all this overly protective boyfriend talk now." Jack narrowed his eyes and he sighed. "I get it. I'll use the sketch book." Jack kissed him hard and he was almost melting under his touch. "Okay, okay, if we don't stop I won't leave. Quit it." Jack pressed his lips to his forehead and laughed. "It's not funny, you know I won't leave and I still have homework to do."

"Should've thought of that before you stranded yourself at therapy," he sang. Hiccup grunted and he kissed him one last time. "I shall set you free now. Behave and please listen to what I said."

Hiccup gave him a sarcastic look and he shrugged. "I'll be alright Jack. I'll talk to you later."

As he walked away, Jack rolled down the windows frantically. "I love you," he screamed.

With his face red and his shoulders hunched, Hiccup turned back to the car. "I love you too," he called, though not as loud as Jack. "Now go home to your family," he added, "I'm sure they miss you."

Jack laughed and pulled the car away, hoping that Hiccup would at least feel better now that he had talked about everything. _It's nice that he actually relies on me. _He sat up a little straighter and smiled to himself. _That means he trusts me_! Tapping his fingers against the steering wheel, he hummed under his breath. _So now the real problem arises._ He raised his eyebrows to his own thoughts. _What to do for Valentine's day._

* * *

><p>So yeah its not good. I'm sorry and this is my last chapter before college. Ugh I don't wanna go tomorrow *cries* I just wanna be alone forever.

Kisses and unicorns

~Shi

42. Chapter 42

**Okay, ugh. I am so sorry for taking so long just ugh. I was having major writer's block and not to mention school is kicking my ass already. Bleh and this chapter is just a filler since the date is next (yay) but I can't... this chapter... blehg. **

* * *

><p>"Astrid, don't you think two teenage guys wearing matching sweaters is a little weird, even if they are dating?" Hiccup rubbed his eyes, pushing his sketch book away. He had been sketching, trying to think of what to do for Valentine's day. It was his time to shine,

since Jack had set the bar pretty high on their first date. He was on the phone with Astrid, trying to figure out what to do.<p>

"What? What about those sweaters that one lady tried to sell us? I'm just saying it would be cute and you guys can hold hands and be all romantic," she sang on the other end. "I bet Jack would like it."

Hiccup laughed. "Yeah after he goes blind from the sheer idiotic-ness of it all."

"Well," she said, "how many more days do you have to prepare yourself?"

"You make it sound like I'm going to war. We're going out this Saturday and I have a few ideas but they're all sort of stupid and meaningless compared to his grand gesture." He flipped through the sketch book and sighed, finding sketches of Jack and other miscellaneous things (but mainly Jack). "He made everything so perfect and here I am floundering around. Are you and Jamie going out for the holiday?"

She seemed to pause. "Yes," she said carefully, "we're going out to eat at a restaurant near his house with my parents for lunch."

"And how serious are you two?" When she didn't answer Hiccup whistled. "Very serious apparently."

"Oh please, it's not like we're going around saying we love each other like you and Jack do. That's all you guys ever do when we hang out. 'Oh Jack I love you.' and 'Hiccup I love you.' Make out fest." Astrid made a few crude kissing noises and Hiccup sighed. "You know it too. Seriously, cut down on the PDA before I vomit on you the next time we hang."

He closed the book and slid his leg off the bed. "I thought you wanted us to be together?"

"I do in a way," she laughed, "I just don't want you flaunting it in front of my face. I can only take so much." He smiled and played with the end of his shorts. "Alright well I need to go finish my homework that you should also be doing. So I'll see you tomorrow. Night."

"Night." He hung up and grabbed his crutches, standing. It was only seven thirty when he checked the clock, going out into the hall since he was bored of drawing. Toothless was shouting at his video games. He had been playing them a lot more since Val was gone; Hiccup thought it was just a way to get away from the world for a little while. It was fine as long as he got out once every now and then.

Stoick's office was cracked slightly and there was the soft glow of the computer coming from it. He knocked on the bottom of the door with his crutch. "Dad? You busy?"

Stoick closed his laptop immediately. "No come in," he said. Hiccup gave him a wary look and he motioned to the chair next to the desk. Hiccup sat down and leaned his crutches against the desk lightly. There was a ton of paperwork and files thrown on top of it and it

seemed like he was busier than he let off. "Is something wrong?" He asked, folding his hands on a stack of highlighted papers.

"No, just," he looked around the room, "thinking." Shifting in the seat, he finally glanced at his dad. There was still an air of awkwardness coming to ask his dad for help considering everything before the accident. It was like sitting in his office with him right there was just an illusion. "Hey, can I ask you something?"

The older man seemed to brighten, sitting up straight. "Yes, of course Hamish, anything." He was glad to have his son actually come to him for help. Usually he went to Val since they had similar interests, but now that she was gone, he was really the only one he could go to.

"Well, what did you do for your first date with Mom?" He asked quietly, voice seeming to fill the room. "You don't have to answer or anything but I was just wondering and allâ€œ|_ _Maybe if he tells me I can think of something to do for Jack._

Stoick looked taken aback for a moment, his jaw moving methodically but he didn't speak just yet. Instead he tapped his knuckles against the papers and looked at his son closely. "Could I possibly ask if this is for Jack?" Hiccup nodded slowly and he looked across the room as if there was someone standing there. "I see," he said absently. This was something he had been working on in the meetings with Retina, she had told him how to handle situations like this, but it still wasn't easy for him. All the things he was taught when he was younger were clashing with what he was learning now.

I shouldn't' have asked, it'll be painful for him to remember. "You don't have to answer, its fine Dad, I just wanted some advice." Hiccup went to stand but Stoick held a hand up, stopping him. He sat back down slowly, waiting.

"It's alright; I'm just-just getting used to this. Let me think for a moment." He scratched his beard and finally grunted, eyes catching Hiccup's. "Well, the first ever date I took your mother out to was to go see fireworks at the carnival in town. We sat together on the ferris wheel and watched the sky together." He was smiling, thinking back to the day. His heart clenched and the ring on his finger suddenly felt heavy. "Whenever a strong wind blew by she would cling to me since the seats would rock. It gave me the perfect chance to kiss her."

Hiccup covered his smile with his hand, trying to picture his dad and mom as young kids at the carnival, in love and laughing. "Too bad there isn't a carnival in town," he said. _There's really nothing in townâ€œ|_ "Did she enjoy it?" _Knowing Mom it was probably a fun time._

"Well, your mother cursed me for bringing her all the way to the top, but she kissed me goodnight and well, you saw what happened after that." He motioned to Hiccup and his wedding ring winked in the dim light. He still hadn't taken it off and he actually wore Val's around his neck. Hiccup could see the outline of the ring sometimes beneath his shirt. "The next date we went on she dragged me to a flea market to look at all the homemade jewelry where I bought her a necklace she was eyeing up. Needless to say arts and crafts aren't my favorite thing to do, but it was nice to see how happy she was."

"I wish there was something like that around here," Hiccup muttered.
"I've asked around and there isn't much going on this weekend." _Jack
is into conventions but there aren't any around town this time of
year. _

Stoick opened his laptop and opened the internet. "Well, let's see
what's going on Saturday, shall we?" Hiccup grabbed his crutches and
hurried to his dad's side, watching as he typed into the search
browser. "Ah, what about this?" He pointed the mouse at a small link
and they read through it. "Seems simple enough and I'm sure Jack will
enjoy it just as much as you." He felt a pulse of happiness at
helping his son, lips stretching into a smile he thought he had long
since lost.

"That's perfect," Hiccup said. "Is there anywhere you can find for
lunch too?"

He turned in his chair and crossed his arms, smirking. "I know just
the place."

* * *

><p>Jamie pushed Jack off his beanie bag for the second time as they
were playing video games. Emma snorted and commented something about
how Jack was losing. He grumbled and climbed back onto his seat,
mashing buttons angrily to no avail. "I wouldn't be losing if someone
wasn't cheating!" He shouted as the screen claimed he lost. "Agh," he
groaned, "Jamie you suck."</p>

"Sorry," he laughed. Jack's phone began to ring and he smirked. "And
the million dollar question," he announced, "is it Hiccup?" Jack
looked at his phone and stuck out his tongue, walking across the room
to answer. "And if you said 'yes' you are correct." He pretended like
he was handing out prizes and Emma had to hold back her
laughter.

"Can I play for Jack?" She sat down in his empty seat anyways,
grabbing the controller and pressing start before Jamie could even
agree. It took a few moments but Emma was beating Jamie, not even
breaking a sweat. They continued to play as Jack picked up, locking
himself in his bedroom to shut out the noise.

"Hiccup, what's up?" He paced around his room slowly, crossing his
free arm over his stomach. His room was relatively roomy, though the
floor was filled with laundry and scrapped costume parts. His staff
was thrown in the corner and other props were placed around randomly.
He needed to clean sometime soon but he always put it off.

"We're going out Saturday, right?" He asked, excitement in his
voice.

"That would be what we planned for, yes." Jack smiled. "Why? Do you
have another date I should worry about?" _I love hearing his voice
like this._

Hiccup scoffed. "As if," he muttered. "Anyways, can you be at my
house at seven thirty in the morning? You drive and I give
directions?"

He stopped pacing. "Seven thirty? That's way early, isn't it?"

"Please, I planned everything out and my dad even helped. Seven thirty just for me?" Something fell in the background of the phone and it sounded like the fluttering of pages as well. "Jack," he lowered his voice, "come on, it's my turn for the perfect date."

Jack bit his lip, practically falling to the floor at his sweet voice. His dad actually helped? This must mean a lot if his dad put in all that effort. During dinner Tooth would boast about how well Stoick was doing in the meetings since he joined. It was really exciting to hear about it. "Ugh, alright, you got me." Hiccup laughed in his victory and he chuckled along. "Seven thirty it is."

"Thank you! I promise you'll have fun."

"I never doubted you anyways," he sighed. "So I'll see you Saturday then?"

Someone was calling Hiccup in the distance. "Yes, Saturday." It sounded like he pulled the phone away but his voice was still clear. "I'm coming Toothless just wait a second." Jack smiled, rubbing his chin. "Sorry about that. So bye then."

"So bye."

Jack waited and Hiccup didn't hang up. "Soâ€| I love you," he said quietly.

"I love you too." Now Hiccup hung up and Jack slid his phone into his pocket. He's still shy about it but that just makes all the better._ He walked back out to Jamie and Emma. I love when he gets all flushed and embarrassed._ He must have had a dream-like look on his face because both of them turned and made a face.

Jamie glanced at him but quickly turned his attention back to the screen where Emma was killing his character. "Looks like someone was talking with their boyfriend," he pointed out. Jack kicked the controller out of his hand and it was evident Emma was going to beat him anyways. "No fair, Jack is a sore loser and can't take someone making fun of him." He scrambled to grab the controller but it was too late, Emma had won. "Jack you so owe me!" He groaned.

"I owe you nothing and stop making fun of me." Jack threw himself onto the couch. "You hurt my delicate feelings when you say such harsh things." He swooned dramatically and Emma laughed. "Don't you laugh either," he warned. She quieted, going over to sit on his stomach. "Now you're just being mean," he moaned.

She bounced up and down slightly. "Jack has a date," she sang, "Jack has a date with his boyfriend_!"

"So? I like going on dates with my boyfriend," he retorted weakly. "And he likes going on dates with me_."

"So where is he taking you?" Jamie tossed his controller away and flipped so he was lying on the beanie bag and could see the two siblings. "Did he tell you at all?"

Jack shook his head, shoving Emma off so she landed on the couch. "Nope, it's his turn to surprise me so I'm letting him do everything. Well, I'm driving but that's beside the point." He sat up and swung his legs so his feet were on the ground. "I know he's really excited about this and he even got his dad to help plan, so I know he's trying to make it perfect."

"Watch it Jack, you're romance is showing." Emma sang, earning and quick tickle until she screeched for him to stop.

"Why don't you go upstairs and help Mom with your costume instead of playing video games. You know she could use it." Tooth was working on their next costumes for the convention they were going to. Emma was going as some sort of fairy; Jack was probably just going to go in his Jack Frost costume, figuring it would be easier.

Emma stood and sighed. "You just want to get rid of me," she said with a glare.

"Is it working?" She smacked his leg and hurried upstairs, giggling under her breath.

Jamie watched Jack for a moment, folding his arms under his chin before speaking. "So, how far have you two gone might I ask?" Jack flushed, leaning back as if the question had forcefully pushed him. "What? It's just a simple question, no need to get offended."

Jack cleared his throat, giving a dark stare. "We haven't had sex if that's what you're getting at."

"Really?" Jamie pushed himself up so he was leaning on his elbows, but the beanie bag made it hard to do so. "I would have thought you guys were already that close."

He shook his head. "We are close, don't get me wrong. But this is Hiccup's first relationship and I figure it's way too soon for any of that since his accident. I want him to be comfortable before we do any of that so he'll actually be sure he wants to do it with me." Shrugging, he brought one leg up to rest his chin on.

"But with that one guy senior year, you didn't seem to care if you were actually sure-

"That was senior year," Jack snapped. It was a mistake. I should have known better then but now I've grown. "I know I was pretty stupid and rash but this time it's different. I actually want everything to work out with Hiccup," he added softly. "There's something special about this kid." Jamie nodded in silence, knowing that was a touchy subject with his friend. "So, what about you and Astrid? How are things going?"

He ran a hand through his brunette hair. "Fine, Saturday I'm going out for lunch with her parents and then taking her out to see fireworks later. Nothing major or anything." Jack opened his mouth but he already knew what he was going to ask. "And no, we haven't had sex. We agreed we'd talk about that way later. Have you guys talked about it?"

"Please, it's not like we need to have a sex talk. I'm not his dad."

We've discussed it slightly and agreed to take it slow." Jack stretched and yawned. "I'm happy with just being with him, there's nothing wrong with that." This time it isn't just about physical attraction. This time it's more than that.

"Ooh, look at Jack getting all emotional about a boy," Jamie sang. Jack threw a throw pillow at him and it missed about five feet. "Wow, how did you manage to impress Hiccup so much with such a weak body like that?" He grinned and Jack tried to throw the other pillow this time missing by six feet. "Yup, must be a miracle that boy is attracted to you."

"For your information, not all of us have to work out to feel like they can date someone just because she does, like, seven sports." Now Jamie threw one of the pillows and hit Jack square in the stomach. "Though I do see how it's paying off," he wheezed. "But I bet Astrid could still kick your ass no matter how much you work out."

"She could also kick your ass, don't forget that." Jamie jabbed a finger in his direction and grinned. "Better watch your back. She could have two reasons to kill you." Jack ticked his head in confusion. "If you hurt me or Hiccup, she will murder you in the blink of an eye. So watch yourself Jack, make sure to lock the door at night."

Jack frowned. "Your girlfriend is vicious."

"And that's why I like her."

"You like it rough—" He stopped when he got another pillow to the face. "Okay, okay, want to play some more video games? I'm sure I can beat you this time without you cheating." Going over to the beanie bags, he dropped down and grabbed the free controller. Jamie readjusted himself and they started. Not twenty minutes into the game did Jamie kick the white haired boy's controller away, causing him to lose. "I thought we weren't cheating?!" Jack shouted, tackling Jamie off the beanie bag.

"I never agreed to that!" He laughed loudly, trying to push him off.

"You're a horrible person!"

"You're a horrible human being!"

"You're a horrible organism!" Jack finally gave up and rolled back to his seat, grabbing his controller. "Jerk."

"Aw come on, cheer up," Jamie teased, "just think of your date this Saturday." And even as he fought the urge to flush, Jack smiled and crossed his arms. "Ah, the power of love," he sang. Jack turned red and even his ears changed color. "Wow, look at how flustered you get at just the thought of being with Hiccup."

"S-Shut up," he mumbled. They continued to play video games and Jack lost each time. Not because Jamie was cheating any more, but because Jack was too distracted by the thought of Hiccup. The power of love, he thought as he lost once more, damn...

* * *

><p>*Cries* I am so sorry. I promise the next chapter will be better (hopefully).

Kisses and unicorns

~Shi

43. Chapter 43

***cries* I finally got this done. It took forever and I'm sorry. But now it's Hiccup's turn for date night. **

* * *

><p>Hiccup was freshly showered and dressed by five a.m., he was adding the finishing touches to his outfit when he knocked over a clean canvas. The noise accidentally woke Toothless up apparently along with his scrambling around to get ready. The younger boy stood in his brother's doorway, rubbing one eye while he watched him with the other. When Hiccup finally noticed him, he stopped fumbling around with his sweater and turned to face him. "Hey bud, did I wake you up?"</p>

"Yeah," Toothless grumbled. His pajama shirt (dragon print) was wrinkled and even looked lopsided.

"Sorry about that." Hiccup winced apologetically. "You can go back to bed, I'll be quieter." Toothless wandered over to the bed and sat down, shaking out his tangled hair from his face. He really needed a haircut. "You can't sleep here though. I'm going out today, remember?"

The smaller boy blinked his almost illuminating green eyes. "With Jack, right?" Hiccup nodded, rummaging through a drawer until he pulled out a piece of paper. "So you and Jack kiss and stuff? Like at the hospital and the therapy place?"

Hiccup almost dropped the paper, his mouth opening slightly. "Uh, yeah. We do," he said cautiously. He realized they had never actually talked about his relationship with Jack. It was one thing that Stoick knew but an entirely different thing for Toothless to know. They had never brought it up before. They had kissed in front of the boy so it wasn't as if he didn't know about them. Eventually Hiccup figured he would ask about it, just in at a more appropriate time. "Listen Toothless, I know it's probably really weird for you. Two boys kissing and all that jazz."

Toothless snorted, catching the freckled teen off guard. He was expecting a different reaction to the conversation. "I never said it was weird and what does jazz have to do with anything? Is that, like, a thing you have to do?" Hiccup burst out laughing, shaking his head. "What? I don't get it! Is jazz really that funny?"

Hiccup finally caught his breath, limping over (without being clumsy due to using his crutches for so long) and ruffled Toothless' hair. "Nothing. I just thought you would have a lot of questions is all. So you're really okay with me and Jack?" He asked carefully.

"Yeah," he said calmly, "just don't kiss in front of me anymore. You two are gross." Hiccup smiled as the younger boy wrinkled his nose. "Seriously, get a room." He stood and went to the doorway, giving a glance over his shoulder. "And don't wake me up again or I'll make you play video games with me as torture for a whole day!"

To Toothless that was a real threat so Hiccup pretended to be mortified. "Yes, Sir." With a satisfied smirk, the boy shuffled back to his room, scratching his stomach as he did.

Hiccup chuckled to himself and went back to getting everything ready. His stomach kept flipping at the thought of taking Jack out on a date. It was absolutely astonishing to believe that after everything, they would still be together. Whenever he thought about it his body would tingle and his stomach would become an Olympic gymnast. There was no way to describe his happiness except for total bliss. His phone vibrated loudly and broke his concentration. He hurried to pick it up, almost throwing his tossing his phone by accident.

"Hello?"

"I hope you know that I am never waking up this early on a Saturday ever again." Jack's voice was slow and husky, proving he had just woken up. "You better have something great planned to make up for this," he yawned.

Hiccup bit his lip, trying to wonder why Jack sounded so sexy when he woke up. For him, he sounded like a horse choking a beach ball (he might have even looked like one for all he knew). Obviously Jack was a master at seducing, even at an early hour. "Sorry," he finally mumbled. "But you could have slept in another hour or so."

"Too late," Jack sighed, "I already heard your voice. Now I'm wide awake." The rustling of sheets could barely be heard over his voice. Which meant he had literally just woken up and grabbed his phone to call Hiccup. A surge of happiness shot through him. "Happy late Valentine's day," he whispered, "I love you." That total bliss seems to run at full speed and sock Hiccup in the gut forcefully. "Uh, Hiccy? You there?" He couldn't answer, his mouth filling with too many jumbled sentences. "Did you fall? Crap, Hiccup, answer me! Are you hurt?" He must have dropped his phone because it was silent aside from soft cursing in the background before his voice came back loud and clear. "Hiccup I'll call your dad-"

"No!" Hiccup finally snapped out of it. "No, sorry I was just distracted by something. Don't worry so much." Jack let out a sigh of relief. "I'm okay. Sorry, uhm, happy Valentine's day." He paused and lowered his voice, trying to see if he would be just as sexy as Jack. "I love you too." Okay, so it came out more as a mumble but at least it sounded somewhat sexy.

"Are you catching a cold? Your voice sounds funny." Okay, scratch that. He would stick with his normal voice from now on to save himself the embarrassment. So much for sexy. "If you're sick we don't need to go out today. Sitting at home watching movies and eating soup is good enough for me."

No! Hiccup thought. No it's not! It has to be perfect. No, I'm fine. I just swallowed my spit weird." He rubbed his eyes. Great way to sound like a bigger idiot. "So anyways, be here at seven thirty?"

"Will do. See you then."

"See you then." He hung up and slipped his phone back into his pocket. Looking around his room and down to his clothes he pursed his lips. Alright, he planted his hands on his hips, everything is almost ready. With a small smile to congratulate himself he held his head up a little higher. This'll be perfect.

* * *

><p>"Dad don't worry." Hiccup said for what seemed like the hundredth time. "I'm going to be with Jack." Stoick as hovering over him, worry creasing his brow now matter what his son said. "We'll be within town and you know everywhere we're going." Hiccup bent down to tie his shoe, fully aware he was being watched with every movement.<p>

Stoick stepped back, trying to put a little distance between them. "You'll have your cell phone on the whole time, correct?" Hiccup nodded but not without his signature eye roll. "And you'll at least text me when you get to each place?"

Hiccup stood and gave a tired glance to his dad. "How come I don't have all these rules when I go out with Astrid?" He grabbed his bag and slung it on his one shoulder, trying to balance on his crutches. "You're never this crazy then."

"That's because I know neither of you are driving anywhere and are staying within walking distance." The large man explained holding himself back from trying to help Hiccup walk towards the front door. "I understand you'll be with Jack but I offered to drive you two around for the day many times."

"I know and I appreciate it Dad, but it's not going to be much of a date with you spying on us the whole time." He felt bad when he watched Stoick's face turn a light shade of pink. "But thank you for helping me. I understand how hard this is for you and I want you to know that I'm proud of you for, you know, everything." He shrugged, not wanting the moment to get emotional. It seemed Stoick wasn't on the same page. He started wiping his eyes and opened his arms to almost crush Hiccup in a hug. "O-Okay Dad, I get it, we love each other." His lungs were about to collapse. "I need air Dad, air!"

"I'm sorry," he laughed, "I just want you to know I love you too." They both nodded trying to think of something else to say. It was a sort of hilarious scene to watch them both jump at Hiccup's text tone. He pulled it out and Stoick gave a sort of smile.
"Jack?"

"Yeah, he's waiting outside." Stoick hugged him once more (a lot gentler) and he hobbled off to the door and out onto the porch. He almost tripped going down the steps from the weight of his bag and both Stoick and Jack stepped outside to hurry to his side. "I'm alright!" He groaned with embarrassment to have his dad and his boyfriend help him down the stairs. "Relax you two, I just stumbled a little. Not the end of the world." Though little did he realize that he was actually worth the world to the two of them. When he finally got to flat terrain he gave a wave to Stoick. Jack took his bag from

him and he argued, saying he could carry it.

"I'll take good care of him Mr. Haddock!" The older teen grinned, giving a thumbs up. "You can trust me."

And to their surprise, Stoick nodded. "I do."

Jack seemed to be proud to hear this, his chest swelling out and his head lifting a little higher. "Thank you Sir." Hiccup expected him to salute but he turned to him, touching his hand lightly. "Ready to go?"

"Ready when you are," he said simply. "Bye Dad, I'll call you later." They started off towards the car and he knew Stoick was still watching. His muscular arms crossed and his strong jaw set. When he was safely stowed away and buckled up, he looked at Jack and forced a small smile. "Sorry about that. He's really protective lately."

Jack just smirked, jerking his thumb to point at himself. "But, he did allow me to take you out today _and_ he even said he trusted me." His blue eyes seemed to sparkle when he spoke and Hiccup knew that meant he was truly proud of himself for getting Stoick's approval. "So which way am I heading for our mystery destination?"

"Go straight and I'll tell you when to turn." Hiccup actually bounced in his seat a little, excitement getting to him. Jack started the car and they pulled away, leaving Stoick on the porch. "I hope you like this place." He tapped his nails against the cold window as he mumbled. "I really didn't know what could top your date-turn here-and I got a little worried."

"Hiccy, we're not going on dates to see who's the better boyfriend," he paused, "although we really all know it's me." He got a glare and he laughed. "Sorry, but don't worry about it being perfect. I'd have fun no matter what we did. Hell, I'd even love just sitting around and not getting up at seven thirty." Hiccup smacked his arm lightly and told him to turn right at the stop. "Let's just enjoy the date and not worry about anything today. You have my minimal and easily distracted attention."

"Make a left up here," Hiccup said. They were already almost there and he was starting to fidget in his seat, pulling at his seatbelt. "Pull in by this building and park anywhere."

Jack followed the instructions but raised an eyebrow. The town community center?" He pulled into a free parking space. "Please tell me we aren't playing bingo? I suck at that game." When he got out he rushed to Hiccup's side and helped him get out, though he protested. "Okay, so what are we really doing here?"

Hiccup went to grab his bag but Jack got to it first and hurried to slide the one strap across his chest. "Jack," he sighed but didn't argue. "Okay so my dad looked up events happening in town and it turns out the community center is holding a gallery viewing for artists from around the state and in town." They made their way to the entrance and Jack had one hand pressed into Hiccup's lower back for safety. But the way he moved his fingers told Hiccup that was only a cover.

"I didn't know the town did this." Jack held open the door for him and immediately after his hand was right back where it was. "You should put your art into it! I bet people would love it!" Hiccup shook his head as they followed the signs to the gym where it was being held. "What? Why not? Your art is amazing!"

He bit his lip and his eyes fell away. "I just don't think my work is considered proper art. They're just things I do when I'm bored or upset." They were at the entrance of the community gym, a makeshift art gallery for the day. "I've never even thought of sharing my work with others outside my family and Astrid." Jack's hand on his back twitched. "That was before I met you," he added softly. "I showed you all my work, remember? Some I haven't even shown the others."

Jack kept back a self-satisfied smile and tried to frown down at the boy. "But your art is amazing Hiccup. I've never seen anything like it before." He lowered his head so Hiccup could only look at him. "I'm not the most educated person on art, but I know if the artist puts in as much emotion as you do then their art is going to be beautiful. And that's why your art is so lovely Hiccup, you put in more emotion than anyone I've ever seen." He smiled gently and kissed his forehead. "Now let's go see some of these amateurs."

"Jack," Hiccup hissed, "keep it down. A lot of the artists are here today and I'd rather not have them get angry because you're calling them amateurs." He frowned and Jack kissed his temple again.

"Well they are compared to you," he laughed.

"Quit it." So he might have been acting as if his art wasn't good but he couldn't help but feel warm when Jack started complimenting him. His body felt lighter as they moved into the gym, seeing the white walls put up and the art work hung. There were even a few sculptures placed around. "Wow," he whistled, "sure is different when they clean this place up."

"You've been here before?" Jack stayed close to Hiccup, making sure to give anyone a glare if they even walked past them funny.

"Back when I was little and my dad tried to get me into sports. He signed me up for basketball camp during the summer where a bunch of us sweaty little boys fought over a ball and ended up crying half the time." He narrowed his eyes at the memories of being shoved into the floor.

"Sounds like a really bad porno idea." Hiccup quickly slapped him in the chest and he bit down on his lip to keep from smiling. "Sorry," he murmured. They both knew he wasn't sorry at all. "So this is the amazing artwork of the town." Wandering over to a painting, he read the small name card next to it. "Forever lost?" He read aloud. Stepping back he tried to figure out what the painting was. "Is it an elephant? Please tell me that's an elephant."

Hiccup shook his head. "I don't think it is." It looked like a grey blob with two large eyes on either side of it. Neither of them could tell what it was. "Must be an abstract piece," he said.

"Hopefully it's not a self portrait," Jack muttered under his breath. "You could do some much better than this." The brunette teen gave him

a look and he simply walked on to the next painting. "_Mother in red_," he announced from the name card. "Well at least this one is obviously a mother in red." The painting was of a woman, dressed in scarlet and holding a child in a field of flowers.

"You never know, could be someone trying to steal that baby." Hiccup smiled at Jack choked on his laughter. It was pretty quiet in the gym and a lot of the noises echoed so they had to keep quiet. The blue eyed boy covered his mouth to keep from making a racket. They moved on but with every picture one of them made a comment about it and suddenly it was a struggle to keep from laughing. Jack actually had to bend over once because his sides hurt. "Should I stop?"

He shook his head, regaining his breath. "No, it's alright." An older woman passed by and glared at them before going on her way. They snickered to each other and Jack slipped his arm around Hiccup's neck gently, kissing the top of his head. "I guess we shouldn't be making fun of other peoples' art while they're around us," he muttered into his hair.

"Yeah, I guess so." They continued through the maze of paintings, photographs, sculptures, and even one mosaic piece. By the time they were finished Hiccup's arms ached and Jack seemed just as tired. It was actually close to lunch when they finally got to the exit. "So next is lunch." Hiccup grinned and actually managed to get ahead of Jack, only to be stopped by the doors to get out to the parking lot. There he sheepishly waited for Jack to hold them open while he scrambled to get outside and to the car.

Jack trailed behind and smiled warmly at the sight of Hiccup actually being excited. His brown hair shifting in the cold wind, his shoulders bouncing with laughter, the little hop in his run/stumble. Somehow everything about the picture he was seeing, took his breath away. He stopped walking and grabbed his necklace, glancing down from the snowflake and up to Hiccup. I can'tâ€¢! His mouth opened slightly. I can't believe this. Everything. He could feel his heart pounding. All of him.

"Jack?" Hiccup called, grabbing his attention. "Are you okay?"

"Y-Yeah, sorry," he replied hesitantly. Doing a sort of jog, he tucked his necklace back under his shirt. "I was spacing out, sorry about that." He pulled out his keys and unlocked the car, sliding in and making sure Hiccup was seated before starting the engine.
"Alrighty, now for lunch. And where have you planned our lovely noon meal to be at might I ask?" He said smoothly, leaning across the seat so he could almost kiss him if he tried.

Instead, he got a hand in his face, pushing him away. "Nice try but for now I'm only giving directions."

"So close," Jack muttered playfully, pulling out of the parking lot, "oh so very close."

* * *

><p>"Pull up right here." Hiccup pointed to the empty parking space near a shop. All the buildings were small and looked like they needed a cleaning, but there was something quaint about it.</p>

Jack pulled into the parking space and looked at the shop.

"_Gobber's_? Well that is a very interesting name. Is it like a Berk version of a McDonalds or something?" They got out and went to the door. He eyed the rusty and aged door handle. "Are you sure this is the right place?" _It looks more like a horror movie plot than a lunch stop._

Hiccup gave him a dry look and waited for him to open the door. He got inside and breathed in deeply, smelling old books and fresh food. It had been a long time since he came to _Gobber's_. _I can't remember the last time I got to run around in here or read one of the books. _Approaching the counter, he tapped the large bell hanging from the ceiling. A large man came out from behind a door, wiping his good hand on his apron. "Ah, Hiccup," he laughed, "I see you made it alright." Jack came up slowly, standing behind Hiccup for protection. "And this must be Jack, quite the looker." Hiccup looked away, embarrassed.

"H-Hello Sir." Jack looked around, finding shelves over flowing with old books and old looking objects scattered around the store. Small round tables were set up every so often and there was very little lighting about the place. Pretty much the basis for whole entire store was old and dark. _And the horror movie keeps rolling forward._ "Might I ask what this shop is for exactly?"

"This is an antique and book store mixed with a little cafÃ© feel," the man explained. He smacked his good hand on the counter and lifted the other one to show it had a prosthetic. "I've been a friend of Stoick's since we were little boys. He called me and asked if I could set you two up for lunch for the day." He grinned, flashing the very little teeth he had. "I've got everything set so all you need to do is sit back and enjoy my amazing cooking."

"Thanks Gobber," Hiccup said. "Where should we sit?"

Gobber hurried from behind the counter, motioning for them to follow. He was balding on top and had a very long, messy mustache that was partially braided. Jack took a moment to notice that, he too, had a prosthetic leg. "I've a special room made up all for you guys." He pushed past a rocking chair, almost knocking down the stuffed owl that sat on it. "Put my own personal touch," he continued. They were towards the back of the store when he pushed some deep violet curtains aside to reveal a doorway.

Inside it was draped with sheer fabrics, all different shades of red. The walls were lined with old books and there were no chairs or tables, only large pillows and blankets thrown onto the floor. Hiccup brightened and turned to Jack who grinned back at him. "Thank you so much Gobber, I hope this didn't take up a lot of your time." He was practically ready to dive into the room. It had been years since he'd been in it. So much had changed. _He really made it different from what I remember._

"Please, throwing a few pillows onto the floor and calling it home decor is not hard work. Now I've got to go check on your lunch." He started to walk off but stopped, pointing a finger at them cautiously. "Remember curtains aren't like doors. I better not walk in on something." Hiccup flushed and looked horrified as he laughed. "I'm just kidding. I trust you Hiccup. Now go, have fun." He started

limping to the front of the store, singing under his breath.

"Your dad sure does make some strange friends," Jack laughed. And I thought my family was eccentric. "Why don't you leave your crutches out here since I'm pretty sure you'd have a hard time navigating around in pillows?" Slipping his arm around Hiccup's waist, he grabbed the crutches and leaned them against the wall. "Okay," he said, "ready?" Hiccup nodded and they both did a small hop into the pillows, collapsing immediately into the cloud-like floor.

They laughed and held each other, burying themselves deeper into the blankets. "I didn't think we'd be spending lunch like this," the smaller male sighed. This sort of feels like a dream. Jack brushed his hair gently, catching his eye. "I hope you don't mind eating on the floor."

"Are you kidding?" Jack sat up and moved some pillows around so he could lean against one of the book shelves. "This is amazing!" I could never think of something this special. He pulled Hiccup next to him and curled his arm around his waist once again, bringing him close. "This makes my date look really cheap and lame. I mean, this store is kind of creepy but it's still awesome." Pressing his lips to Hiccup's forehead he sighed out of his nose. "I really love today." I really love you.

Hiccup fidgeted. "Well don't say it's over just yet. I have one more thing after this." Jack raised an eyebrow and he shrugged. "We're having dinner at my house and I have something after that I wanted to give you. Something special." The way he said it sounded strange and Jack started to blush, his ears turning pink. The freckled teen noticed and was quick to correct him. "N-Not like that stupid," he muttered. Was he hoping it was like that? After a pause he played with one of the frayed edges of a blanket. "Were you actually expecting, you know, that?" Because I sure wasn't.

Jack kissed him gently. "No. I'm not going to force you, remember we talked about this." Hiccup nodded but Jack knew he was still hung up about it. "Alright," he sighed, "you want to talk about it again?" I should come clean. I know keeping everything from him only gets him nervous.

He glanced at him warily. "Talk about it how?"

"I'll tell you whatever you want to know, no lying or skirting around it." The white haired teen held up a hand. "I swear." We should be honest.

"Okay." Hiccup bit his lip in thought and cleared his throat. "W-When did you first do it? And with who?" We shouldn't be talking about this on our date butâ€¦ but I should at least know right? I'm not jealousâ€¦ just curious really.

Jack tilted his back and looked to where all the curtains connected on the ceiling. "I was a little flirt in junior high and high school, but it was senior year and I had really just given up. I was never good with school and I decided since it was my last year I was just going to party. It was with some guy I had met at a house party and we agreed it would only be casual. His name was, like, Craig or something, I don't really remember. But whenever one of us got bored we'd call each other up and get together." Hiccup stiffened and

tightened his grip around his waist. "Jamie set me straight. I wouldn't have made it if he hadn't dragged my ass across that graduation stage. I owe him a lot for that." _Who knows what would have happened without him._

I'm not mad. He kept his eyes on his hands that lay on his lap. _I can't really be mad. This was before he met me. I didn't know that Jack. I only know the Jack I have next to me now. _So it was with just that guy?" Hiccup's voice was soft and it pained Jack.

"Well, him and about two others. There was nothing there. We were only around to relieve each other's boredom," he explained. "But understand now that I'm changed. I've promised myself and Jamie that I wouldn't act like I did. I said that I would wait for someone that I trusted and loved." He bent his head so their foreheads bumped. "And now that I have you I'm happy. There's no rush. There's no pressure. Hiccy, I'll wait." _If I could erase my senior year, I would. All I can do is move forward now._

"But for how long?" He asked. Shifting, he sat up a little higher. "I don't mean to sound whiny or anything like that; I'm just trying to be rational here." _There are many things that go into this. I'm just trying to make it simple for me to understand._ Jack nodded for him to go on and ran a hand through his hair. "I really do want to," he choked, "have sex with you. I just-I just don't know where to begin."

Jack put his free hand on top of Hiccup's, squeezing. "How about we make an agreement. We'll wait a little while longer okay. You're fifteen now and I was thinking when you turn sixteen we can really decided when you want to do this. So that way, you have a lot more time to choose." They sat looking at each other.

"You're too good to be true," Hiccup finally said. Jack grinned and he laughed, shaking his head. "I swear you're like something out of a fairytale." _A perfect prince charming like Astrid had said_.

"A very gay one, yes." They kissed and he practically pulled the younger boy on top of him.

There was a loud cough and Hiccup scrambled to push himself off and back to where he was sitting, moving his hair from his now burning face. Gobber looked at them closely and put the tray he was holding down on their laps. "I warned you about the curtains," he said, holding a finger up in the air. Jack couldn't look him in the eye, pursing his lips. "I'll be back so you better watch yourselves." He backed away, eyes on them both before he finally disappeared.

Both of them started laughing, shaking their heads before finally looking down at the food. There were two bowls of soup and sandwiches handmade to perfection. Hiccup grabbed a spoon and brought some of the soup up to Jack's lips, smiling. "Your uncle may be a baker but Gobber is one of the best cooks around."

Jack savored the taste and closed his eyes moaning. "Once again Hiccy you are right. Give me more." He opened his mouth but no soup ever came. When he looked at Hiccup he found he was already eating, spoon sticking out from his lips. "Really? I thought we were going to feed each other or something romantic." _Not that it matters. Being here is just fine._

Hiccup scoffed. "As if. You'd take forever. I can feed myself faster." Jack took his own bowl and pouted, shoveling a spoonful of wonder into his mouth. "Don't get all puppy eyed." He nudged the older boy with his elbow. "How about when he brings in dessert, then and only then will I let you feed me."

"The real question is," Jack smirked, "will you feed me?"

With a small smile the green eyed teen shrugged. "Possibly, if you behave." Jack frowned and he laughed, continuing to eat. "Just enjoy the food for now and don't get upset because you have to do physical movement." So they ate and chatted about school and their families, the simple things. Once they finished their food and pushed the tray away, they moved closer, arms encircling each other. "So do you really like this date so far? It's not boring or lame?" I'd hate to just have the day wasted by him disliking everything.

Jack nuzzled him, moving so they were lying down. "Would you relax, this day has been perfect and everything is just amazing. All because you planned it like that." Hiccup rolled his eyes and he kissed his nose. You put in a lot of thought and that's what counts. "It's been a great day so far and I bet later will be just as fun. Stop worrying over nothing you dork."

"You're the dork, idiot." They started jabbing and tickling one another. Hiccup was screeching for him to stop when Gobber came back, snickering at the two of them. "Oh, hey Gobber. Thanks for lunch, it was really amazing." He sat up and couldn't help feel his mouth water as the large man put down a tray of brownies and small cookies.

"You two just enjoy yourselves," he reminded. Taking the empty tray he gave a nod and went back to his spot at the front of the store where a few costumers had wandered in. They were all crammed at the tables or wandering the store while the two of them were perched happily in a mound of pillows, a tray of fresh food in front of them.

Hiccup grabbed a brownie and broke off a small piece. "So they may not be as good as your uncle's but they're still pretty amazing." He pressed the brownie to Jack's lips and waited for him to take it, watching his reaction closely. "So? What do you think?"

"I think," Jack began, "that these are some pretty awesome brownies." He opened his mouth and this time Hiccup complied, feeding him pieces of brownies and cookies. They switched off every now and then and Jack would feed him, brushing the crumbs off his lips carefully. "Can I say something really cheesy, please, I've been wanting to for a while now."

"Ugh, alright fine." Hiccup covered his grin with his hand and looked at Jack expectantly.

He cleared his throat and sat up a little taller, trying to give his best seductive gaze. Reaching out, he curled a finger under Hiccup's chin and lifted his face like they did in all those dramatic romance movies. "We've been eating this dessert for a while, but there's something much sweeter I want to try tasting." He kissed Hiccup but it didn't last long because soon after they were both laughing, covering their faces with their hands. "I'm sorry," he wheezed, "I

just really wanted to try that."

"You're an embarrassment to all suave men out there." Hiccup wiped his eyes with the back of his hand. I love you, idiot. "I swear if you ever use a line like that in real life I might actually have to slap you." Jack kissed him again and he simply molded against him. When they broke apart, he looked up at him. "Don't think this means that your stupid line actually worked." Although it might have something to do with it.

"So this is just a benefit of dating you?" Jack kissed his neck and collar bone, loving the small noises he got in return. Damn Hiccup, I love you. "I don't think I mind."

Hiccup muttered a comeback but it was halfhearted and neither of them felt like talking anymore. Instead they held each other, tasting the brownie on their lips with each kiss. Hiccup moved his hands, unsure where to put them since he was pressed against Jack. The older teen helped him by holding his hand, intertwining their fingers and just leaving it like that.

* * *

><p>After wrestling themselves out of the pillows and thanking Gobber a few times they headed to Hiccup's. There they ate dinner with Stoick and Toothless (Chinese takeout) and had some friendly dinner conversation. It was actually amazing for Hiccup to be sitting next to Jack and not feel like he was being scrutinized by his father. Stoick was actually very kind and talked to Jack about all sorts of things and Hiccup could feel something stir in his chest.</p>

"Well thank you for the takeout Mr. Haddock, it was great." Jack wiped his mouth a napkin and turned to Hiccup. "Alright so what's this surprise you had for me?"

Hiccup swallowed a smile and looked at his dad. "You have everything right?" He asked and Stoick nodded, actually grinning. "Alright, then come on upstairs." He stood and tugged at Jack's sleeve.

Toothless was laughing, covering his mouth with both hands as he watched them leave. Jack looked at Hiccup closely as they went up the steps. "Is everyone in on this but me?" Now I really have to find out what this surprise is. He put his hands on his hips, frowning slightly. Hiccup ignored him and smacked his legs for him to keep moving towards his room. "Ow, you are a feisty little guy with those."

"Shut up and sit down," Hiccup said. Jack took a seat on the edge of the bed, looking around for something suspicious. "Alright now stay here and do not leave no matter what." He went to the door, halfway out in the hallway. "Okay?"

Jack raised his hand slowly. "What if a serial killer comes in here? Would that give me a reason to leave?"

Hiccup gave him a stern gaze. "I would murder anyone before that would happen. Now stay put." He left and closed the door.

Now the older teen was alone. He'd probably murder someone with those crutches. He leaned back, his hand knocking against something.

It was Hiccup's sketch book he had thrown on his bed before he had left. Picking it up, he riffled through the pages, finding he had actually used it a lot more than Jack thought he would. They were mainly sketches of Val doing various every day things. She was vacuuming. She was laughing. She was hugging Toothless. She was alive. _He really does miss her._ He flipped to the middle where he had written his message and it was still there, surrounded with drawings of Jack himself. He brushed a finger along sides of the pages, smiling warmly. _And to think I couldn't love him more._

He put the book down on Hiccup's dresser and waited for another few minutes, propping his chin on his hands. A soft knock came and Hiccup called his name. "Yeah, still here. Not dead. Don't worry." He stood, staying near the bed, unsure what to do. _He said no to move though._

"Just stay where you are okay, you can't move." Hiccup said through the door. "Promise you won't move."

"Alright Hiccup, yes I promise. Now what in the world are you up to?" The door cracked open a bit and Hiccup's head popped in, eyes on the floor. "Why can't I move? Are you—" With the door fully open, Hiccup stepped in without his crutches, a shaky smile on his lips. He was standing there on his own, prosthetic on and his hands swinging at his side. "Oh, Hiccup," Jack murmured. _Oh wow. He's actually! it's on! He's!_

He was about to move forward but Hiccup held up a hand. "No, wait," he said softly. With a few tentative steps, Hiccup was making his way to Jack. Every so often his face would pinch with pain but it was nothing he couldn't handle. After days of practicing he had finally been cleared to walk on his own. Now he was in front of Jack collapsing into his arms and hugging him tightly. "I know it's not much of a present but you're the first person to know aside from my family and doctor," he whispered.

"No, Hiccup, no this is the best present ever." Jack kissed his face over and over. _Nothing could probably make me happier right now._ "Is that what you were being all secretive about? Really?" Hiccup laughed and nodded. "Does it hurt at all?"

"Not so much anymore. Eventually once I get used to it should go away. My Dad wants to get a lighter weight model made so it's easier for me to maneuver." He shrugged and Jack pulled him so they were on the bed, legs (and prosthetic) entangling in the sheets. "I can finally walk on my own again."

Jack cupped his face and kissed him. "That's great Hiccup, really, it is. I'm proud of you." He laughed, bumping their noses together. "Thank you for letting me be the first to see it outside your family." The younger boy shrugged and he frowned. "Isn't Astrid going to be angry?"

"She'll understand," he said simply. With another kiss he smiled. "Happy Valentine's day."

"Happy Valentine's day." Jack held him close and breathed in his scent. "I love you Hiccup." He meant every word so much that his chest ached.

Hiccup could feel their heartbeats together and he looked at Jack, skin setting on fire. "I love you too Jack." His hands snaked around the older teen's body so his fingers could tangle themselves in the back of his shirt. Jack held him as if he was something precious, one hand on his lower back and the other holding his head. No one else could hold him like that and say the words they were saying. No one else could make Hiccup feel this way. "Thank you," he whispered.

Jack kissed his forehead. "For what?"

He couldn't seem to find the right words. There were too many things to say. _For being my friend. For loving me when I thought no one could. For being there when it was too dark to see. For being you. For being the guy I love._ So instead he just smiled and kissed Jack, whispering against his lips. "For everything."

* * *

><p>So there will probably be about two or three more chapters before this fanfic comes to an end... I just need to decide on an end. So yeah. Woo date night.

**Why does a fictional teen have a better social life than me. I haven't left the house the whole weekend and he gets a hot boy friend *cries* it's not fair damn it. **

Kisses and unicorns

~Shi

44. Chapter 44

**Oh my sweet jesus this took _forever_ and it sucks and I am _so_ sorry for everything *cries under blanket* ugh college is so stressful and I just *sobs* But here I tried but did not succeed.
**

* * *

><p>After a few weeks the talk about Hiccup's leg died down and it was like before. He went to class, got bored, and hung out with friends. Nothing had really changed for him. His new lighter prosthetic was in the making and with that he would be able to move around a lot more easily. Sure he could walk and do a sort of limp-run, but stairs were still a bit of a challenge with his normal prosthetic, though he was getting used to it. It helped that Astrid was always by his side, insulting him as if she were a football coach. Her motivation was a very different take on friendship.<p>

"I'm just saying, if you really needed to, you could use it as a weapon when you're in danger." She pointed her fork at him as they sat during lunch. "Like, just club the person with it and run."

"How can I run if I don't have my foot on?" Hiccup pushed his gray meat around his plate, not wanting to test the boundaries of the human taste pallet. _Life may change but the food here certainly does not._ Astrid shrugged and he raised an eyebrow. "Well then there's no

point in taking it off to fight. I'd probably fall over before even swinging at the guy." The group laughed and Tuffnut almost spat out his water on his sister.

Ruffnut shoved her brother and it took off from there, both of them pushing each other. Astrid was trying to stop them when someone approached slowly. Everything went silent, all eyes on Snoutlout who stood at the end of the table, tray with half-eaten food in his hands. He looked nervous, pinching his lips together as he tried to keep his gaze on Hiccup and not the menacing stares he was getting from everyone else. "Uh, hey Hiccup."

_And here we go. _Hiccup looked at his cousin closely. "Hey."

"I was, uh, wondering if there's any room for me to sit." Tuffnut made a snarling noise and he seemed to back away slightly.

"What? Did your followers finally get sick of your attitude like the rest of the world?" Astrid folded her arms on top of the table. "And why should we let you sit with us after what you did to Hiccup?" Fishlegs nodded, seeming to turn to Sophie in a protective manner. "In case you haven't noticed, we don't allow assholes to sit with us."

Now the older teen frowned and gripped his tray so his knuckles turned white. "I know I've been an asshole but I came here to say I'm sorry." He looked deeply uncomfortable as he spoke, shifting from one foot to the other. "I justâ€œ I don't know. My dad was an asshole as well and I figured out that it wasn't cool of him to say what he did." Looking Hiccup straight in the eyes, he spoke as calmly as he could. "I'm sorry for everything. Soâ€œ can I sit with you guys?"

Everyone turned to look at the brown haired boy, waiting for a response. He looked like a deer in the headlights, gaping as he glanced at Snoutlout. Things are taking an interesting turn, that's for sure. "I—" He sighed slowly and smiled. "Sure Snoutlout, grab a seat." Tuffnut made a noise of annoyance but he just nudged him. "I'm trying to make things better, at least try and patch things up?" Another grunt and he smiled. "Do it for Monty?"

"You just had to play that card, didn't you?" Tuffnut muttered. Snoutlout sat next to Astrid (a good foot away mind you) and looked at Tuffnut as if he was waiting for something. "Soâ€œ!"

"I'm sorry for all the things I said, even when I didn't know you were, uh, like Hiccup." The dark haired boy dropped his gaze to the table. "I was a major ass jerk and I sort of didn't realize it until now." Tuffnut remained quiet and the sounds of the lunch room around them was deafening. "I know you probably want to beat the shit out of meâ€œ! again. That's cool."

Sophie looked as if she was watching a movie unfold before her; the book she was reading lay untouched. Even Fishlegs was entranced with their interactions and chose to watch. Finally Tuffnut took a sip of his drink, watching the other teen over the edge of his bottle. He wiped his mouth and slammed it against the table. "Don't give me a reason to and I think we'll be fine."

Snoutlout gave a small smile which he was quick to drop. "Thanksâ€œ!"

He coughed and lunched resumed.

"So guys," Hiccup decided the silence was killing him. "This Saturday Jack's mom is helping the LGBT group throw a huge dance for all the families and she wanted to know if any of you guys were interested in coming? It's pretty informal since it's going to be at the community center and it would mean a lot to have you guys there."

Astrid nodded. "Jamie already invited me and I said I would go since he was afraid all the guys would hit on him. Apparently that happened one year." She laughed a little and Sophie joined in.

"It's true; you should have seen his face." She tucked some blonde hair behind her ear. "Me and Fishlegs are going already, I promised my mom." With a shy look to the twins, she smiled. "You guys should come as well, I'm sure Monty would have a great time."

Tuffnut frowned. "Everyone is using Monty against me, what is this?" Ruffnut laughed and he smacked her arm. "Shut up, at least I can get a date."

"Why don't you shut up? I don't want to date." She stuck out her tongue and the table laughed collectively, even Snoutlout managed a small grin. "Boys are just stupid and get in the way." She made a muscle with her arm which was actually very impressive. "How can you kill your enemies if you're making out with a boy?"

"Words of wisdom." Astrid raised her drink.

Hiccup snorted. "Snoutlout, you should come too, I think it would cool if you could."

For a moment he looked excited to be invited to something but he stopped himself. "My dadâ€!"

"Well," Hiccup shrugged, "it's not like you have to tell him." The bell rang and he stood, grabbing his food to throw away. "I'm not saying you have to go, who knows maybe it'll fun for all of us?" Snoutlout looked down at his tray. "Just text me if you change your mind, alright?" He nodded almost like a child getting scolded. "See you around."

As he was making his way out Astrid punched his shoulder lightly. "What was that all about? I've never seen anything like that. Do you think he has a head injury or something?" Hiccup shrugged and she scratched her cheek. "Well, if he tries anything I'll murder him."

"I'm sure you will but I don't think he's going to do anything now. I don't know, he seems sincere about what he said." Something changed in his eyes. He took his time going up the stairs, people going around them to get up faster. Such patient children, high school students are. "Well, we'll just have to see what his real intentions are and go from there."

"I have my battle ax ready."

Hiccup smirked. "As always."

* * *

><p>"Now where are my grandchildren? I must see them immediately!" Old Wrinkly came marching into the kitchen, throwing his hands up in the air. "I've been waiting to see you since forever! I'm old kids; you must remind me constantly who you are! Now come here" Toothless hopped off his stool and ran to the old man, hugging him tightly. "Now this handsome young must be Hiccup, right?" Toothless laughed and he pat his head. "It's good to see you again Furvus."</p>

Hiccup grinned as he hugged his grandfather, smelling his scent made him relax. "Hey Old Wrinkly, glad you're coming this Saturday."

"Wouldn't miss it for the world Hiccup." He winked and pulled out some candy from his pockets and handed them to Toothless. "Go on and behave you little scoundrel." The boy ran off and Stoick approached, wiping his hands on the apron he was wearing. He was trying his hand at make pasta and forgot to take the sauce off the stove and burned half of it. "Stoick, how are things going?"

The man laughed and looked at the dried sauce on his sleeves and apron. "They could be a lot worse," he admitted. He was actually having fun cooking with the boys and listening to how their days went. It reminded him of what he had been missing all those years he had holed himself up in his office. "Are you going to take Hiccup out now before it gets too dark?"

"Yup, got all the supplies in my car and I'm ready to go." Old Wrinkly dropped a hand on Hiccup's head, ruffling his hair. "What say you Hiccup?"

He nodded. "Just let me grab a jacket and we can leave." Stoick nodded and, due to a new habit, kissed the top of his son's head. Hiccup brushed him off with a laugh. "Relax Dad; it's just me and Old Wrinkly."

"I know, just be careful," he reminded.

Rolling his eyes affectionately, Hiccup ran to grab his jacket and hurried out to meet Old Wrinkly at his car. He slid into the passenger seat and they drove off. For the most part they sat in silence and that was fine with Hiccup, he enjoyed the old man's company even if they weren't talking. Pulling into the cemetery, Old Wrinkly squinted out the front window as they drove down the twisting paths. He parked near Val's grave and Hiccup got out, going to grab the large bag of paints and brushes from the back.

"You know what you're going to paint?" Old Wrinkly sat down slowly, a few cracking noises coming from his joints.

Hiccup sat down next to him, right in front of Val's headstone. It was engraved with her name and the time she was alive. He got out the paints and started putting a dollop of each onto a pallet, mixing and testing. "I have an idea."

So they sat in the quiet air of the evening, listening to the bugs and birds that sang for them. Old Wrinkly watched Hiccup's carful movements and smiled. "Your mother would love this, to know you're painting her headstone. She wouldn't have it any other way." He looked up to the clear sky, colors fading in a rainbow of oranges and

reds. "I know she would probably be livid if we did anything else to her grave."

Laughing, the freckled teen began to paint. "I miss her," he sighed after a while. Soon the phone calls for Val died down and no one talked about it. It was like a large elephant in the room that was suffocating anyone if they thought about it enough. That's why Hiccup didn't. He knew Val was gone, but he also knew she would have hated for him to have worried over her so much.

"We all miss her Hamish, but we just have to accept it. She may be gone—"

"—but we just have to keep listening," Hiccup finished. "Thanks for coming out with me Old Wrinkly."

"It is my pleasure." He looked at the paints. "Did I get the correct ones? You know how I am with labels, one minute I'm putting dish soap in the laundry and the next I'm washing my dishes with softener."

Hiccup nodded. "Yes, they're perfect. You also got the right spray to make sure it doesn't wash away in the rain once it dries." He smiled at his grandfather. "I should be done in a few hours; did you bring a flashlight for when it gets dark?"

"Would I ever not bring a flash to a cemetery so my grandson can paint on graves?" He asked, giving a smirk.

"Uhâ€œ|" He watched him stand and go to the car, rummaging around in the trunk before coming back with a large flashlight. "So the answer would be you brought one?"

"Indeed I did." Old Wrinkly took his spot and soon silence fell upon them once more. Within a few minutes they needed to turn on the flashlight and Hiccup worked in the dim light. Their conversation had long since died and they just took in each other's company until Hiccup was putting on the finishing touches. Old Wrinkly didn't need to say anything to make Hiccup at ease, just having the man near was enough to make him find peace.

Old Wrinkly brought the light closer to see what he had painted. His withered breath was stolen from him as he gazed at the painting. It was Val, white dress billowing around her as her face was turned up to the glowing clouds above. A golden halo was around her fiery red hair and there was a peaceful smile on her lips. At her feet were hundred s of flowers, laid out all around. He nodded in approval, small tears forming in the corners of his wrinkled eyes.

"It's perfect Hamish." He looked up to the sky and narrowed his eyes. "And you're sure nothing is going to mess the paint up until it dries?" They started cleaning up, gathering the paints and brushes. "I would hate for your work to be ruined so quickly."

"I checked the weather for the next few days and it's supposed to be clear skies and I even asked the grounds keeper to keep an eye on it. My mom did a lot of jewelry for his wife so he knows how special this is." Hiccup finished putting the paints into the back of the car and they climbed into their respective seats, buckling up. "I'm just glad the weather is going to be nice."

Old Wrinkly began to drive and he tapped his crooked fingers against the worn out steering wheel. "So that boy of yours is going to be there Saturday?"

Hiccup bit his lip. "Yes, Jack is going to be there."

"Good, I haven't been properly introduced to him yet and I demand to know more about this boy that has stolen my grandson's heart." He slammed his hand against the wheel so hard he accidentally sounded the horn.

The boy chuckled. "Calm down Old Wrinkly, I promise you'll get to chat with Jack all you want on Saturday, let's just not get pulled over before then."

"But getting pulled over is half the fun." Hiccup made a face and he just smiled. "I got it, no jail time for you then." He slapped Hiccup's knee gently a few times as he drove. "You're too good for jail anyways."

"Old Wrinkly?" Hiccup raised an eyebrow

"Hhm?" He didn't look away from the road.

"Have you ever been to jail before?"

Old Wrinkly put a finger up to his lips and winked. "You must be tired."

"No I just-"

"Shh shh Hiccup."

"Old Wrinkly?" The man just smiled and Hiccup grinned with him.

"You're the best," he finally said, shaking his head.

"Thanks."

"Anything for my grandson." Old Wrinkly stroked his beard. "I'd even go back to jail for you."

"What?"

"Nothing Hiccup," he waved a hand through the air with a smirk, "nothing."

* * *

><p>Ruffnut rolled her eyes as Tuffnut fixed his sweater for what seemed like the thousandth time that night. It was finally Saturday and they were on their way to the dance. "Would you get over yourself?" She asked as they pulled up to a large, well kept house. "It's just a small dance, not prom." She was wearing a simple pair of jeans a nice tank top she decided was good enough.</p>

"Well I actually have a date to look good for so if you would kindly shut your face it would be greatly appreciated." Tuffnut said through gritted teeth, tugging at his body hugging sweater. "Monty is really excited about this and I want to make it nice for him so from a brother to his sister, please don't make an ass out of me just for

one night?"

She laughed as a figure approached. "Alright Tuff, just for tonight though."

"Thank you," he huffed, stepping out. He was greeted with a tight hug and a small smile. "Hey."

"Hi," Monty pushed his glasses up his nose. "I hope your sister doesn't mind driving me around." He was dressed up in a (though Tuffnut wouldn't say a word about it) cute sweater-vest and some nice jeans that pooled around his ankles slightly.

Tuffnut smiled down at him and kissed him lightly. "No, it's alright." Monty flushed and they got into the car, their hands folded around each other. "Let's get to this party." Ruffnut threw up a middle finger and Monty looked away shyly, covering his smile with his free hand. "I'm glad you could make it tonight, Hiccup was really excited about everyone coming."

Monty shook his head so his pale blonde hair fell into his eyes. "Thank you for inviting me; I've never been invited to a dance before!" He flushed and Tuffnut brushed his thumb over his knuckles slowly. "Thank you Ruffnut for driving," he added.

"Yeah yeah, don't get all proper with me." She looked at him from the review mirror. "You're my brother's boyfriend, not my brother-in-law," she lowered her voice, "yet anyways." They pulled into the community center parking lot and she found a spot. "Alright losers, let's go do this."

They got out and made their way into the building, navigating towards the gym where loud music was already playing. Tuffnut felt Monty's hand slip into his and he gladly tightened his fingers as they came to the doors. Lights were flashing and people were already on the dance floor. Monty seemed to shrink back and Tuffnut whispered something in his ear that made him keep moving. Ruffnut pretended to gag and search for their friends. Parents and adults were on the edges, chatting and laughing while the teens were trying to get close to each other without setting off the parental alarms. After a minute she saw a mop of brown hair and lifted her hand in a wave until Hiccup saw her and waved back.

"Hey! You guys made it!" He said as he dragged Jack behind him.

"Unfortunately," Ruffnut said with a smirk. Tuffnut gave her a dark look and she shrugged. "So this is Jack?" She eyed the white haired male. He smiled and she laughed. "Wow Hiccup, didn't know you were into this type of guy."

Hiccup pursed his lips. "Nice to see you too Ruffnut." He motioned around them and pointed to the table covered with food. "There's all sorts of drinks and food over there, obviously you can see where the dance floor is. So just have fun and go nuts I guess." Jack took the opportunity to wrap his arms around Hiccup's neck from behind, kissing the top of his head. Hiccup was pretty sure it was to ward off Tuffnut who was clearly busy staring at his own boyfriend.

"You want to go dance?" Monty asked, having to lean in closer so

Tuffnut could hear.

The older boy pressed his lips to his ear. "Only if you want to." Monty nodded and he smiled. "Then let's go."

They wandered off to the dance floor and Ruffnut jerked a thumb towards the food table. "I'm going to go eat so I can vomit later from all the love in the air. Let me know if a fight happens." She shoved her hands into her pockets and walked off, flipping her blonde hair from her shoulder.

"Well she's certainly lovely," Jack said once she left.

"She's nice when you get to know her," Hiccup defended. "Now come on, Astrid should be here soon." He pulled Jack by his hands back to where they had been sitting, both of them grinning in the glowing lights.

* * *

><p>"Ow, wait no go this way and I'll go the other way." Sophie stumbled over Fishlegs' feet and they crashed into another couple. "Sorry," he stuttered. "Alright wait, try it this way." They managed to almost collapse on the floor, their legs tangling together no matter how they tried to move. "I'm sorry; dancing isn't much of my thing."</p>

"It's alright," she said lightly. "I'm having a lot of fun right now." She smiled and her braces winked in the multicolored lights that flashed around them. "I never thought I'd go to one of these since Jack's family invites us every time. I never had anyone to go with until recently." She hoped she had dressed appropriately, a light sundress and cardigan while Fishlegs was in a polo and jeans.

Fishlegs blushed and tried to slip his arm around her waist as kindly as he could. She did the work for him and stepped closer, leaning her head against his shoulder as a slow song began to play. "I'm glad that we got to meet each other," he admitted, moving with her. It was more graceful than before so he was perfectly happy at the pace they were moving.

Sophie nodded, relaxing against her boyfriend. "And it's all thanks to Hiccup and Jack." She lifted her head so they could look at each other. "In fact, a lot of this wouldn't have happened without them. We wouldn't have met; my brother and Astrid wouldn't have met. Tuffnut still might have never become friends with us."

The boy blinked in thought. "Wow, you're right. It's like their meeting was the beginning of a chain that led to all this." He let out a low whistle. "It's amazing that it's all because of those two."

The dance was beginning to pick up into another fast song but the two of them stayed where they were, taking their time as they spun in lazy circles. Standing on her tiptoes, Sophie pecked Fishlegs' lips and smiled. He hugged her close and she laughed. "Remind me to thank them later."

* * *

><p>"Jamie quit it," Astrid snorted. Her boyfriend was currently trying to bring back the worst dance moves in history and she couldn't stop laughing. He was on the floor trying to wriggle around when she finally decided enough was enough and pulled him to his feet. "Are you trying to embarrass me?" She asked through tears of joy.</p>

Jamie shrugged, looking away innocently. "Maybe." She punched him the arm and he smiled. "Sorry, was it that bad?" She gave a humorless look and he nodded. "Okay so it was that bad."

"You think?" She adjusted her top and Jamie slid his hands on her hips, kissing her forehead. "Don't think this is going to get you out of punishment for those horrible dance moves." He cursed lightly and continued to hold her close, swaying to the music. She finally grabbed his shoulders and moved with him. She squeezed his muscles lightly and raised a brow. "Have you been working out?"

"Uh, yeah, yeah I have." He gave a sheepish smile and she tilted her head. "I just-you know you're so strong and stuff and I just wanted to stay in step with you."

She pushed her bangs from her blue eyes, looking at him closely. "You do realize you don't need to do that. I think you're awesome just the way you are. With or without muscle mass." He nodded slowly and she sighed. "But you're still going to work out aren't you?"

"I've gotten used to working out and it's actually sort of fun now." He kissed her nose and grinned. "Maybe we can work out together one day."

A smirk spread across Astrid's face and Jamie realized he had made the worst decision he possibly ever could. But before he could take it back, she kissed him roughly and lowered her voice as she spoke in his ear. "Then you better keep up Jamie Bennett because I am going to. Kick. Your. Ass."

* * *

><p>"Toothless don't run around!" Stoick called out as his son streaked past, chasing after Emma who was screeching. The two kids had been running after each other the whole night and Stoick wondered when they would eventually run out of energy.</p>

"Stoick, let them run around, it's only natural." Old Wrinkly waved his hand through the air and Tooth smiled, finding she enjoyed Old Wrinkly's company. North sat next to his wife and ignored the glares Bunnymund was giving him as he kissed her every now and then. Sandy was sipping from his drink, still laughing silently at a joke Old Wrinkly had told a while ago. The old man was a hit with everyone.

Tooth waved her hand in the air to grab Stoick's attention. "It's really great to have you hear, it means a lot to us that you brought everyone with as well." She smiled as Stoick seemed to become embarrassed, rubbing the back of his head as he tried for a modest reply. "Don't worry; we're happy to have you all here. The kids love these events and they're so much fun."

"I wish we could dance like the kids," North said as he nuzzled her cheek.

"Watch it you!"

"Ester!" Tooth swatted his arm before turning to her husband. "We don't want to make a fool of Jack when he's with his boyfriend tonight." Her eyes darted to Stoick to see how he would take that but he didn't even bat an eyelash. It seemed he was making better progress than she thought. Someone came through the entrance doors and she squinted, trying to make them out. "Oh, uh, Stoick," she called.

He turned to her, nodding. She pointed to the kid coming through, large shoulders hunched and lips pursed tightly. "Snoutlout?" He stood and made sure it was his nephew before going to approach him. "Snoutlout!" The boy looked startled when his name was shouted. "What are you doing here?"

"I-uh, well Hiccup invited me and uhâ€œ I wasâ€œ just coming to stop by and see what it was likeâ€œ" He looked around nervously, clearly uncomfortable. "I can leave if there's something wrong." He turned towards the exit but Stoick caught his arm.

"No, no, stay. I just didn't think you would be interested in coming." He actually smiled at the boy, leading him over to the table where everyone was watching closely. "Everyone this is Snoutlout, my nephew." Old Wrinkly patted the boy on the shoulder, giving a smile of approval. Everyone gave a cheerful hello and he seemed to blush giving a grunted response in return. "You can go find Hiccup and the others dancing."

Snoutlout gave a tight nod and wandered into the dance area, looking like the unhappiest person to be there. A girl approached him and coaxed him into a dance circle. Stoick couldn't help but smile as he watched the boy move awkwardly at first but then threw his hands up in the air and laugh. He could never think his family would come this far or even himself for that matter.

He gazed out over the teens and parents moving about trying to spot his son. Instead he found a group of teens laughing and dancing like any normal kids. And that was just it he realized, they were just normal kids. Nothing special about them.

"Hey, tonight, let's give a thanks to a woman who was just as accepting as any of us." Tooth broke his concentration and lifted her cup, looking straight at Stoick. "To Val, may her soul be dancing with us tonight!"

Everyone raised their glasses and repeated. Stoick even got a little teary eyed and had to laugh it off. He knew she was dancing, whether she was with them or not. She stepped to her own rhythm and that rhythm was in his heart.

* * *

><p>"Jack," Hiccup snickered, "quite it, that tickles." Jack was currently biting every available spot on Hiccup's neck that he could. After getting a very in depth interview with Old Wrinkly and saying hello to a few acquaintances, Jack had stolen Hiccup away to the

dance floor, making sure no one else could have him for the night. "Jack people are going to stare." The older teen ignored him and continued to kiss and bite as they spun in quick circles, hips grinding together. "Jack!"<p>

He groaned and hugged him close. "Stop yelling Hiccy and let me have some fun." He kissed his temple and sighed. "Come on, tonight we party and dance with each other." Hiccup pouted and he took the moment to capture his lips in a kiss. "So just party with me and we're going to have a little fun."

"You sure are one for partying, aren't you?" Hiccup was trying to stay in step though his prosthetic was hindering that slightly. He stepped on a guy's foot and quickly apologized, face turning red by the fifth foot of the night. No one yelled at him since they all seemed to know his story. He was apparently the hero of the club even though he did nothing to deserve it. "Jack slow down," he said. His boyfriend instead picked him up by the waist and spun him around. "Jackson Overland!" He screamed, pounding his shoulders to be put down.

"Sorry," Jack sang, putting him back to the ground gently. "I'm just trying to get you to open up." He frowned for a moment and gently took Hiccup's hand. "You are having fun right?" Hiccup stared at him and his frown deepened, fingers running through white strands of hair in exasperation. "Hiccup, if you don't like this why didn't you just say something. I could take you home and we could-

Hiccup leaned up and their mouths pressed together, cutting off Jack's words. "I never said I wasn't having fun. It's just I'm not used to this kind of thing. In case you haven't noticed, I'm not the most graceful dancer around."

Jack kissed him back, tangling his pale fingers in chestnut hair. "I think you're just fine, don't worry so much," he spoke when they pulled apart. "Right now just focus on me." Hiccup nodded and let Jack take the lead. They spun in circles and even ground against each other when Hiccup became daring enough to do so.

Close to the end of the dance, Hiccup felt a tap on his shoulder and found Astrid and Jamie standing near. They began to make a circle and soon everyone else joined in, even Snoutlout and Ruffnut managed to wiggle and bounce with them. They were laughing and screaming together, sweaty bodies bumping into each other in a clumsy show of dance moves. At one point Jack and Jamie had a dance battler that involved doing the worst moves you could think of. Jamie won hands down.

They continued to dance until Tooth came over, motioning for the group to come off the dance floor as the last song ended. One of the parents were holding a camera and Tooth told everyone to get into a big group. So they all stood smashed together, arms around necks and hips, some on tiptoes others kneeling. Astrid was hugging Jamie loosely while Fishlegs and Sophie innocently held hands. Tuffnut had his sister in a headlock and Monty gently stowed beneath his other arm. Snoutlout was flushed, holding Emma on his back as she held up her hands to give her uncle bunny ears. Tooth was with North, holding onto each other tightly. Sandy was up front being the shortest, giving the thumbs up to the camera. Stoick stood behind Hiccup with Old Wrinkly to his right and Toothless on his left shoulder. Jack had

his hand on Hiccup's waist, kissing his cheek as they snapped the photo.

Disbanding, Tooth promised to mail the photos to everyone. Jack gathered Hiccup into his arms once more and swept him away with a breath-stealing kiss. Astrid catcalled and Hiccup ignored her tugging at Jack's collar to bring him closer. It wasn't until Stoick coughed that he stopped, giving a shy glance to Jack who just bit his lip seductively. As they made their way out into the cool night air, Jack brushed a lighter, softer kiss against his mouth. "I love you," he whispered.

Hiccup was dizzy, the night practically running through his veins as he leaned in close to Jack. His eyes tilted up and he glanced at the moon before smiling at Jack. "I love you too." He murmured before their lips met once more in the moonlight, hands finding each other to hold.

His body fit perfectly against Jack's and he realized that maybe they were meant for each other. Sure, they were a little crooked and broken here and there, but they molded together without a second thought. Filling the cracks they shared and patching up all the missing pieces.

"I have to go but I'll be around, alright?" Jack said, brushing his fingers over freckled cheeks.

"Alright." Hiccup watched him run to his family as they got in their car.

He smiled to himself knowing Jack would always be around. And even if he wasn't physically around, he was still there. Because it was just as Old Wrinkly kept saying; no matter how far he went or how long he'd be gone., all he had to do was keep listening and he'd find Jack's voice.

So he did and Jack answered loud and clear every time: I love you.

* * *

><p>Ugh, I apologize for everything. So yeah. One more chapter to go. One more and it's all over. *crawls back under blanket* I'm sorry. **

Kisses and unicorns

**~Shi **

45. Chapter 45 (Final)

**Okay so please read this if you usually don't. **

**I know this whole entire fic has been rated T, but this chapter (though horribly done and I apologize) is rated M. I'm just warning you guys in case someone isn't into that. **

**So... for the last chapter ever, I hope you guys enjoy it. **

* * *

><p>Hiccup had received a simple phone call. "Hey, my parents and Emma are away at a con, want to come over?"</p>

It had been close to five months since Hiccup's sixteenth birthday, the day when they agreed to talk about their sex life. They had had earlier moments where they could have done it, but something always came up. Whether it was a privacy issue or a busy schedule, they could never get down to it. College and work were pushing Jack more and more since he finally figured out what he was going to do with his career path. Turns out he was great with kids and a kindergartner teacher seemed like the best fit.

The younger teen was also busy with school, getting to work on his latest painting he was going to put into an art competition. Not to mention his dad was opting for more family time and he could barely sneak away to be with his boyfriend. But school was a fun place to be since everyone was actually getting along, even Snoutlout who seemed to make a permanent spot in the group. Everything was working out.

Hiccup was now laying next to Jack on his narrow bed, trying to calm his heartbeat as the older teen wrapped him up tightly in a hug, kissing the top of his head. They both knew what they were trying to get at; the only question was how to actually achieve their goal. Hiccup had obviously never been in a relationship and Jack was the only one with experience between them.

"So," Jack began, voice trailing off. I don't know what he wants me to do.

Hiccup sighed. "I'm not very seductive am I?" He asked, rolling over so his back was pressed into Jack's chest. Of course not. His new prosthetic felt odd as he was lying down so he had taken it off and put it with his stuff on the floor. "I know the whole cute boy with freckles thing doesn't hold up long."

Jack chuckled in his ear, a soft breath tickling his skin. "I think you're plenty seductive and you're goddamn freckles are one of the things I love most about you." He kissed the area right under the ear, making the younger boy squirm. I love everything about you.

"Jamie has freckles too you know," Hiccup murmured, not used to the attention. Way to go idiot, bring up another person into the conversation. Jack and him had hugged and kissed but knowing that were trying to go all the way was really messing with his head. He needed to stay calm but all the wrong things were coming out of his mouth for the time being.

"Jamie isn't you and your freckles are different idiot," the white haired boy whispered. You're one of a kind. His hands rubbed small circles on Hiccup's stomach, fingers sliding under his shirt to feel the heat of his skin. "Your freckles are beautiful because it's like you're a painting, only before the artist finished, he accidentally spilled brown paint everywhere on you."

"Wow, totally making me want sex right now, keep it up Jack, keep it up," Hiccup muttered.

"Shush child and let me finish my freakin' story," Jack quieted the teen. "As I was saying, he spilled brown paint everywhere. So the artist was going to paint over his mistake, only he found it wasn't a mistake," he kissed Hiccup's neck softly, "it was a miracle. The painting turned out even lovelier than it had been in the first place, so the artist kept it forever."

Hiccup felt his skin instantly flame up at Jack's words and he tried to hide how flustered he was. "You should totally become a writer man; you'd make some great romance novels." He closed his eyes, his ear filled with the sound of Jack breathing, his skin tingling when he laughed. Just play it cool, don't get too nervous. "I mean, seriously, me? A painting? Let's get one thing straight here; I'm not good enough to be in a painting." Jack's arms tightened around his stomach painfully until he was practically crushed up against him.

"Hiccup, you need to stop bringing yourself down. You're absolutely adorable and beautiful in every single way," Jack said sternly. "I don't care what others think about me, and neither should you. I only care about what you say," he kissed him, "so only listen to me, alright?" You matter more to me than what others say. Only me Hiccup. Listen to me.

Jack's words were making his head dizzy. He couldn't seem to concentrate as he turned his body to kiss Jack harder, biting down on the older teen's lip. Jack grinned into the kiss, biting back. His hands trailing down his sides, fingers finding their way under Hiccup's shirt once more. "Jack," he whispered hungrily. He felt his fingers, like individual fires; scorch his skin as they moved along his stomach.

"You're really excited aren't you tiger?" Jack murmured against his lips, hands dropping to his pants zipper, fingers ghosting over the slight bulge. Hiccup shuddered, sucking in a breath as the white haired teen laughed gently, repeating the same motion over and over again, antagonizing. "Does this feel good?" He asked as Hiccup clenched his eyes shut, hands shaking as they gripped Jack's shirt. "You've never let anyone else touch you before? Like never?" Hiccup was turning red, even his ears were pink as he shook his head slowly. Haven't we already been through this before!

Jack's smile softened and he kissed his eyes gently, fingers nimbly pulling the zipper down. "Then I'm glad I'm your first," he whispered. Very glad, that's for sure. Hiccup didn't protest as he slid fingers past his boxer's elastic, his body feeling like it was ready to overheat. Jack's hand was cool as it touched him, but it felt amazing on his blazing skin. They both sat up, the smaller teen sitting between Jack's thighs as they kissed and grabbed onto each other like their lives depended on it. "Hiccup, can I?"

"C-Can you what?" He asked breathlessly, eyes half lidded as Jack's lips trailed his collar bone. The older teen's hand sank lower until Hiccup's cock was in his grasp, already hard and waiting. "Jack," he hissed. He's actually touching me. Oh-Oh noâ€| With Hiccup's finger nails digging into his shoulder Jack moved slowly at first, pulling the small teen all the way out of his boxers and into the air between them.

Hiccup was practically shaking right there, exposed and indecent in front of his very first boyfriend. Of course he had learned about sex between a man and woman in health class (though it was pretty much useless considering his taste) and yes, he had masturbated. Almost every guy on earth probably has and at least he wasn't into any weird fetishes. (He could only pray that Jack wasn't either.) Jack stared at him, whether in horror or awe Hiccup couldn't tell. His eyes were practically welded shut and he shifted. _He's probably judging me. What if I don't look like he thought? What if he hates me?_ His mind was spinning.

"Hiccup take off your shirt," he ordered gently.

The smaller teen managed to pull off his shirt with minimal embarrassment, though it did get stuck slightly on his head and Jack had to help him. He slipped out of his pants and boxers as well with coaxing from the older teen. There was a small chuckle and Hiccup raised his shoulders, leaning forward in a defensive position. For years he had been self-conscious of his body, never really understand how he got the bad end of the deal when it came to muscle mass. He wasn't used to having someone watching him so closely either; to feel their breath hit his neck as they bit down on his collar bone. Without warning Jack's hand was wrapped around his shaft, moving slowly in a fluid motion. Hiccup's fingers clenched as a reflex on Jack's shoulders, head bowing as he began to tremble uncontrollably. Only in his wildest dreams did Jack touch him in such a way.

As Hiccup bit his lip to keep all the noises bottled in his throat, Jack bent down and took his entire erection into his mouth, bobbing his head. The younger teen let out a rush of air, mind going numb as he was enveloped in the warmth of Jack's mouth. Every nerve in his body was screaming as Jack sucked and worked Hiccup's erection in mind boggling ways. His tongue lapped over the head and his teeth just barely brushed against the sensitive skin, earning a small moan. The white haired male looked up through his lashes, finding Hiccup's head tilted to one side, eyes half closed as he covered his mouth with his hand to muffle the lewd noises he made.

He licked and sucked quickly, eyes never leaving Hiccup's face as he did. The freckled teen groaned and his free hand fell on top of Jack's head, trying to pull him away. There was tension pooling in the pit of his stomach and he knew what was going to be happening soon. Desperately, he tried to get his boyfriend to move. He had no such luck. "E-Enough," he said quietly. Jack didn't listen and actually began to move faster until Hiccup bit down on his knuckles, body slouching over Jack as he came. "I'm sorry," he whispered, mortified. _What have I done?!_

"Hey, hey, don't be sorry." The white haired male wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. "That's what's supposed to happen Hiccup, it's natural. Calm down." Hiccup pinched his lips together tightly, glaring down at his hands he clenched in his lap. "Don't worry; it's your first time. It's _our_ first time together." He gathered the boy into his arms and hugged him close. "Okay?" _He's so adorable when he's flustered like this. I love him._

Hiccup mumbled in agreement into his shoulder and he laughed. Jack kissed him softly, fingers running over the line of his spine, trailing down to his ass. "Do you want to continue? We can stop here for today if you want." The brown haired boy shook his head, fitting

against Jack perfectly. He cupped the smaller boy's ass and squeezed, earning a soft moan and a then a breathless sigh. Repeating this, he waited until the boy was relaxed against him once more, heart beat steady.

"W-Wait, what are you doing?" Hiccup asked as the older boy ran his thumb near his entrance. He moved away slightly, looking at Jack's face. _Is he's going to_ So maybe he had done some research on sex for guys, but still, he was new at this and there was no way he was going to know how to do _everything_.

"Well, it's supposed to feel good if you let me do it." Jack laughed lightly, pressing his finger down enough to make Hiccup arch against him. "Don't worry; it's nothing I haven't done before." Hiccup looked away, his mouth tilting downwards in the corners. _Touchy subject, shit. Fix this! Fix this now!_ "Hey, don't pout," Jack whispered, "if it makes you feel any better, I know that right now means more to me than anything."

Right of course Hiccup rolled his eyes, slouching. "Yeah, like you haven't said that to anyone else before?" _I shouldn't be this jealous. We've talked about this_. In response Jack pressed again and the boy gasped, strangely enticed. "S-So what exactly are you doing right now?" He shivered as Jack's teeth grazed his neck, traveling all the way up to his ear lobe. He wondered what he tasted like to the college boy. _I took a shower, right?_

"I'm going to make sure you're ready for me," Jack explained against his skin. _I know I'm more than ready enough._

"I thought we agreed that I was ready?" Hiccup asked as he was pushed onto his back, hair spilling out onto the pillow. It was becoming more comfortable for him now; finding that being naked in front of his boyfriend wasn't so bad. Jack placed his hand on his freckled knees, spreading his legs apart roughly. Hiccup let out a small noise, snapping them shut right after. "Woah now, _woah!_" He scrambled back, covering his cock as he flushed. "What's going on?" _I was not prepared for that!_

"I already told you I was getting you ready; now spread your legs so I can continue." Jack sighed, both hands on Hiccup's knees, wrenching his legs apart once more. Much to the younger boy's embarrassment, he actually kissed the inner part of his thigh. "I promise if it really makes you uncomfortable we can stop but at least let me try it." Hiccup put his head back down and stared at the ceiling, trying to calm his heartbeat.

Jack moved away and began opening drawers and rummaging around. He climbed back onto the bed and settled between Hiccup's legs again. There was a sound of a cap being opened and something being squirted. When he glanced to Jack, the teen fingers were already sopping in lubricant. "And what, exactly, is _that_ for?" He asked, emerald eyes wide.

Jack put the bottle down on the floor, making sure to warm his fingers up before anything. "To make sure it doesn't hurt or anything like that."

Hiccup nodded absently. "Right, of course. Pain," he mumbled, "_love_it." Jack let out a breathless laugh and positioned himself between

the younger boy's legs so he would have an easier time, taking into account how he had freckles _everywhere_. He pressed his index finger against Hiccup's entrance and waited for an argument, when none came he dove in. "Jack! That feels weird!" He screamed almost automatically. Jack remained silent, bending his finger to see if he could find the boy's prostate. Hiccup's hands flew to his face, trying to hide the blush that was quickly burning his skin. "Jack you do realize what you're doing, right?" _He does realize it, right?! It felt strange, his muscles contracted whenever he pushed in or out.

"Jack," his voice was weak. He gave another cry as the blue eyed teen inserted another finger, scissoring. "How do people do this all the time?" Though he had to admit, aside from the weirdness of it all, it felt good. His body was beginning to relax and he was even semi-hard again, blood coursing through his veins. "I-Is this like a," he shivered, "ritual o-or just something you like to do?" He continued to mutter on about different fetishes he read up on, making Jack frown.

"Hiccup?" He called sweetly, ramming his fingers as deep as he could.

"W-What?" The younger boy said as Jack leaned over him, twisting his hand so he writhed.

The older teen kissed him roughly, entering a third finger while he was at it. As he pulled away, he bit down on Hiccup's bottom lip. "Shut up," he murmured. He moved his fingers deeper in and seemed to hit the right spot as Hiccup's body arched to Jack's touch, his lips quivering. "See how much nicer it is when you don't ramble on?" He kissed him lightly, moving his fingers until he thought the boy had had enough. Pulling out, he smiled down at him, loving the flush that splayed itself over the younger teen's cheeks and nose.

"I thought you would love to hear my voice." Hiccup sucked in as much air as he could, missing the feeling of Jack's fingers. His head seemed to be cloudy as he kissed Jack, feeling his tongue slip into his mouth. "So now what?" He asked as Jack moved back, removing his clothes in seemingly effortless movements. He smiled to himself, knowing Jack was his and only his. No one else could watch him undress. _He's mine. Jack is mine._

The white haired male was down to his boxers, his erection straining under the thin fabric. He grinned at Hiccup, winking as he teasingly pulled the elastic down slowly. Once the boxers were off, Jack's cock was fully out, trembling from excitement.

There was silence for what seemed like ages. "No," Hiccup whispered. _No way in hell._

Jack looked at him for a moment. "What? What's wrong?" He moved to get closer but Hiccup was already backing away, his back pressed into the headboard. "Hiccup?" _Crap, does something hurt? Does he feel sick? Shit, Hiccup._ "What's the matter, you can tell me?"

"No, no _way_ is that going to fit!" He screeched. "I-It's the size of the freakin' Empire State building!" His brown hair was mussed and Jack couldn't help but laugh. "It's not funny Jack! You were about to stick that in me and I would have _died_ and my father would be at my

funeral and have to tell everyone I died because Jack Overland's dick was too big!" _I am not dying from being impaled by a dick. No. No way. —

_ So that's what he was worried about? _"Well thanks for the compliment, but it's not going to kill you." Jack tilted his head, beautiful eyes wandering Hiccup's naked body. "Come here, it'll be okay." He held out his hand and Hiccup stared at it suspiciously. "Seriously, I'll take it easy, I promised didn't I?" Finally he felt the boy's rough finger tips in his palm and he smiled. "So, it's really like the Empire State building huh?"

"Shut up okay! I'm nervous!" Hiccup bit his lip, averting his eyes. _I'm just making an idiot of myself._ "Anyone would be since it's their first time." Jack was about ready to pounce right there, but he kept his cool. He found his jeans and rummaged through his pockets till he pulled out his wallet. "I am not a hooker Jack."

"I'm not getting money idiot, I'm getting protection."_If anything maybe a condom would reassure him a little more_. Jack held up a packaged condom in Hiccup's face. "You'd really think I'd do this unprotected?" The boy pursed his lips but didn't say anything else. Jack ripped open the wrapper with his teeth, pulling out the condom. Hiccup dropped his gaze as the older teen slid it on with little to no effort. "Hiccup?"

"Yeah?" _I can't even look at him without getting embarrassed._ He didn't lift his head to look up, his freckles already hidden under a bright blush.

"Come here." Jack hooked an arm around his stomach and pulled him close, close enough to feel that Jack was more than ready. At first he sat stiffly, then leaned back into his boyfriend's embrace. "Like I said, we can stop if you feel uncomfortable. So, do you want to continue or no?" His voice was low and sincere; slightly sticky hands warm on Hiccup's skin. "It's up to you Hiccy, I'll do whatever you want." _I won't push you. Having you near me is enough._

Hiccup turned his face so their lips were close, heat melting together as they breathed. "Well, I mean, you already put the condom on and it would be a waste to just not use it," he mumbled. _I want to do thisâ€œ| I really do. I'm just scared. What if I'm not good enough for him?_ Jack grinned and nuzzled his neck, biting down hard enough to leave a mark. _Iâ€œ| _I think I'll be okay._ "But how, may I ask, are we supposed to do this? Do we, you know, just sort of go together or is there some sort of special angle, I meanâ€œ|" He trailed off, unsure of what to say anymore.

"So do I take that as a yes?" Jack's fingers drifted lazily over Hiccup's stomach and chest, making his skin tingling with delight. He was already becoming more and more excited by the minute. "I seriously want you to be sure about this. I know what it's like to lose your virginity to someone you don't love and it's not very pleasant. So please, think about this seriously for a moment, do you really want this right now," he paused, "with me."

Now that Jack mentioned it, Hiccup began to think, though it was hard to with Jack's fingers strumming on his body. He closed his eyes and focused on Jack's breathing, picturing his face. Those brilliant eyes and the light dusting of freckles you could only see if you got up

close. The beauty mark under his left eye that crinkled when he smirked the way Hiccup loved. His strong yet slim arms that were so comforting to Hiccup, he wondered how he could fall asleep if he wasn't in them at night. I love him. I really love him.

The way he looked at Hiccup like he was the only guy in the world.
And he loves me.

Opening his eyes, he touched Jack's fingers gently. "I want to do it. I want to have sex with you." Just saying it made his face burn, head dizzy with what was to come if he didn't pass out first. He looked at Jack over his shoulder. "I'm sure of it, I swear." Jack smiled and he gave a nervous grin back. "I just-I'm scared of how we're going to do it." I know it's probably childish but I'm just worried.

"No it's alright Hiccup, that's fine." It's perfectly alright. The older teen kissed him tenderly, moving forward so Hiccup was lying down. He hovered over him, pressing his lips into his stomach and working his way up to his chest. "We'll take it slow," he said just before biting down on one of his nipples. Hiccup made a strangled noise and Jack licked it slowly, using his hand to tweak the other one. "Just say the word and we can stop," he huffed. When he didn't hear a protest he leaned forward, his cock rubbing against the younger boy's. "Hiccup." He smiled and pressed kisses all over his chest and neck, hands roaming his slim sides. I love you so much.

Jack used his fingers again, stretching out Hiccup to make sure there would be as little pain as possible. The younger boy threw an arm over his face, swallowing the moans he was making. Jack was getting aroused just from fingering him and he could barely wait any longer, his body buzzing. "Hiccup," he called gently.

"Mm?" The boy peeked at him, eyes hazy.

"You're sure?" He asked slowly, moving his hand to put his erection against his entrance.

Hiccup gave the sweetest smile Jack had ever seen and nodded. "Yes Jack, for the millionth time, I'm sure." I've never been more sure in my life.

Jack kissed him softly. "Okay, I need you to relax. Can you do that?" Hiccup's arms wove around his neck and he gave a small, reassuring kiss. The white haired male held his breath, pushing the head of his cock into the first ring of muscles, feeling Hiccup freeze underneath him. "Hiccup, I need you to tell me if it hurts."

With a small voice he responded. "I'm okay." So Jack pushed forward slowly, halfway in when Hiccup made a grunting noise, finger nails digging into the older boy's shoulders. "I'm okay," he repeated, "I'm okay." It wasn't completely painful, there was a bit of discomfort since Hiccup wasn't used to it, but it was exhilarating. He felt full and after a while he got used to it, his body relaxing.

"Hiccup," Jack whispered, "I'm in, how do you feel? I told you it would fit. Are you alright?"

"Yeah," he laughed, "I'm alright." Their foreheads met and Jack's hands clasped his thin waist. He moved gradually, pulling out and

then going back in. He watched Hiccup's face closely, waiting for any sign of pain so he knew to stop. After a while he began to move faster, just enough to where he picked up a rhythm. Hiccup was actually starting to feel the build of pleasure in his body as Jack pulsed inside him. "Jack," he said quietly, "I love you."

"I love you too Hiccup." He kept his right hand on the boy's waist for leverage and used his left to wrap around his cock. He followed the rhythm he had set and pumped his hand up and down. Their bodies slid against each other, slick with sweat. Hiccup moaned, not holding back any longer, his beautiful pink lips open and enticing. Jack let out an animalistic growl and devoured his mouth, thrusting hard.

Hiccup cried out underneath him, a reminder to take it easy. Jack cursed himself and went back to his slow pace, but took extra care to ram in farther, giving longer strokes. With this combined Hiccup was writhing underneath him, head rolling back to expose his pale, freckled neck. He called out Jack's name with each push, good leg wrapping around the older teen's waist. Things were coming close to the end but Jack wanted them to go out together so he let go of Hiccup's cock, kissing his forehead. The younger boy tightened his arms, breathing heavily. "I love you so much Jack," he panted against his cheek.

They were hot, sweating and gasping for breath as they moved together. The air felt thick but Jack was in utter ecstasy as he felt Hiccup's body squeeze around him, welcoming him. "I know Hiccup," he said softly, "I love you too." Their lips molded against each other and with a few longer, deep thrusts Hiccup's voice was muffled by Jack's mouth as he trembled. He came onto his and Jack's stomach, cheeks flushed when their skin stuck against each other because of this. Jack wasn't far behind and gave one last push before he shook, clinging to Hiccup as he finished. "I love you so damn much," he muttered. Pulling out carefully, he brought Hiccup close and fell to the bed with him in his arms. "You feel alright?"

"Yeah."

"Nothing hurts?"

"Not really, no."

Jack pressed his lips to his forehead, closing his eyes. "That was amazing Hiccup. Damn you're amazing." Hiccup shifted so he was more comfortable. "Was I okay? I mean, did you feel good?" His face burned and bit his lip. I hope he felt good! But what if he didn't?

Hiccup looked up at him, green eyes completely innocent as he smiled. "Well I don't have anyone to compare you to, so I'm going to say you were pretty damn amazing yourself." Jack let out a sigh of relief and kissed him hard. Was he really worried about that? He stopped himself and brushed their noses together. "I love you Jack."

"I love you too Hiccup, I mean it." His lips tilted in a crooked smile.

"I know you do—" There was a faint buzzing noise and Hiccup sat up, looking around. He reached down for his pants and shook out his cell

phone which was the source for the noise. Throwing his jeans back on the floor, he picked up. "Astrid?"

Jack gave him a look and he shrugged. "Hic, hey, what's up?"

"Uh, nothing," he said simply. Aside from the fact I just had sex for the first time anyways.

"Oh, really? I called, like, ten times to see if you wanted to go hang out with the twins. I even called your dad and he said you were with Jack." She must have been in the kitchen because he could hear the sounds of a fridge being shut. "Usually you pick up even when you're with Jack."

"Sorry about that, we," he glanced at Jack quickly and he looked completely lost as well, "uh, were just messing around. I didn't hear my phone."

She hummed. "What were you guys doing? Wrestling each other?"

Jack heard and coughed under his breath. "Hiccup wasn't fighting back that's for sure. Seemed he liked being pinned down." He glared and the white haired teen waved away his angry gaze.

"What was that?" Astrid asked.

"Nothing, just Jack being an idiot."

There was a pause. "You sound really weird, is something wrong?"

Did he sound weird? "Uh, no, nothing's wrong."

"Hiccup is something wrong because I-"

"Sorryneedtogo. Bye." He hung up and flung his phone in the pile of clothes on the floor. He flopped down next to Jack who gladly took him into his embrace and kissed him. "Thanks for helping," he muttered.

Jack snickered. "What was I supposed to do? Apologize for having sex with you? Which I won't by the way." Hiccup flushed and he smirked. "We can tell them later, alright. For right now, it's just me and you time." He rolled onto his back, dragging the smaller boy on top of him, kissing his nose. "So how about it?"

Hiccup laughed and kissed him, running his fingers through white strands of hair. It was still early in the day and he wasn't expected home till way later. So he snuggled closer and let Jack hold him. "I suppose I could make some time," he said jokingly.

"Oh well don't I feel lucky." Jack grinned and took the chance to squeeze the boy's ass. "Mr. Hiccup Haddock making time for me."

"You should be." He slapped his hand away. "Especially for such a big dork like you."

"Ah, I'm your dork; you must take responsibility of me." The older teen laughed.

Hiccup tilted his head and ground his body against Jack's, feeling him reacting within seconds. "Trust me," he murmured deviously. He had a surge of confidence, using it to his advantage. Their lips were so close together and Hiccup pressed his hips into Jack's, letting out a shuddering breath. "I plan on taking responsibility."

Jack smirked and traced his spine slowly. "Damn, did I ever tell you I love you?"

"You might have mentioned it once or twice," the young boy shrugged.

"Well," Jack pecked his lips, "maybe I just need to show you then."

Hiccup looked at him, thinking back to when they first met and he smiled. Cupping Jack's face he brought their lips together softly, heartbeats pounding in sync. Jack had been a stranger, a simple guy who wandered into Hiccup's life. And yet, here they were. Everything they went through, though only for a few months, was enough to bring them closer.

Jack kissed Hiccup as he moved them so he was on top, straddling the boy, their lips barely breaking contact. Hiccup gladly accepted his touches and subtle kisses along the curve of his throat. He didn't need to hear Jack say he loved him.

It was obvious from the start.

* * *

><p>Uh, I'm not very good with stuff like that but I really wanted them to have that moment and uhm, yeah.

**So this is the last chapter and I'm sad to see it end but it has to eventually, right? I wanna thank you guys so much, it means the world when you tell me how much this story affects you and makes you happy or sad (sorry for making you guys cry though). I'm really glad you guys liked it so much and continued reading though it's super long. You people are amazing and kept me writing so thank you a million and ten times for reading and putting up such great comments. I was happy to write this fic for myself and for you and there's nothing else I can really say... **

**Thank you all _so_ much. **

Kisses and unicorns

~Shi

End
file.